MAR 19 1909

Everybody's Magazine

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THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

To each and every inquiring mind
we recommend an actual investigation
—in simpler phrase—Try it—
And so we say to one and all

TRY **HAND SAPOLIO**

You will be satisfied.

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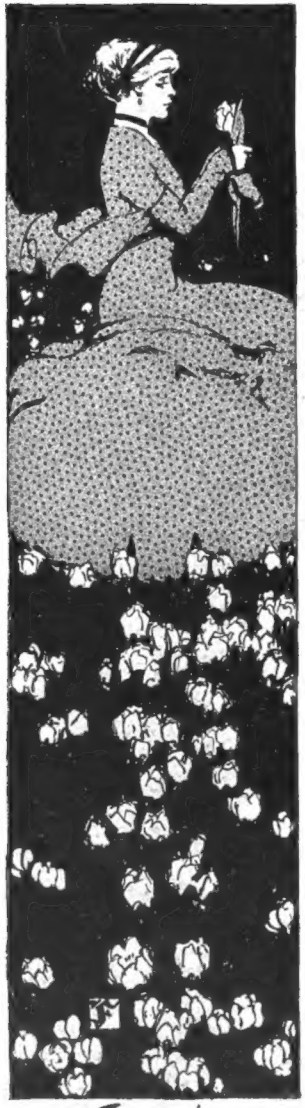

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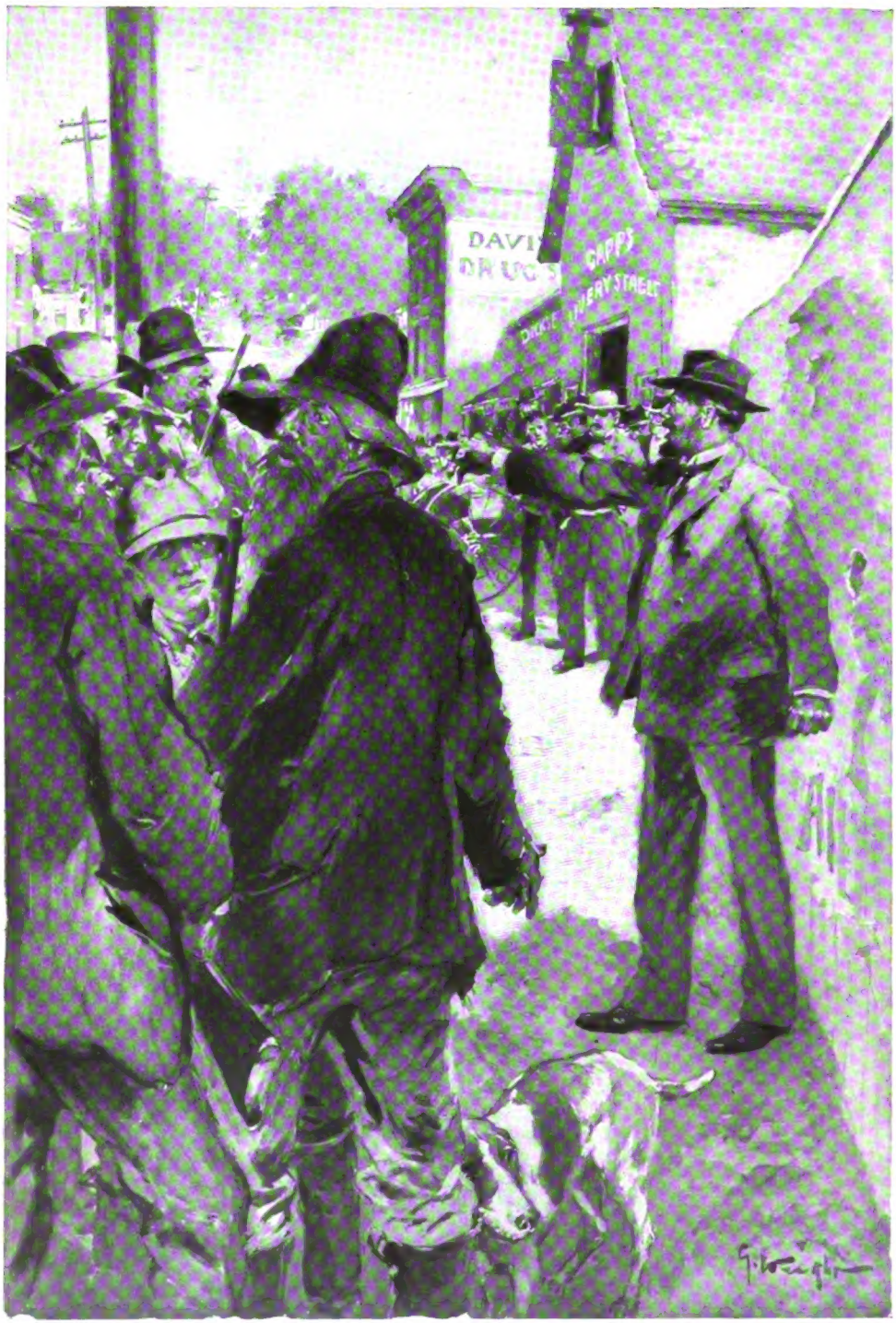

"WHY DON'T YOU BURN THE WAREHOUSE!—YOU PACK OF HELLIONS."

—"*The Whipped Man. A Story of the Night Riders in the Tobacco War.*"—*Page 548.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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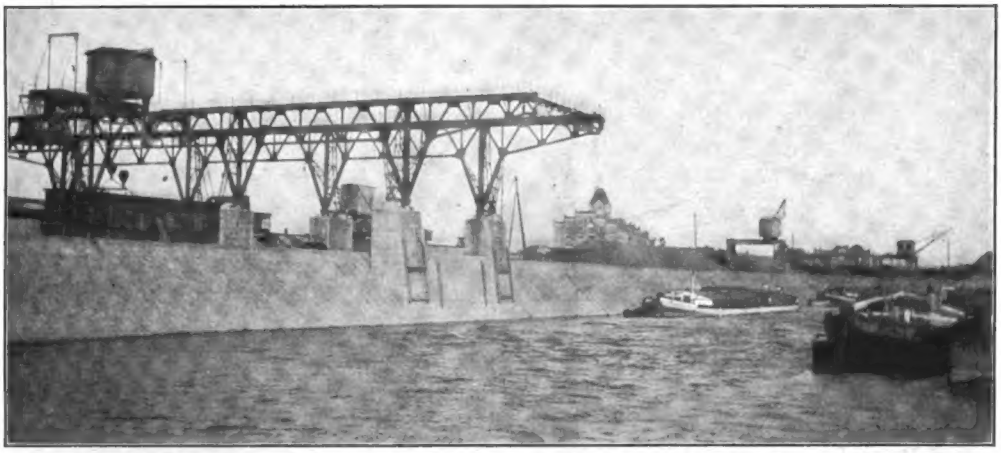

THE CITY OF BRESLAU BUILT THIS GREAT COAL HOIST, AND PAID FOR IT OUT OF THE PROCEEDS OF INCREASED TRAFFIC.

MAKING RIVERS WORK

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

With Photographs by the Author

WHEN I was a small boy there lived in our town a man named Hinks, who once defied superstition by looking at a new moon over his left shoulder. Three years later, when he failed in business, half the town shook its head and pointed out the obvious connection between cause and effect.

Hinks accepted the verdict. It was an easy way of passing up responsibility and putting the blame on an inscrutable decree of Destiny. And with exactly the same desire to shift blame and the same reverence for ancient sayings, the wiseacres of to-day assert that the Mississippi River has lost its traffic because it saw a new railway over its left bank. In their opinion, the evil effect of thus defying Fate is to blame not only for the loss of trade on that big artery, and on the 16,000 miles of navigable channel above New Orleans, but also for the abandonment of the Tombigbee and the Columbia, the Savannah and the Connecticut, and all the multitude of big and little rivers which lie within the ken of the readers of EVERYBODY'S. For surely from all of them traffic has vanished—save only for the coal traffic on the Ohio; and the last sad remnant of it is conducted in ancient, obsolete, uneconomical old stern-wheel packets which wheezily recall the fabled but not very wonderful days of the so-called "river palaces."

As a matter of fact, there were a few bold and skeptical spirits in our town who said right out that Hinks failed for lack of a little sound business sense applied at the right moment and in the right place. And it has long seemed to me that there might be very much the same reason for America's failure with her rivers.

For we have failed with them; not in their development, but in their utilization. There they lie, incomplete, it is true, but even now

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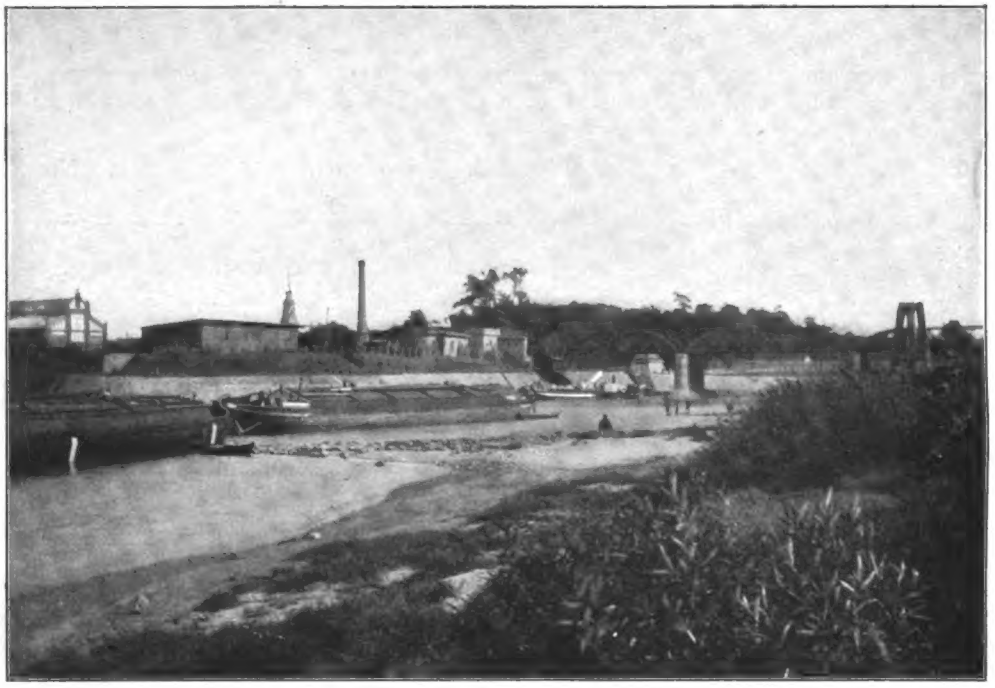
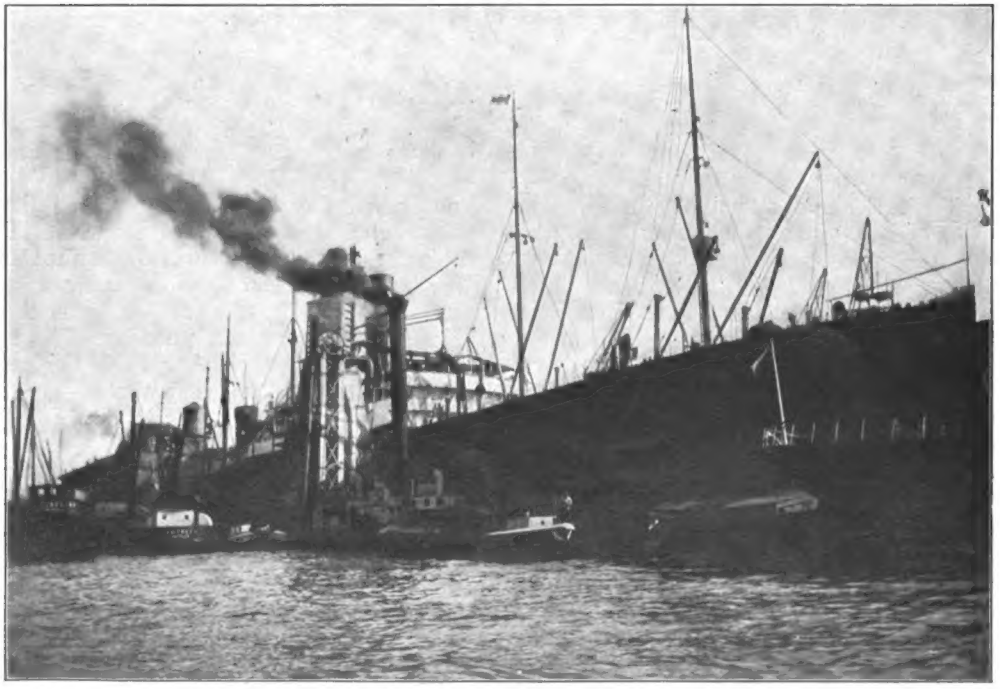


THE ODER AT BRESLAU IS AT TIMES ONLY 24 INCHES DEEP, BUT CARRIES THREE AND A HALF MILLION TONS OF COMMERCE A YEAR.



ONE REASON WHY THE UNITED STATES HAS NOT THE SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE: UNLOADING ARGENTINE GRAIN INTO A FLEET OF RIVER BARGES BOUND FOR BERLIN.

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HOW AMERICA WORKS: THE CRUDE HANDLING FACILITIES AND ANTIQUE CRAFT TYPICAL OF RIVER TRADE WITH US.

HOW GERMANY WORKS: THE RHINE STEAMER IS UNLOADED BY AMERICAN CRANES—MACHINERY NOT YET PUT TO USE ON OUR OWN RIVERS.

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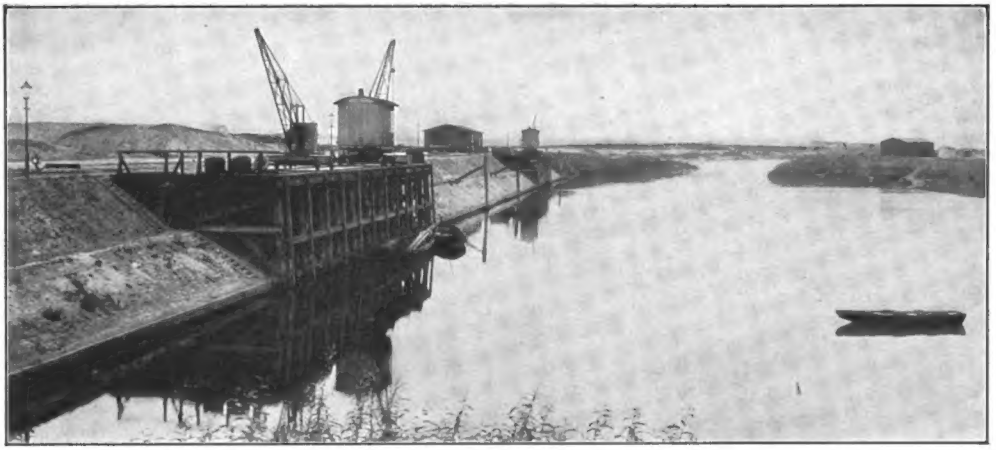
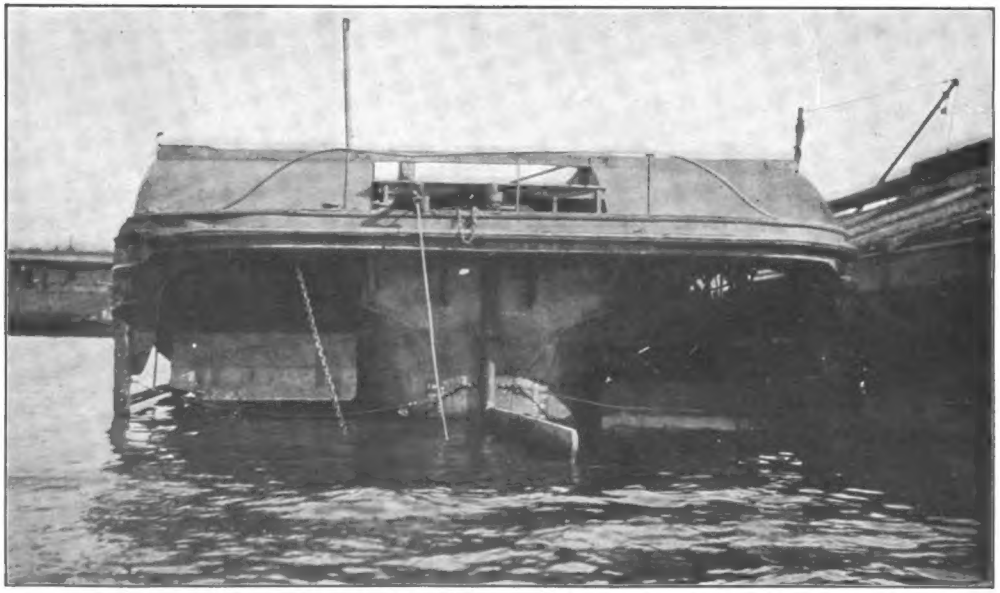


ON THE WESER RIVER. A GERMAN TOWN OF EVEN 2,000 INHABITANTS HAS A WELL-EQUIPPED "SHIP-HAVEN."

offering magnificent channels: the Mississippi, never less than 4.5 feet deep from St. Paul to the sea, nor less than nine from Cairo to New Orleans, while up and down the land are hundreds of other rivers having from two to five feet of water at low stages. Yet in them all is not a boat, not a bit of traffic worthy of the name.

There lies St. Paul, within a ten-mile freight haul of the Minneapolis flour mills, which send seven million barrels of flour to Europe every year—and not a barrel of it goes down the grand old avenue to New Orleans and away by the Gulf. And there is Minneapolis herself—with yearly a larger store of wheat to draw upon, and English milling competition growing keener every year—only ten miles away from an unbroken river channel. But never a cent is spent to bridge that ten miles and increase the city's prosperity by putting its flour more cheaply into the Liverpool sheds. There lies the red Savannah, drawing its coloring from the rich cotton fields of Georgia and South



THESE GERMAN STERN-WHEEL TOWBOATS HAVE TWO LOW, BROAD WHEELS THAT DRIVE WITHOUT PUSHING AND AT VERY HIGH SPEED.

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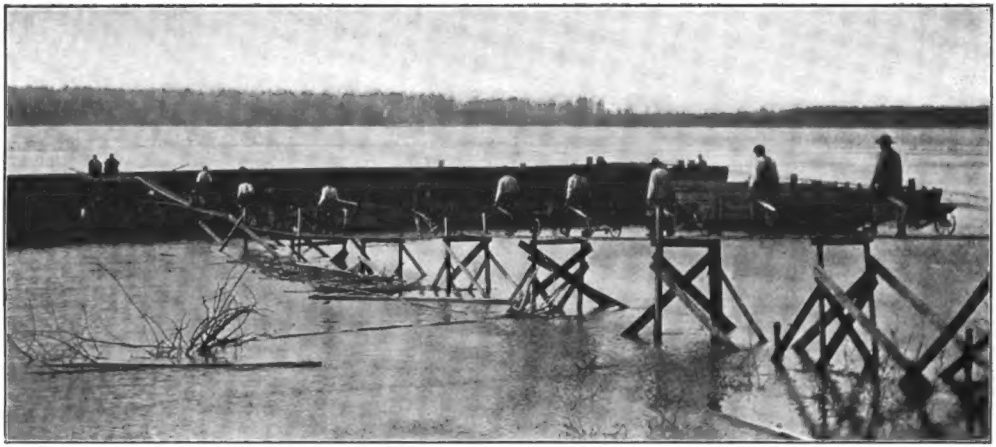

AN AMERICAN RIVER TOWN OF 16,000 POPULATION STILL UNLOADS ITS COAL BY THIS COSTLY, INEFFICIENT, ROUSTABOUT LABOR.

Carolina, running from this land of bolls and factories to the greatest of our cotton ports and carrying scarcely a bale of goods or a bale of cotton down to export. And there is the Ohio, bragging of its wonderful coal fleets, which might be run for half their cost and with greater safety,—the Ohio, bearing a few creaking, dirty packets so old that in Maine they would be called "old he ones," messing along the bank, picking up freight out of the mud of the shore and dumping more into it, days off schedule, unfit and absolutely unfittable for anything like modern traffic.

What is the matter with us? And what are we going to do about it?

The Panama Canal is nearly done—and over there across the ocean lies Germany, waiting, waiting—to send her ships through our canal, and under our very noses keep to herself the trade of the west coast of South America which we have been thinking of entering. For German ships and German cargoes have it now, just as they have the trade of the north

THE QUAY AT NANTES, ON THE LOIRE. EVERYWHERE TRANSFER CRANES AND THE CONNECTING RAILWAY DO THE WORK THAT AMERICA DOES BY HAND

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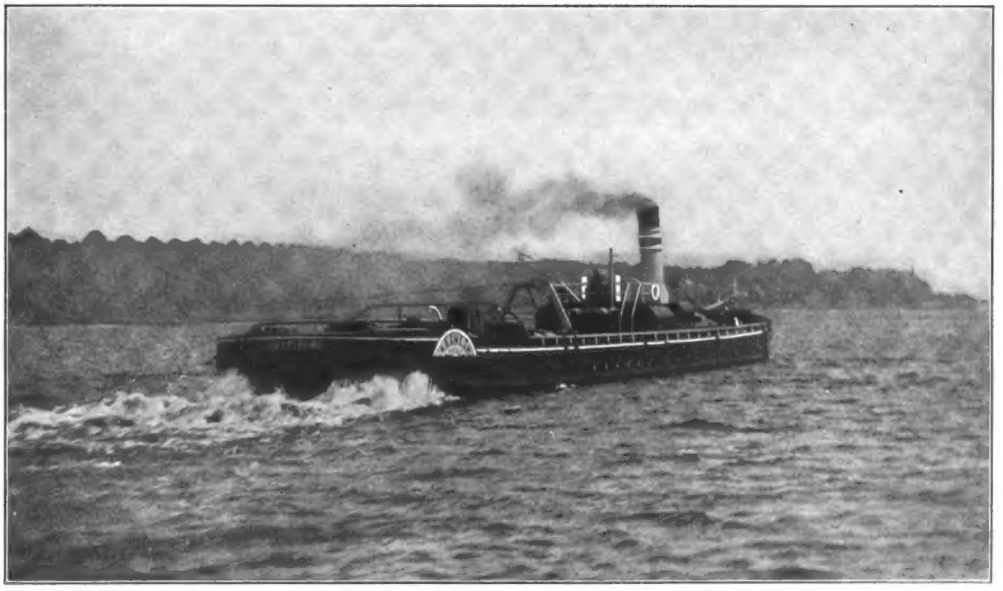

ON THE RHINE, TOWBOATS OF 1,400 HORSE POWER GO UPSTREAM AT FAIR SPEED WITH 5,000 TONS OF CARGO DRAGGING BEHIND THEM.

coast, and of the east coast, and of half the West Indies, and of Mexico, and of Central America. And Germany has it not only because she cultivates it and because she makes the sort of goods they want down there, but also because she can lay down in their ports a given class of goods for less than the cost at which we can bring them to the seaboard of our own country.

For our goods are not made on the seaboard—not all of them. They are made up in the heart of the Appalachians, where the water power is; they are made in Pittsburg, and in Chicago, and in St. Louis, in Rockford and Grand Rapids, and along the Wisconsin River; and some day they will be made at Muscle Shoals and at the Great Falls of the Missouri. How are we going to get them to South America and to Panama? By a long rail haul to the seaboard? Not if we hope to compete with the Kaiser's subjects. How then? By keeping on with our old superstition about railways over the left bank, and a traditional belief in the stern-wheel packet and the negro roustabout? Never in the world.

How then?

Why not see how the Germans do it—the Germans and the French and the Austrians—and discover whether there is not something as good or better to be done in America?

Last summer I packed my trunk and went across the sea and traveled over their rivers: up the Weser and up the Elbe and the Oder and the Vistula, over to the Danube and up that magnificent stream, across the Midi and down the Garonne, through the Vendée and up the Loire, along the Seine and the Marne and the Meuse, and at last to the busiest of them all, the Rhine.

Everywhere I saw rivers made to work. Developed no better—though with less difficulty—than ours, they swarmed with vessels of types far in advance of anything we have seen, and these vessels were carrying large cargoes. Here were single inland ports handling six million, ten million, and even fifteen million tons of freight a year, and ports transferring from river to rail and from rail to river as much as five million tons in a twelvemonth.

Why could they do this, if we can not? Their channels were often only four feet deep where ours are six or eight. They carried cargoes in a two-foot channel where we would wait for high water. Why? How? It did not take long to find the answer. It was CO-OPERATION. Our government has done much for us and is going ahead to do more—but what have we done to complement its work? That was the question that the sight of European traffic raised; for there were federal and state governments, boards of trade, cities, counties, provinces, and individ-

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uals all cooperating, using the public credit and the public solidarity to advance, not the business of one firm or another, but Business with a big B, the fast-moving, constantly increasing traffic that spells prosperity and happiness for a nation.

They had divided traffic into its three essentials: the channels to carry it, the boats to use the channel, the means of handling the cargo between the shore and the boat; and they had in cooperation developed each of these to the highest degree and had thoroughly coordinated them. The state governments had built the channels; the cities and states and boards of trade had built the harbors and installed equipment; the railways—sometimes under compulsion—had provided connecting facilities; and the people had furnished the boats. The result was the traffic that has sent Rotterdam and Hamburg scudding past Marseilles to the lead of the Continental ports; that burdens the Rhine with more than 25,000,000 tons of freight every year; and that keeps more than a thousand vessels busy on the Danube.

Each of the governments of Europe has had its own problems to solve. But it is Germany that has presented the best natural channels, and has made out of them the most useful carriers. It is to Germany that one must look to see rivers properly put to use.

In the development of their channels the Germans, and especially the Prussians, were favored by nature. Their country has at its southern base high mountains. But the rivers that emerge from them quickly enter a gradually sloping plain across which they flow to the northward with easy current and through stable banks. Designing for these rivers gently curving channels free from sharp bends, from bars and widenings, the engineers have by familiar processes finally reduced them to almost an ideal condition, in which they increase slightly in width and depth as they approach the ocean. The Germans have preferred a complete system on shoal water to a more expensive mixed system of deep and shallow channels. Some they have deepened to a meter and a half; the lower Rhine to three meters—or nearly ten feet. Some of the upper waters shoal to two feet in summer. But in general the Germans have worked steadily for a uniform draft of a meter, and to-day barges carrying each more than 1,000 tons ply the Weser, the Elbe, and the Oder, assured of this depth everywhere.

The work of the German states, however, has not stopped with the channels, as has that of our own government. They have been eager in cooperation with the cities and provinces and with local interests to develop the other two elements of water carriage. I have before me, as I write, an engineer's map of the Elbe, with indications of the dikes, the ground sills, the made land, and all that has made it possible to represent once irregular river banks by two parallel red lines. Along each side of the red lines, wherever is shown a city of two or three thousand people, is a neat blue square, marked, in German, "Ship-haven," with a number indicating how many ships it will hold. These are the havens for river boats, built in part by the state and in part by the city, as a basis for the economical transfer of freight between ship and shore.

It makes no difference whether it is at some tiny city like Doemitz in Mecklenburg or a great transfer point like Magdeburg: there is no moving of freight by hand from hold to landing; there is no dumping of cargo on the bank. Even one of the tiniest havens, for perhaps four Elbe barges, consists of a dredged basin, surrounded by a dike to protect it against floods, and, within the dike and upon a vertical quay wall that extends along one side, a warehouse for the safe storage of freight—a public warehouse. Through a gateway in the dike enters a line of railway track, which runs along the quay between the water and the freight house, and in front of this are mounted one or two cranes, inevitably a hand-crank hoist, and probably a larger steam or electric affair, all of which also belong to the public.

When there is a boat to unload, the cover of the hold is stripped off, and the crane from above catches up in turn each bale or bundle, hoists it to the quay, and, swinging, lowers it either into a waiting wagon, into a railway van, or upon a tram car, which bears it into the warehouse. A great port, for 250 ships, like that at Magdeburg, has literally hundreds of great cranes, driven by electric power, with long arms swinging over several boats and lifting goods even into the upper doorways of lofty warehouses; and numerous railway tracks full of cars receiving and delivering freight. Railway equipment, warehouse equipment, transfer equipment, and a good road are to be found at the top of every quay, no matter how great or small; and there is no mud, no costly hand labor, no unnecessary teaming.

Often, as I stood beside one of these havens,

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I thought of Montgomery, a busy city on the banks of the Alabama River, which is as broad and deep as the Elbe and flows as gently to the ocean. The winter before last, in Montgomery, I was taken to the river landing and had pointed out to me the location and plan for a new warehouse designed for the freight which should come up or go down the Alabama. For generations the Alabama had brought a little straggling freight to Montgomery, and all that time sweating negroes had carried it over a gang plank and dumped it in the mud at the foot of a sixty-foot bank. The owner, upon notice, sent a team; and, after loading his goods, often with great difficulty, had them teamed up the steep hill by a muddy road—a costly and inefficient method. So, though the government made the channel, and the steamboat freight was fairly cheap, very little cargo went out of or came into the city by this route.

Now all was to be changed. A warehouse was to be built at the top of the bank, with a sliding carriage, or elevator, on which ordinary freight would be conveyed up into the warehouse. No method of interchange with the railroad was included in the plan. If this had been a German city, instead of the sliding railway there would have been built out from the top of the sixty-foot bank a steel framework, well grounded below, on which one or more electric cranes would have awaited cargo. From the open hold or deck of a barge they would have swung it swiftly up, and around into the wagon, into the warehouse, or into the freight car. The new plan in Montgomery was a vast improvement on the old, but it was inadequate compared with those with which in the long run it will have to compete.

There are no through bills of lading for these river and rail routes in Germany. There are, instead, forwarding firms whose business is the transfer of freight between river and rail. A manufacturer shipping a bill from an inland factory to South America sends it to such a firm in Magdeburg. The firm's agent there arranges to have the car delivered on a certain track; he engages a boat or space in a boat—in which his company may be interested—and at the right time brings boat and car together and manages the transfer. Then the firm sends a new bill to the shipper and, if need be, arranges also the transfer to sea-shipping at Hamburg.

Some of these inland installations are of immense size. There is, for instance, the harbor of Ruhrort-Duisburg, where Westphalian coal comes to the water. Here, on the Rhine, is the center of supply for a large part of France, a portion of the Scandinavian coast, Berlin, and central Germany—where the Westphalian competes with the Silesian-Oder coal—and for Holland. In the old days coal came down in railway cars, was shoveled by hand into tip-carts, wheeled to the quay, and dumped into boats. By that method it cost $200 to load a barge with 1,000 tons. But competition with British coal was keen, the demand for fuel was growing, and to stimulate home industry the government must cheapen the handling between mine and factory. They tried "grab buckets," and managed to reduce the cost to $150 for 1,000 tons. Then they looked over the American machinery, which has not yet been installed on American rivers, and adopted a hoisting apparatus familiar on the lakes, which picks up a coal car and turns it bottom up over the open hatch. With this machine it costs but $25 to load 1,000 tons, and the work is done in one-fortieth the time that the hand-barrows require. The government has reduced the cost of manufacture by $175 on each 1,000 tons of fuel shipped by the new machine.

Under the stimulus of cheap "kipping," the traffic has grown. The government has extended the harbor at Ruhrort, and the city has enlarged that at Duisburg, until together they cover more than three square miles, of which about half is water surface, and the rest roads, sheds, and tracks. Together they handle more than 15,000,000 tons a year, or more than the entire traffic of the Ohio and the Mississippi, if we except the transfer ferries in St. Louis harbor.

Breslau, a city of half a million, was for many years at the head of navigation on the Oder. It held the position which St. Paul should hold on the Mississippi, and its traffic was based upon the kipping of coal which came from the Silesian mines, southeast of the city, and here was put afloat for the long voyage to Berlin, by the Oder and the Oder-Spree Canal. In 1895 Breslau enjoyed a river traffic of 2,150,000 actual metric tons of merchandise—2,200 pounds to the ton. Of this, 1,500,000 tons was coal. But in that year the state of Prussia opened up the canalized Oder to Kosel, a little place some distance upstream, and threw open there also a very efficient coal-kipping plant and an extensive harbor. The next year Kosel's

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traffic sprang from nothing to 200,000 tons, and in a few years the little city was shipping 1,300,000 tons of coal a year, while Breslau, which still maintained its position at the head of the undammed channel, had fallen to a total of 1,000,000 tons, of which only 400,000 was coal. The whole city was plunged into gloom. Trade of all sorts fell off. There was need of urgent action.

The people of Breslau were doing some busy thinking. They appealed to their board of trade, to the province, and to the state. The provincial magistrate, the city authorities, the merchants, and the representatives of Prussia held a series of conferences. It was apparent that Breslau must have efficient handling apparatus in order to compete with Kosel. "Let us build a port," said the city, "so useful and so economical that it will bring back and retain the traffic." Nothing could be more German. Land was obtained, slips were dredged in it, quay walls built; the railway—which had contracted to do its part—put in switch tracks along every basin in the haven; the city provided engines and roundhouses and a machine shop; warehouses for sugar, grain, and general freight were built, the proportion of space for each being based on a ten-year analysis of the trade of Breslau. Along the quays were mounted the most efficient of modern cranes, and stretching across all the basins was a great coal tipple, able, like that at Ruhrort, to tip whole cars.

It was September, 1901, when the partially completed haven was thrown open to traffic, and even that fall it was operated at a profit. The next year, without diminishing the trade at Kosel, Breslau trade began to grow. In four years it had risen again to 1,350,000 tons of coal and was even with Kosel, and its coal and its general traffic have both grown rapidly since. The total new installation cost the city $1,500,000, but it was built on a bond issue which really cost the city nothing, and the interest and the sinking fund for the bonds are provided by a light charge on the traffic passing through the haven. By this act of cooperation not only the merchants, but the entire population of Breslau benefited, the wealth of the city is being increased, and lower Germany gets its coal much cheaper.

Breslau is not alone in that sort of enterprise; down at the mouth of the Elbe lies Hamburg, a "free port," a relic of the old Hanseatic league. It is in this magnificent free port that one sees the great fleet of the Hamburg-American steam-packet company, a single corporation which itself owns as much tonnage as the entire merchant marine of France. One sees it and understands why we have not the South American trade; for the great ships lie in this harbor surrounded by the barges from the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine, loading cheap freight from all Germany, loading it to be carried to the coast of South America.

It is by the river that the tonnage comes which fills these great ships. Six million tons go in or out of the free port by the Upper Elbe gate in barges every year—enough, if evenly divided, to load three big ocean steamers every day in the year and to carry away and distribute the cargo of three others coming in. A big traffic in itself—this transshipment from river to sea; and Hamburg, recognizing that fact, has spent millions of dollars to prepare its harbor for it. But it has spent it as Breslau spent it, by issuing bonds and allowing the traffic to support the burden of its own cost. Barges coming down the Elbe pass through an ingenious gate into a series of canals and havens which are for them alone, and which have room for 1,600 of them at a time.

This river harbor is divided into numerous basins, and on the quay wall of each basin is a railway track, with a warehouse back of it, well equipped with loading cranes. If a barge arrives whose cargo is not for immediate sea-shipment, she is sent to these warehouses. But if the cargo is for some waiting vessel or for one soon expected, the barge goes through the toll-gate, without paying, and runs alongside the waiting steamer or the quay at which she is to land. If the steamer is there, her mast derricks quickly hoist and transfer the cargo. If the steamer is yet to come, the barge goes to her quay, and the cargo is hoisted out into the warehouse to await with other freight the coming of the vessel. The barge so unloaded then goes to a discharging warehouse for ocean steamers and receives a cargo of imported goods for distribution at Magdeburg, or at Dresden; or it goes with a floating elevator to some steamer just in from America or Argentina, and takes on wheat for Berlin.

The city and the state of Bremen—having together about 300,000 population—have spent, in the years since 1886, $30,000,000 in deepening the Weser to the sea and in building great havens to care for their traffic. One hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child in Bremen! And yet it has not cost

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them a cent, for the fund has all been borrowed on bonds; and the bonds are being retired by harbor charges on the increase of freight passing through. Bremen to-day is a city of solid wealth and assured trade, and every inhabitant has a share in the prosperity it brings. Its latest work is a big free port of industry, open without toll to the goods of the world.

But it is not only in the contrast between the inland ports of Germany and the muddy places in the river bank which serve to fill their office in America, that we can learn by the study of Continental methods wherein to better our opportunity in the outside world. There is just as much illumination in a comparison, or rather a contrast, between American river packets and German barges. With what craft are we served in America? With an ancient type dating from the almost forgotten days of Davy Crockett, and as closely allied to the freight-carrying trade of to-day as would be Davy's campaigning methods, his coonskin cap, and his manner of life to the things which in our city occupy the same relative positions.

In the first place, our type of craft is a hybrid: a cross between a freight vessel and a passenger boat, having neither the carrying capacity of the one nor the necessary comfort of the other. Its overpowering upper decks prevent the introduction of freight into the hold except by rolling or carrying it in over the gang plank. The hull gives a large part of its buoyancy to supporting the immense radial stern-wheel, and, unless it gives up an additional part to heavy bracing, it is soon shaken to pieces by the rigid arms and their tremendous collisions with the water. Liable to burn, to sink, or to collapse, it has no reason for existence in modern times, even when new; and the old timers which poke their noses into the deserted landings of the Mississippi are an insult to every shipper and passenger who tries to use them.

The first thing which strikes the traveler upon German rivers is the absolute absence of this hybrid, the almost entire divorce of passenger and freight traffic. Neat, comfortable, and capable, the steel-hulled passenger steamers get about at a surprising speed while under way, and, having little or no freight to handle, avoid long delays at landings. The freight is carried in barges all its own; and, for economy, a single steam towboat is made to serve a multitude of barges, carrying one fleet along while another is loading or unloading.

These barges, whether of wood or of steel, are so built that the cargo hold can be opened wide to the sky, and from or to every part of it swift hoisting apparatus can lift out, or drop in, its cargo. Every barge carries a tiny cabin for the captain and his family, and the larger ones have accommodations for the one or two additional men who constitute the crew. Each is equipped with a huge rudder, with a pair of long setting poles for use when it is drifting without a towboat, and with one or more masts, raised by a winch from hinges at the deck. These barges carry, on the average, about 400 tons; on the Rhine there are many of 2,300 tons—actual metric tons of carrying-capacity.

The steam towboats which draw the barges are of many types: There is a stern-wheeler—but think not of our old packet. These stern-wheelers are long, low, steel vessels having at the stern two low broad wheels, one at either side, sheltered under a curving deck. These wheels are of steel, are mounted with "feathering" blades so that they drive without pounding, and are turned at a very high speed by triple expansion engines of the most modern type. In addition, there is a side-wheel type, also low, of steel, and having amidships feathering wheels broader than the whole width of the hull. On the Rhine, such towboats of 1,400 horsepower go upstream at fair speed with 5,000 tons of cargo dragging behind them.

On the Danube, where four great companies operate, the Austrian company alone has more than 800 tow barges, or *chalands*, each of 650 tons capacity, and 100 steam towboats. On the upper Danube, where the current is very swift, these barges and towboats carry at a public freight-rate of six mills a ton mile—which compares very favorably with the average of seven mills for the New York Central railway. Below Vienna they carry for 2.4 mills. But the cheapest freight of all is in the lowest reaches, where each towboat pulls six to twelve 650-ton barges at an actual charge of .75 mill per ton mile.

Let us, for a better realization of the conditions, consider Magdeburg, or Hamburg, or Ruhrort, or Breslau, or Mannheim, or Frankfort-on-Main, or any other of the large well-equipped ports, and compare with it St. Louis, the city that in time will owe more to its rivers than to any other element; St. Louis, with all the vast *Hinterland* of the Southwest

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its own, and with the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois, and eventually the Great Lakes at its doors.

What has St. Louis ever done besides beg more water of the government? What means has it for handling river traffic, in case a man who owned a boat and found a cargo wished to load or to unload there? At its water front a short stretch of sloping stone-paved levee leads to the edge of the stream, where half a dozen or more ancient hulks are anchored to serve as "wharf boats." There is no correlated railway service. Freight that for some mysterious reason is to go by water, is teamed by mules down to the river and is dumped upon the levee. Negroes—the most costly "power" to be found—carry these bundles by hand or on trucks aboard the wharf boat, or upon the deck of the steamboat. Freight that comes by water must be laboriously dragged up the levee and distributed by wagon.

Yet think what St. Louis might have. Suppose the Chamber of Commerce, with the permission of Congress and of the state legislature and of the city government, decides to build a harbor, either on the Missouri side of the river or over in Illinois, in the intricate windings of Cahokia Creek. It issues bonds, digs the haven, erects quays, builds railway tracks along them, connects them with the belt and through railroads, leaves ample roadways for teaming, and provides warehouses and apparatus for hoisting and transfer. Then its merchants, no longer depending upon the ancient packets, or upon the covered barges of the old-time Crescent line, have built for them at Pittsburg or Dubuque a fleet of broad, shallow, steel barges of the Rhine type, constructed to load in good seasons to eight feet, or to carry, with economy, on four and a half. To tow these, the merchants build steel stern- or side-wheel towboats, also of the German or Austrian type of light draft and very powerful. Then they direct by rail into this haven the freight that their agents gather from the whole West and the whole of Illinois and even from Chicago, load it upon their fleets, and send them away, safe, insurable, certain of arriving, to New Orleans and the Gulf and the outer world; and back from New Orleans come rich cargoes to be distributed to all the West. If that were done, the city would as surely see its trade expand from a third of a million, which it has now, to ten million tons a year, as Breslau has seen its own grow.

And if this trade were to go to New Orleans—what has New Orleans done to receive it? Is it a second Hamburg, with waiting sheds, with powerful derricks to swing great bundles out from the eager boats, with economical and powerful appliances to make the cost of transshipment as small as possible? Not in the least. Though the Crescent City is in the fortunate position of owning its own water front, and the quays and the railway along them, and the sheds for ocean steamers, it owns not a single piece of modern transshipping machinery, nor has it for river boats anything other than a sloping apron for the noses of the old packets, across which negroes lazily roll barrels of sugar and bales of cotton only to leave them lying, exposed to the weather, upon the open ground.

Stir yourself, St. Louis! Stir yourself, New Orleans! And we must all bestir ourselves with the new missionary spirit. We must grow; and we must all grow together. And we cannot grow unless we increase the utility of our arteries. The heart is not on the seaboard. It is away in the interior of the organization; and if the veins and arteries lie idle and the circulation stagnates, not only the skin but the heart, too, suffers. The nation must continue to conserve the streams, but the states must supplement the work of the nation; cities and their organized citizens must cooperate. We must make the traffic pay for its own installations, as the Germans have done, and make the installations add to the prosperity of all of us, as they have also done.

We look forward, some of us, to the Americanization of South America. We do not mean that we shall conquer or annex it. We mean that we shall send down there our young men and our goods, and with them our ideals and our ways of life. We shall meet the Latin and the German ideas there and defeat them. We shall develop those great vacant lands as we have developed our own—but with new economy and new ideals.

We look forward to it. But it will ever be before us, and vanishing in the distance, unless we begin to reach their coast by first reaching our own; by first creating the means through which our young men and our manufactured goods may be placed upon seagoing ships. If we would move the world with our lever, we must have a place on which to stand. And we shall find it only in the equal development of all three of the elements of traffic—safe channels, cheap and efficient river-port facilities, and cheap, safe, and efficient carriers.

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HIS MANNER MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS ONE OF TREMULOUS OBSTINACY, AS IF HE HAD COME TO ASK AN UNGRANTABLE FAVOR AND MEANT TO HAVE IT GRANTED.

THE LATE JOHN WIGGINS

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "That Pup," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

YESTERDAY morning, about ten minutes after eleven, John Wiggins passed away, and I hope he is now enjoying perfect rest. I hope his left leg is entirely etherealized. I trust, now that John Wiggins is thoroughly dead, he will stay dead. For a year I have not been able to write a line, and if I now break my long silence by this statement regarding the late John Wiggins, it is not that I wish to harm his memory; I owe it to myself to explain that I have not been silent through laziness.

I first met John Wiggins on the second day of May, one year ago. I was living in a small house in the village of Westcote, on Long Island, when I learned that the old Gibbs Mansion on Fremont Street was vacant. I leased the place and, on the first of May, moved in.

The house was large and stood in the middle of a fine lawn, studded with trees and shrubbery, and there was a good-sized stable in the rear; the whole place, however, was in bad trim. The grass had not been cut for months, and the shrubbery needed trimming, but I could see that the grounds could be made very beautiful with a little work, and the house was just what we wanted. One room would make an ideal study; my wife was enthusiastic over the many bedrooms; Mary, our servant, was happy in a large kitchen, and my father, who loves outdoor occupation, could hardly contain the joy with which the sight of the large and ill-kept gardens filled him.

"Now, Edgar," he said, as soon as we had taken the place, "I want you to let me make the yard *my* province. Let *me* attend to *that*." And he was so hurt when I proposed to hire a man, even by the day, to do the first rough work of putting the place in shape, that I agreed to let him have entire charge of the yard.

Toward evening we had things installed

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in a rough, temporary way, and next morning we all set to work hanging pictures and so on, and I was hard at it in the room I had chosen for my study, on the second floor, when Agnes called up to me.

"Edgar," she said, "can you come down for a minute? A man wants to see you."

I went down just as I was, collarless and bare-armed, and as I descended Agnes vanished toward the kitchen, merely saying, as she went: "In the parlor."

In the parlor, sitting on one of the chairs, was a rather stout man with a red face. He looked like a hearty and well-tanned market gardener dressed in his Sunday clothes, and, while he was neither impertinent nor bashful, his manner might be described as one of tremulous obstinacy, as if he had come to ask an ungrantable favor and meant to have it granted.

"Well," he said, with a sheepish grin, before I could speak, "I've come back." Immediately, as if he felt he had made a mistake, he said it again, differently.

"Well," he said, gruffly, "I've come back." There was something threatening in his tone, which I resented, and he tried again. He said cheerfully, "Well, I've *came* back."

"Back?" I said, puzzled.

"That's it," he said triumphantly. "I was afraid I couldn't do it, but I done it! I'm back."

I tried to remember him, but I could not.

"I'm John Wiggins," he said, as if that settled it, "and you needn't bother riggin' up a room for me in the house. I'll sleep in the barn. Don't you go to no trouble for me at all. I'll eat in the kitchen."

I was about to explain that he must have mistaken the house, when he went on. "Come to think of it," he said, grinning, "I don't eat."

I began to tell him that the people who had once lived in the house were now elsewhere, when he interrupted me. "Come to think of it," he said with a greater grin, "I don't sleep."

He bent over and rubbed his left knee and calf, ending by giving the ankle a few brisk rubs. When he straightened up, his face was red.

"I might say," he said, "that wages ain't no object. Ain't that fair? All I want is work, and no feed and no sleep. Ain't that fair? And no wages. Ain't that fair? And come to think of it, it don't make no difference, anyway. I've come back, and you can't help it. Where d'you keep the scythe?"

"Now, see here!" I said suddenly, for, although I am a good-tempered man, I felt that this fellow was going too far. "I don't know what you want, but I know I don't want you. Good morning."

John Wiggins rubbed his left leg, but he did not get up. "I just thought it would be sort of polite to let you know I was coming," he said, "and if you ain't got a scythe I can use a sickle, but if you ain't got a sickle you'll have to get one. That grass is too long to cut with a lawn mower. It wouldn't cut, it would mash down. And you'd better," he added, rubbing his knee—his left one—"get a pair of shears to trim the hedge with."

This did make me mad! Who was this man to foist himself upon me in this way? I had an impulse to throw him out, but he was such a large man that I restrained the impulse.

"See here," I exclaimed, "I have no time to fool away. If you have a sensible request to make, make it, and I'll give you a civil answer. Who are you, anyway?"

"Well, now," said the man, rubbing his leg gently, "I'll *tell* you. I'll tell *you*, but I wouldn't tell everybody, by no means. I'm a ghost."

He grinned, and continued rubbing his left leg. I could see nothing ghostly about him. To my normal eye he was a hearty man-of-all-work with, perhaps, a touch of rheumatism in one leg; and to my normal nose he offered the unspiritual odor of a stale tobacco pipe; my normal ear could hear him breathe. I never saw a man with fewer ghostly qualities.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"Well, now," said John Wiggins frankly, "I admit I didn't bring no written testimonials with me. Truth is, I couldn't git them to give me any. I asked for some, but they refused. You see, I've got a bad leg."

He stuck his left leg straight out and looked at it sadly. "That's the feller," he said reproachfully. "That's my bum leg. I can't git no testimonial until that leg's cured. That leg has got a bad case of inetherealization, it has, and that's why I've got to git a job here. I've got to stay here and work until that there left leg etherealizes proper. That's the prescription I got.

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Mebby you don't know Mr. Garland—Mr. Hamlin Garland?"

"No, I don't," I said. I was now convinced that my visitor was merely insane—perhaps a harmless lunatic.

"That's too bad," said John Wiggins. "Mebby if you did you'd know something about ghosts. And mebby you wouldn't. Did you ever hear of materialization?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, there ain't nothin' to it," said my guest. "It works the other way about. Ghosts don't materialize. Folks etherealize. Take old Mrs. Gibbs I used to work for. She was a good old lady and done her duty, and she etherealized complete and proper when her time come, but I didn't. I had somethin' on my conscience, and it settled in my left leg and that leg ain't never etherealized to this day. It just stays a mortal leg, and you can figger how mean it is for an ethereal ghost to have a mortal leg on to him. Like as if a puff of steam had the old iron teakettle tied on to it. It makes it mighty unhandy for a ghost to git around, not to say *im*possible, him as light as gas and his left leg on to him like a lead sinker. So I begun to look up what was the matter, and I took advice on it. 'Well,' says doc, 'you must have done some crime.' But I hadn't, and I told him so. Come to find out, it was the way I treated poor old Mrs. Gibbs the last year she was alive. I hadn't have ought to have done it, and that's a fact, but I did do it. I soldiered on her. I skimped my work. I took advantage of her being so old and forgetful, and I only half done my work, and some things she told me to do I didn't do at all.

"So doc examined my left leg and he says there's only two things to do. One was to have the leg amputated and go around all the rest of forever as a one-legged ghost, and the other was to go back to the place I'd loafed and put in the time I'd loafed, and do the things I'd not done, and that would cure up my left leg. Doc said I'd only have to put in, each day, the time I'd loafed the similar day, and do up the odd jobs I'd left undone. So here I am."

"Mr. Wiggins," I said firmly, when he had finished, "I will not have you around this place! I do not care a whit whether your left leg etherealizes or not. But this I do know: my wife is deathly afraid of ghosts, and for that reason I do not want you around if you *are* a ghost; and my father is going to attend to the yard and would resent your presence, so I do not want you around if you are *not* a ghost. I do not believe in ghosts, but you may, if you choose. That is your right. But if I find you around here I shall treat you as a common and obnoxious human being and see that you are placed where you will do no harm, and that is in jail, for trespass."

I expected this to frighten John Wiggins away, but he only grinned.

"It's time for me to be gitting along," he said, "but I'll start in to-morrow, so if I was you I wouldn't worry about it."

I thought best to humor his delusion. I could arrange to have a policeman at the house the next day, and that would settle the matter.

"Very well," I said; "but let me ask you two favors. My wife is afraid of ghosts—do not let her see you; and my father is jealous of his yard—do not let him see you."

John Wiggins thought for a moment. "All right," he said at last, "that's fair enough, and I'll make a bargain. I'll keep out of their way if you'll store this here left leg of mine when I ain't working, and——"

Suddenly John Wiggins turned white and half rose from his chair. He stared at the door behind me, and I turned, but I could see nothing. I heard Mary McGuffy's voice calling some words out of the kitchen window to my father.

"All roight, sor," I heard her say, "Oi'll ask Misther Edgar."

John Wiggins gasped and licked his dry lips. "Gin—gin—ginger!" he managed to mutter. "It's Mary—Mary McGuffy—it's my old sweetheart! And she always was afraid of ghosts! I'm going to——"

I heard Mary's heavy tread in the hall, and, as I looked at him, John Wiggins rapidly turned into thin white air and vanished. There was a thud on one of my Turkish rugs, and I had just time, before Mary appeared, to drop on my knees and wrap John Wiggins's unetherealized left leg in the rug.

II

FEW men, I imagine, have ever had occasion to wrap a leg in a rug, and those who have probably chose some other rug than a stiff Daghestan. Had I been choosing I should have chosen some other rug myself, but I was hurried. I had to act instantly. No man wants his servant to enter a room

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and see him standing idly before an unattached leg. It would be hard to account for such a piece of property in any event, and I foresaw that it would be most unpleasant for me to have to explain to a superstitious creature like Mary that what she saw was the leg of her recent sweetheart. I could not stand there and, with apparent indifference, say, "Mary, there is John Wiggins's leg. Take it away." So I sat down and rolled the leg in the rug. It made an awkward, bulky parcel, and, as it had a tendency to unroll, I took it in my arms and hugged it.

I think Mary was surprised to see me sitting on the parlor floor hugging a large rolled-up rug as if it were a doll, one end of the roll on my lap, and the other reclining on my shoulder; but I tried to appear as if this were necessary work in fixing up the house. Luckily, moving time is the one time when a dignified man can sit on a bare floor with legs extended and hug a rug without being considered insane, and I was puzzled that Mary showed any surprise at all, until I discovered that John Wiggins's boot was protruding from the end of the roll that lay against my cheek. I admit that Mary was right to be surprised. Logically, she could not understand why, when there was so much work to be done, I should wrap a boot in an Oriental rug and sit down on the parlor floor and nurse it.

When Mary went, I jumped up nimbly and started upstairs with the rug. I had no time to lose. If Agnes came upon me she would not stare and go away like Mary. She would want to know why I was taking the rug out of the parlor, and what was rolled in it. So I dashed upstairs and into my own room and shut the door. My first thought was my closet, but I knew that at moving time no closet is sacred. I realized that no place in the house would be a safe hiding-place for John Wiggins's left leg; anything may be in any place at moving time, and every one may look anywhere. The can-opener is likely to be in the jewel cabinet, and the desiccated codfish in the chiffonier.

ANY GIRL WOULD BE SURPRISED IF HER LATE DECEASED LOVER SHOULD STEP OUT

But I solved the matter. Our window

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JOHN WIGGINS APPEARED SUDDENLY ON THE END OF HIS LEFT LEG.

curtains were not to be put up until fall, and I wrapped John Wiggins's leg in manila wrapping paper and tied the parcel with stout twine. On the paper I wrote, in ink, "Curtain Rods and Fixtures," and stood the package boldly in the corner of my room. It was safe there. Agnes looked at the package once during the day, but when she read the words I had written she turned away.

The next morning I was awakened by a knock on my bedroom door, and when I opened it I found my father, in his bathrobe, looking displeased.

"Edgar," he said, "there is a man in the back yard cutting the grass. Of course, if you want a man to cut the grass, I have nothing to say, but I thought it was understood that the grounds were to be *my* work. And if it is, as I suppose, some one stealing the grass for his horse, he shouldn't be allowed to do it."

I threw on my bathrobe and went into his room, where a window commanded the back yard. Instantly I knew John Wiggins had come back. Even at that distance I could recognize the wrapper I had put around his left leg, and I thought I could make out the words "Curtain Rods and Fixtures."

"Father," I said with pretended anger, "I will soon see what that man is about! I never heard of such impudence!" I hurried out to where John Wiggins was strenuously swinging a scythe.

"Hello," he said pleasantly, when he saw me. "You see I have came back, like I said I would. Much obliged for keeping my leg, but it ain't really necessary to take so much trouble with it. You don't need to mind to wrap it up; it won't hurt none to git a little dusty. I'd of took the wrappers off, but I ain't got much time to make up today, and I didn't want to waste none. You see they've got my schedule all laid out, day for day, all the days I loafed any, and all I have to make up in any one day is what time I loafed on the correspondin' day when —when I was here before."

I glanced up and saw my father looking at us from his window, and I began to speak to John Wiggins in a violent manner. He paid no attention.

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"I see you didn't git no sickle, like I told you to," he said reproachfully. "I had to go over next door and sort of borry this scythe without sayin' nothin' to nobody about it. I guess you'd better git——"

At that instant John Wiggins faded gently away and left me standing before his fallen scythe and his left leg. He had made up his time for that day. I looked guiltily toward the window; my father was gone. I gathered up the leg and hurried into the house with it, and managed to hide it in the low closet in the butler's pantry before my father came down.

"I settled *that* pretty quick!" I said. "I sent *him* about his business. If you see him about here again, let me know. And I wish, after breakfast, you would take that scythe home. The fellow took it, without permission, from the house next door. Explain it." I thought I had better let my father do the explaining, because I was afraid I might explain a little too much if I tried it myself. My nerves were upset.

That day I did little work. It required diplomacy to get that leg out of the butler's pantry. I assumed an air of unconcern and rummaged in the closet; pretended to find the parcel marked "Curtain Rods and Fixtures" unexpectedly, and carried it to my room. I put it in the darkest corner of my closet and shut the door, and sat down to think the matter over calmly if I could. My first impulse was to take my family and leave this house entirely; my second thought was that I could not take, this year, even my usual family vacation in the mountains. I did not dare go away and leave John Wiggins to drop his leg about the place promiscuously. I trembled as I imagined the scandal that would follow the finding of John Wiggins's left—the huge headlines in the newspapers—"Noted Author Suspected," and so on, and the pain the notoriety would cause Agnes. Clearly, my fate was to remain at home and follow John Wiggins, ready at any moment to gather up his leg. I spent a miserable day. One moment I rushed hurriedly to buy a sickle, and the next I started resolutely to destroy John Wiggins's leg. I bought the sickle, but I did not destroy the leg—I did not dare.

Early the next morning I was up and dressed, ready to go down the moment John Wiggins appeared. But he did not appear! All that day his leg lay dormant in my closet. When, the next morning, he still did not come back, I could hardly contain myself. I shut myself in my study and paced the floor, and I was near a nervous breakdown when my closet door opened and John Wiggins stepped out. It was ten minutes to twelve.

He stood before me and smiled. "Well, how're you feelin' to-day?" he asked. "I've got a little job to do in this room, an' if you'll tell me where I can find a hammer and a big nail I won't trouble you to git them. I've got to put a nail into the wall right up there where that picture is."

"You will *not!*" I declared. "I have just had this room papered, and I will not have any nails——"

"Sorry," he said, "but I've got to put a nail in. Old Mrs. Gibbs she told me to one day, and I didn't do it, and now I've got to."

I got the nails and the hammer for him, and he stood on a chair and removed the picture. He handed it to me, and I stood holding it as he drove the big nail just where I did not want any nail to be. I saw the plaster crack as the nail went in, and I knew it would make a bad hole when I pulled the nail out again. I asked if I had the right to remove it when he'd finished.

"Why, cert'," he said good-naturedly. "All I've got to do is what I left undone when——"

At the last blow of the hammer John Wiggins vanished and his left leg toppled off the chair. I caught it just in time to receive the falling hammer on the back of my head. A couple of nails John Wiggins had been holding clattered to the floor, but I did not hear them, for the hammer had stunned me. When I regained consciousness I was lying on my bed, and Agnes was bending over me.

"Edgar," she exclaimed, "what *were* you trying to do? Why did you drive that nail into the new wall paper? What were you doing with that bundle of curtain rods?"

"The curtain rods!" I cried wildly. "What did you do with the curtain rods?"

"Now lie down," she urged, pushing me back. "Don't worry about those old curtain rods. I had Mary put them in the closet of her room, out of the way until next fall."

That instant a wild scream came from the floor above, followed by the thud of a heavy body bouncing from step to step, and a crash as the door at the foot of the servants' stairs burst open. From my bed I could see Mary on the floor at the bottom of the

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stairs, rubbing the back of her head. Her face was white, and her eyes were staring, and she was breathing hard. Instinct told me that John Wiggins had come back to do some little odd job in the garret, and had met Mary; and I had no heart to scold her for coming downstairs so carelessly. Any girl would be surprised if, on opening a closet door, her late deceased lover should step out, with one leg done up in manila paper.

Agnes had rushed to Mary, but when Mary was able to speak she shut her lips tightly. I saw there was no danger of her saying anything about John Wiggins. She was superstitious, but she had a natural dread of ridicule. As soon as Agnes was sure Mary had broken no bones, she went downstairs, and I heard Mary go up to her room. In a few moments I saw her come down again with the bundle labeled "Curtain Rods and Fixtures." I was not surprised to see her carry it into the bathroom and throw it out of the window into the middle of a large lilac bush. Ordinarily I should have spoken to Mary in no mild tone about treating a bundle of curtain rods and fixtures in that way, but I said nothing.

I dressed hurriedly and hastened downstairs, but I was too late. My father had already rescued the package from the depths of the lilac bush, and as I peered cautiously from the back-parlor window I saw him carrying it toward the barn. He had it tucked under his arm, and he was half-way across the yard when John Wiggins appeared suddenly on the end of his left leg. He was in an awkward and uncomfortable position, and as he stood facing my father he had to hop up and down on his right leg to maintain his balance. He might have had a bad fall had my father not instantly released his hold on John Wiggins's left leg. But he did release it instantly. No one could have released anything more quickly in any circumstances.

John Wiggins immediately began talking to my father in his usual good-natured way, but I could see that my father had no desire for conversation. He seemed distraught, and, after standing a few minutes in absolute silence, he walked to the house, went to his room, and locked his door. For months my father remained in a dazed condition. He never said anything to me or to Agnes about it, but I could see that he was worried. He used to linger near John Wiggins, and when he disappeared my father would sigh and pick up the left leg and carry it meekly to the barn. If John Wiggins had been a child, and his left leg had been his toys, and my father had been a nursemaid, my father could not have gathered up after John Wiggins more faithfully and patiently than he did. He never uttered a word of reproach, although John Wiggins was most disorderly in the way in which he would go off and leave his leg here and there.

Of course, this attention on the part of my father relieved me of the necessity of giving all my time to the ghost of Mrs. Gibbs's late hired man, but it did not relieve me from the worry. Nor from the expense. I was careful not to let my father or Mary know that I knew anything about John Wiggins, for I saw that each considered him a personal hallucination, and I also saw that they concealed from each other their common imaginary weakness. I saw Mary and father watching John Wiggins at work—the one wide-eyed and breathing hard, and the other depressed and worried—but neither gave any sign to the other of realizing the presence of John Wiggins. My father would hear John Wiggins ask Mary for a hammer or a drink of water, but he would make no sign. He pretended not to hear. And Mary would watch my father gather up the leg and carry it away without a word. She pretended that she did not see it; and sometimes, when John Wiggins etherealized in the kitchen, Mary would carry the left leg to my father and give it to him, but she never admitted that it *was* John Wiggins's left leg—she always said, "Here's them curr-tin rods."

What worried me most was the fear that Agnes might see John Wiggins and understand what he was. I dreaded the effect on her tender nerves should she see John Wiggins suddenly appear on the end of the bundle of curtain rods, or should she see him as suddenly melt into thin air. It seemed a miracle that she did not suspect something, for John Wiggins came and went continually, and she *must* have seen him at work. I could not understand how she could see a man cutting our grass, with one leg done up in manila paper, and not think it odd. But she said nothing until she expressed a mild surprise that I had bought a horse.

I was sitting in my study one morning, in a most depressed condition, when I heard

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John Wiggins enter. He was smiling good-naturedly, as always.

"Well, now," he said, "the fact is you've got to git a horse by to-morrer mornin'. There's some work I've got to make up in the horse line, and you've got to buy a horse."

"John Wiggins," I said with exasperation, "I will not buy a horse."

"Cert' you will," said John Wiggins pleasantly. "And I'll tell you the horse you've got to git. The horse I didn't do my duty by was the horse old Mrs. Gibbs had, and that horse's name is Tom, and that's the horse I've got to work on. I neglected that horse shameful. You can git him from my brother Ike. I've spoke to Ike about it."

There was nothing for me to do but buy the horse—and of all outrages! Ike *had* been spoken to, evidently. He asked two hundred and fifty dollars, and he wouldn't come down one cent. He said nothing about John Wiggins, but he smiled in a way that meant a great deal. "Take him or leave him; two fifty is the price," was all he would say, and I had to take that horse at that price. Mrs. Gibbs had been dead a year, and I should say that she had had Tom twenty years, and that Tom had been fifteen years old when Mrs. Gibbs bought him. That makes thirty-six years, but Tom looked older than that. There was plenty of work to do on Tom, and the work was increased because he had to be held upright with one hand while he was being curried with the other. Many times John Wiggins etherealized while he was currying Tom. I would hear a thud in the barn and know that the sudden removal of John Wiggins's retaining hand had let Tom fall to the floor, and that in the barn my poor, patient father was prying Tom off of John Wiggins's left leg. It made a great deal more work for my father.

I was unable to explain to Agnes why I had bought that horse, but it was a logical purchase as compared with the buggy. John Wiggins's brother Ike insisted that the buggy was cheap at one hundred and fifty dollars. I bought the buggy because John Wiggins had not washed it as often as he should have washed it, and as a washing buggy it satisfied John Wiggins. He washed it long and often, but Agnes expressed surprise that I should have bought the desultory remains of a buggy merely to have them washed. She said it seemed foolish to

HE ASKED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, AND I HAD TO TAKE THAT HORSE AT THAT PRICE.

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her to have the buggy drawn out in front of the barn every morning and washed and then put back until it was time to wash it again. She said she would ask me why I did not have the horse hitched to the buggy, and take a drive once in a while, except that any one could see that they were not the hitching or driving kind.

My nervousness increased daily. I could not write in that state of mind, and yet it seemed absolutely necessary for me to write in order to keep up an income, for John Wiggins and his brother Ike were ruining me. It is an inestimable advantage for a dealer in odds and ends to have a ghostly brother. I found that Ike Wiggins had bought nearly everything that Mrs. Gibbs had owned that John Wiggins had neglected, and all these I was obliged to repurchase. I hated to have to pay eighty dollars for an old heating furnace when my house was nicely fixed with a hot-water apparatus, but I had to do it so John Wiggins could spend a day cleaning the pipes, and this was followed by the purchase of a flag pole to paint, seventy-eight old boards that had once been a floor and that needed varnishing, a thousand old bricks that had to be carried from one side of the yard to the other and piled, and even a dead rosebush that had to be watered; but when John Wiggins, one cold day, made me go down to his brother Ike's and buy a pile of gravel that had once been a walk in the back yard, so he could shovel the snow off it, I really thought he was imposing on me, for brother Ike made me pay seventy-five dollars for it.

I thus gradually accumulated nearly everything that had once been the stock in trade of Ike Wiggins, but day before yesterday, when I went to his place to buy several yards of old picket fence for John Wiggins to nail loose pickets to, I saw Ike looking doubtfully at a wrecked automobile in his scrap yard. I went home in the depths of depression and threw myself on the bed to weep. I was totally unstrung, and my bank account was worse than that. I could not have bought even a new automobile, and I knew that an old one that had belonged to Mrs. Gibbs was far beyond my means.

When I heard Agnes enter the front door, I arose and tried to hide the traces of my weak tears. I heard her firm tread on the stairs, and she entered the room and closed the door behind her. I saw firmness and resolution in every line of her usually gentle face.

"Edgar," she said severely, "I have a confession to make. For over a year this house has been haunted, and I knew it all the while! And I knew that you knew it. Oh," she said quickly, as I opened my mouth to speak, "I know I've done wrong, but I did not know it at the time. I saw that you were laboring with the trouble, and I did not like to worry you additionally by letting you know I was worried, too. But the last month you have been growing more and more depressed, and I felt it my duty to do what a woman could do."

"Agnes," I cried, "what could you do?"

"I watched," she said. "I felt that the future of us all depended on me, and that made me brave. I saw how your poor father was gathering up John Wiggins's leg day after day so meekly and uncomplainingly; how Mary was doing her work in spite of the care she had on her mind, and how your bank account was dwindling to nothing to supply John Wiggins——"

"You know his name?" I exclaimed.

"Indeed yes," she said. "You talk in your sleep, Edgar. But I know more than that. I know that John Wiggins *never* worked for Mrs. Gibbs."

"He was a lazy fellow," I admitted.

"He never worked for her at all," said Agnes, and while I stared at her she continued, "Do you know where his left leg is?"

I thought I did. I said my father kept it on a shelf in the barn. Agnes, in two words, ordered me to get it. I hurried to the barn and brought back the manila package to her. With a few quick snips of the scissors she opened the package. There was nothing in it but an old shoe and some rolls of rags.

"There!" she exclaimed. "And the same was in the package at Mr. Gray's and at Mr. Overman's and at Mr. Gerster's. At Mr. Long's there is the same. John Wiggins has been at Mr. Long's only a week. Mr. Gerster has just bought a horse of Ike Wiggins. Mr. Overman has just bought a buggy. Mr. Gray has just bought a flag pole from Ike Wiggins. *All* of them live in houses where recent occupants have died."

"Agnes!" I exclaimed.

"All of them!" she repeated. "And to all of them John Wiggins has told the same story. He is the most disreputable, mean, dishonest ghost I ever heard of. He has robbed all of us to benefit that worthless brother of his, and if I hadn't disliked the

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I THREW MYSELF AT THE LEFT LEG WITH SUCH SKILL AND AGILITY AS I HAD LEFT FROM FOOTBALL DAYS.

look of his eye he would still be robbing us. Luckily, I went down to see what sort of man Ike Wiggins was, and there I saw Mr. Gray, looking just as worried and sick as you do, and I guessed the rest. I saw Mr. Overman and Mr. Gerster and Mr. Long all come to the same place, and I went to see their wives."

When she had said this she paused, and for some time I thought deeply. "Agnes," I said at length, "I have never had much faith in ghosts——"

"And I shall never believe in one again," she said.

"That is right," I said; "they do not deserve to be believed in. But now that we know the true character of John Wiggins's ghost, how are we to get rid of him? You are sure you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Not now. I did once, Edgar, but since I have met John Wiggins's ghost I do not. He is beyond belief."

"He is," I said. "If I let myself be fooled into believing in him, it was only because he had such good proof. He left a leg with me. But now I have no leg of a ghost, I do not believe in ghosts. Ghosts exist for their believers only. And I am sure my father has seen too much of John Wiggins to believe in him. The only doubtful person is Mary."

"If Mary believes in ghosts she must go!" said Agnes firmly. "We cannot have a ghost hanging around the house just because a servant believes in one."

I went down to interview Mary, and, though I would have been loath to lose such a good maid, I was fully decided to discharge her at once if she believed in John Wiggins. But I found she did not. She admitted that she had at first, but lately she had fallen in love with the fishman, and she assured me that since then she had entirely disbelieved in John Wiggins. This made my task easier, and I prepared to receive John Wiggins as he deserved to be received.

He came next morning about eleven o'clock—yesterday morning—and I met him in the yard. He was as self-possessed as ever, and as smiling, and he wore the manila paper wrapper just as he had always worn it, for I had been careful to put it in its usual place in the barn.

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"Well," he said heartily, "I guess you'll have to git an automobile, I guess you will. I never tended to Mrs. Gibbs's automobile the way I ought to have, and brother Ike has it. I guess you can buy it from——"

"Stop!" I said imperiously. "This has gone too far. You can fool me a while, but not forever. I no longer believe in ghosts. You have long ago worked your leg out of inetherealization. Get out of here!"

For answer he only grinned, and rubbed his manila package where it was marked "Curtain Rods and Fixtures." Had I entertained any doubts—had I imagined there was a real leg in the package, I must even then have suffered defeat, but I myself had filled the package with gunpowder. I threw myself at the left leg with such skill and agility as I had left from my old football tackle days, and wrenched the leg from John Wiggins. As I had expected, another leg stood in its place, but even as John Wiggins grappled with me I made a backward pass of the package and tossed it to my father, who struck a match and touched it to the paper. Instantly there was a flash, and all the proof we had that there was such a ghost as John Wiggins disappeared in a cloud of blue smoke and faded away; but not before Agnes had caught a snap shot of it, showing that both legs were now etherealized.

THE BELOVED

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

"GO in," they said, "and you will find her there,
In her own room, that lies abaft the stair."
Then by the garden-way, so thick with scent
Of long-belated honeysuckles, in I went.
The door creaked softly in my careful hand,
The polished stairs were silent 'neath the feet, like sand.

One met me as I turned the passage there,
Bowered with wan palms, beyond the empty stair;
She drew her skirt aside, and bowed her head,
But took my hand in passing . . . Brazen-red
The sun flamed in through one tall painted pane,
And left upon the snow-white sheets one slender purple stain.

So white, at first I did not know her there,
And I stood frozen as the winter sapling stands.
And once, like voices from far vanished lands,
I heard the sound of voices at the stair:
"How beautiful she looks!" I marveled there
The while I gazed upon the smooth soft bands
Of parted hair upon her peaceful brows, the folded hands,
The mouth that would not tremble at my kiss;
"How beautiful!" I wondered long at this,
For none of them but I had found her fair.

So long I stood, as one the hours were;
Slow dusk made way for night, and night for dawn
That stole in soft across the silvered lawn;
And then at last they came to take her there,
With swift and silent feet, and soft commands.
But I stood frozen as the winter sapling stands:
And heard no more till on the tingling air
Broke sobbing and the awful words of prayer.

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WHAT DID HE DO?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who left Harvard a slender, narrow-chested, bespectacled youth, has made himself a great-bodied, strong-limbed man with an endurance and a wholesomeness, physical and mental, that have astonished the world.

As undergraduate he mixed scholarship with the lightweight boxing championship; at twenty-five, one of the fighting members of the New York legislature, he found time to write the first of his long list of books.

At twenty-seven ranchman, hunter, and author of a second book. At thirty-one Civil Service Commissioner, learning the action and the "feel" of the big machine at Washington. At thirty-seven a post-graduate course in the life of New York City—of priceless value to the politician. At forty he became a soldier and won the Governorship. At Albany he wrote the life of Oliver Cromwell, who seems to have been his inspiration from then to now. Meanwhile, he rode horseback and took boxing lessons.

Pitchforked out of the Governorship into the Vice-Presidency, he wrote "The Strenuous Life." He became President. In the seven years since, he has made more history in time of peace than any of his predecessors. Within that brief space of years, he has:

Settled a coal strike and made arbitration general in industrial disputes.

Brought about the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan that ended a bloody war.

Prosecuted the Northern Securities merger, and established in the Supreme Court the constitutionality of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

Punished public-land thieves, rich and poor, politician and private rogue, alike. And as long as his example holds, our forests are safe.

Rescued national property of incalculable value, in the form of water power, from the grip of financiers who "move in a higher sphere." Generations yet unborn will reap the advantage.

Fought the secret rebate until even the "safest and sanest" railroad-rate maker hesitates before an act of criminality in favor of his rich employers.

Made the pure food law a terror to the sellers of poisonous food and dangerous drugs.

Secured the construction of an American-built Isthmian canal which gives us control of this hemisphere.

Re-established freedom and constitutional government in Cuba.

Made good our treaty relations with Japan and our constitutional boast that as a nation we know no race discrimination.

Conquered the respect of the world.

And he has acquired, among the richest, the most powerful, the most sycophantic and the most reactionary in the nation, a list of enemies that makes his eyes sparkle with mirth and his strong white teeth glisten as he emits roars of defiant laughter.

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Theodore Roosevelt

From a photograph taken especially for Everybody's Magazine by Eduard J. Steichen. Copyright, 1908.

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THE PASSING OF THE MAN

An Appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt by Thomas W. Lawson

THE bell tolled that the day was dead, and its twelve strokes bore unquiveringly out to the god of history the message—"When to-day died, an epoch ended. Inter it in the crypt with Alexander's, with Cæsar's, with Napoleon's." Then the bell ceased.

The round moon shrouded itself in a mantle of black, and the god of sound commanded silence.

For a fleeting moment all nature was still. Then the footfall of A Man, a God-made man, distinct, measured, dominant, broke the muted quiet of the night. With the first footfall on the marble stair came, faint, distinct, unearthly, another Sound, as if that echoing footfall of The Man bugled to some far-off waiting legion of Evil the signal to advance. As each footfall of The Man rang out, the creeping Sound hushed until all space was filled with its smothering density.

Between the footfalls the Sound swelled and grew in volume until it split itself into a myriad of sounds—the suppressed panting of packs of starved wolves, the tearing upon the earth of the claws of bands of emaciated jackals, the rending of the air with the squeaking of swarms of rodents, the slithering of the slimy bellies of countless snakes, the beating of the wings of many cormorants.

The Man heard no Sound. Only the harp strings of his ambition, and the gentle voice of his God: "Thou hast not been infallible, for thou art a son of man, but thou hast been true to thy manhood, just to thy people, honest to thy God, and thou hast known no fear."

As the footfalls of The Man receded and grew fainter, red and yellow orbs in numbers glared through the black of space behind him, and there loomed indistinct shapes, an army of greedy vampires.

The Man saw only the dazzling lights of a vast world which lay at his feet and the stars beaming from God's great blue, for he looked up and ahead. The last footfall died, and tense, ominous silence announced that The Man had indeed gone forth. Then, all space was rent with a volume of sound as though Hell itself had burst asunder.

The legions of Evil were at each other's throats with seven long years of pent-up fury, but above the wild din thundered a nation's voice: "The Man has passed, but the world is better for his work. The good he has done shall not pass; it will be with you always."

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CITIZEN

YOU have just left the greatest office, elective or hereditary, in the world. Some are glad—those to whom personal interest means more than common good. Hosts are sorry—those who stand for the square deal: equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none. You have given these phrases life and meaning. No President before you has worked for so many desirable improvements. No President has seen so many of his policies well on the road to achievement. Be sure that the real people of America appreciate you, believe in you, love you. We are of those who hold that your career is still at its meridian. Your vigor, your courage, your humanity will find new ways to serve your fellows with increasing effectiveness. Standing again among your countrymen on equal terms, without the sceptre of authority, you are easily the greatest of us all. We are proud of you. Proud that you typify America. God speed you to your well-earned outing and bring you safely home!

WILLIAM H. TAFT, PRESIDENT

IF splendid service is the highest title to a nation's suffrage, surely you have earned your elevation. Great tasks have been given you, and greatly have you performed them. From sturdy prosecutor to able jurist; from humane administrator in the Philippines to the wider sway of the War Secretaryship; from canal building to diplomatic negotiations in Manila, in Tokio, in St. Petersburg, in Panama, and in Havana, you have been about your nation's business until her world-spread interests are known to you as they are to no other of her citizens. Beyond all this, have you not loyally fought shoulder to shoulder with the great crusader, whose helm and falchion a trustful nation has handed over to you to wear and wield? The combat in which you are enlisted needs all the perfected powers of your mind and soul. The enemies of the republic, entrenched in privilege, confront you in battle array. We know you to be ready, true, brave, and sane. Go forth. Your victory is ours. We salute you, champion of the Common Good!

Everybody's Magazine.

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PRISONERS OF THE HAREM

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S., M.N.G.S.A.

Late of the American Consular Service in the Ottoman Dominions.
Balkan correspondent of the London *Evening Standard.*

Author of "A Terrorized Turkey," "The Bonfire in the Balkans," etc.

THERE is always a fascination in the mysterious. All down the ages the secret lives of the hidden women of the harems have held a powerful interest for the peoples of the West. Closely veiled, jealously guarded, presumably beautiful, the Turkish woman possesses all the elements of mystery. For centuries past she has been made the subject of song and story; operas, melodramas, novels have been centered round her hidden charms. She passes across the pages of Oriental history, alluring, sensuous, picturesque. But times are changing in the empire of the Osmanlis, and customs are changing as well, and in another decade we may see her no more.

Already, the marrying of two or more wives is out of fashion in Turkey. It may be said, indeed, without exaggeration, that among the Turks of the laboring class one wife is the rule, and even in the Turkish Four Hundred the majority practice, at least outwardly, the European fashion of monogamy. One reason for this is that the spread of Occidentalism has so imbued Turkish wives with Western ideas that many of them will not consent to the introduction of a rival, and without the first wife's consent no second alliance would be valid in the eyes of the law.

Besides, fortunes are among the most uncertain of possessions in a land where exile and banishment are almost as likely to happen as birth and death; and the most extravagant gift with which a Turk may present himself is a properly stocked harem.

Each one of the four wives permitted him must have a separate establishment. Each establishment must have its own slaves, cooks, horses, and carriages. Each wife or odalisque must, if she is to be in the height

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EXTERIOR OF A HAREM, WHERE MOSLEM WOMEN SPEND THEIR LIVES.

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of the fashion, have her piano, her French gowns, and foreign tutors for her children. She must, moreover, be in a position to dispense a large and continuous hospitality, ever ready to return the Gargantuan feasts, the elaborate luncheon parties, and the *al fresco* fêtes which form the social dissipations of the smart Osmanli feminine world. No one of these wives may be slighted. Each has her legal rights, clearly and exactly defined by scriptural and accepted law. And as no Turk can, with safety, withhold from his wives these enforceable rights, he naturally thinks many times before burdening himself with several.

I do not wish to imply, however, that polygamy has disappeared, for there are still throughout Turkey and Egypt enough harems equipped with a plurality of wives to satisfy the most exacting of travelers in search of sensation. Even in Constantinople and Cairo there are many pashas who still maintain the old standards of Moslem marital pomp. But whether in such a polygamous household or in one where there is but a single wife, the high-class Turkish woman's manner of life is everywhere much the same. It is of this life, then—peculiar, picturesque, and possibly soon to pass—that I have to tell.

The term harem (or *haremlik*, to use the Turkish word) means simply a sacred inclosure; it is the *sanctum sanctorum*, the place safe from all intrusion, into which not even the master may enter if a pair of galoshes at the door of the reception room announces that his wife has guests. The *haremlik*, then, is that division of a Turkish house occupied by the women of the household, be they the mother, wife, sisters, or daughters of the owner, together with their female servants and slaves. The *selamlik*, in contradistinction, is that part of the dwelling reserved to the men of the family and their male attendants.

Up to the age of twelve, Turkish girls are as free and untrammeled as European children, and are allowed to play with them and attend their parties. But with her twelfth birthday comes the inevitable day which no Turkish girl of the upper classes may hope to evade. On that day the girl becomes a woman; she adopts the *tcharchaff* and joins that silent sisterhood who are condemned to see the world darkly through a veil, without having lost any of their natural desire to participate in its gaieties. Henceforth she is a prisoner in the harem, which she may not leave unveiled and unaccompanied; hence-

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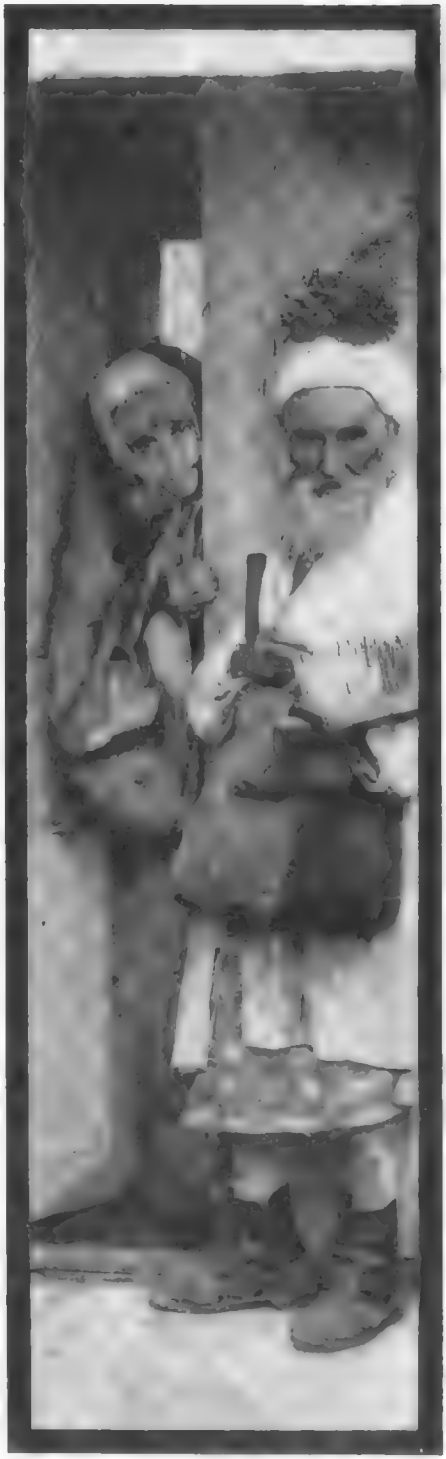
forth she is debarred from any interchange of thought with one of the opposite sex, unless he happens to be closely related to her.

This slavery of Turkish women consists not alone in bodily confinement, but in the thousand irksome forms of restraint by which they are controlled, though to all appearances free. For instance, in the matter of dress, the shape of the *tcharchaff* and the thickness of the veil to be worn on the street are decreed by a firman of the Sultan himself. Neither fur nor any other kind of trimming may be used on street garments, and defiant wearers would render themselves liable to arrest by the police. Women may not walk or drive except in pairs and attended by slaves, and must be indoors by sunset unless a carriage and armed kavass await them. Theatres, concerts, and all public places of entertainment are absolutely prohibited. On the return home of the ladies of the house, the servant whose duty it is to go out with them gives the master a complete *compte-rendu* of every place to which they have been. Of course, as the slaves move freely about their mistresses, listening to and watching all that goes on, they are admirably fitted for this sort of domestic espionage. The women are not even allowed to lock the doors to their sleeping apartments, and have no hole or corner where they may retire from the prying eyes of slaves. And all the letters that come to the ladies of a Turkish household are handed first to the master, who himself distributes them after having taken stock of any particular one that whets his curiosity.

To such absurd lengths is this policy of seclusion and supervision carried that the mistress of the house settles her accounts with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker through a revolving cupboard at the kitchen door, behind which the lady sits with a muslin veil thrown over her face, lest, perchance, the purveyors of comestibles and combustibles catch even a momentary glimpse of her features.

Many sensitive and cultivated women will not submit, however, to this domestic tyranny, and become as artful as any European in defeating its ends. I remember hearing of a young Turkish girl, invited to lunch with friends, who did not appear at the meal hour, but seized the opportunity to have an amusing *tête-à-tête* in a mosque with a young foreigner disguised as a Turk. Another story was of a married woman whose lover got himself up in *tcharchaff* and veil and actually had the au-



A HADJI SOLICITING ALMS TO MAKE THE MECCA PILGRIMAGE.

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A TURKISH PRINCESS, WHO MADE HER ESCAPE FROM THE HAREM AND NOW SINGS IN BERLIN.

dacity to visit her, at imminent peril of his life, in her own harem, on the pretense of inspecting the house, which was for sale. Another young and beautiful girl, married by her father to a rich but paralytic old fellow, solaced her leisure moments by receiving her next-door neighbor—who must have been a gentleman of some acrobatic attainments—on the flat roof of her house, where they were quite free from a surprise visit on the part of the infirm old husband.

People will tell you, of course, that such things cannot happen; that too careful a watch is kept over the women, and that even if their servants did not betray them, some of their friends would be sure to do so out of spite. Believe them, if you like; all I can tell you is that hundreds of cases of this kind are happening in Turkey every year. Turkish women are extraordinarily clever at carrying on clandestine flirtations, and the risk of discovery, with its ofttimes tragic consequences, makes them preternaturally sharp—and slaves are no harder to bribe than any other servants.

The penalty for the man, be he Christian or Moslem, who is caught in a harem, is death—sometimes sharp and sudden, sometimes lingering and ingeniously long-drawn-out, but always death. It is part of the law of Islam, and not even the Sultan himself, much less the representative of a foreign nation, could interfere to deprive an injured husband of his vengeance. All the diplomatic world knows the story of the young attaché of one of the foreign agencies at Cairo who suddenly disappeared between two days

AN ALBANIAN GIRL IN BRIDAL DRESS.

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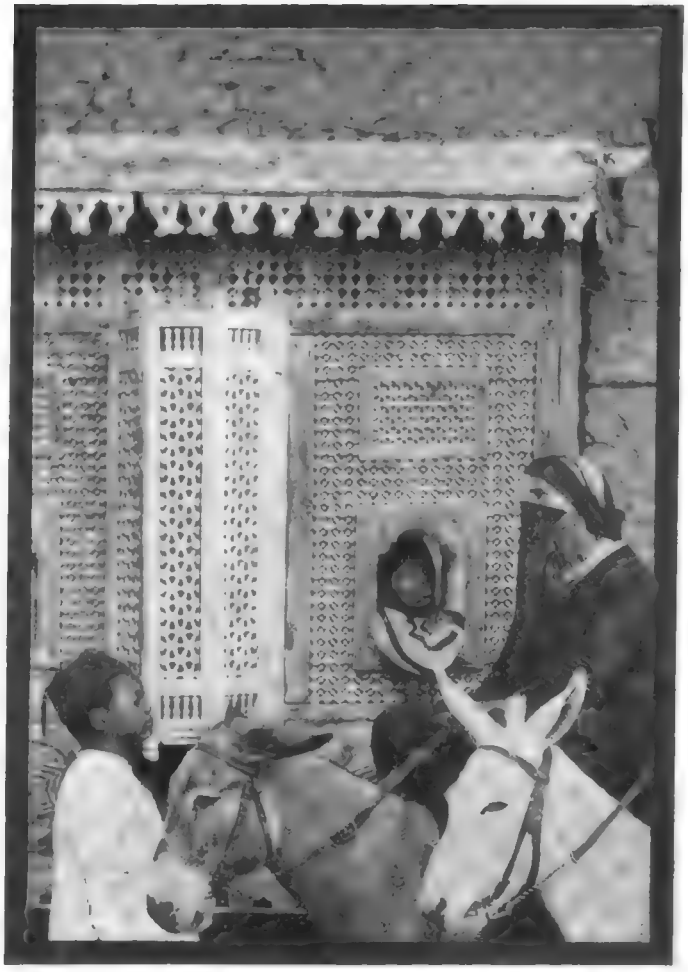
and was never heard from again. The young diplomat, who was a gay and dashing fellow, was wont to exercise his polo ponies every afternoon toward sunset on the Pyramids road, and naturally enough, he became interested in a pair of bright eyes which used to throw coquettish glances at him from the depths of a handsome brougham, as it whirled past him each afternoon on its way to Gizeh. Then, one day, a tiny folded note fell from the carriage window, and the next day, as he cantered past, he furtively tossed in an answer, and so things progressed.

Finally the day came when, casting discretion to the winds, and heedless of the prayers of his faithful body-servant, he donned native dress and betook himself to the women's entrance in the palace of a powerful and notoriously cruel pasha. The door opened to his thrice-repeated signal, he disappeared within, and has never been heard of from that day to this. His servant, waiting without the door until dawn, carried the story to the minister, but neither he, nor his government, nor the Khedive himself could intervene in so flagrant a violation of the pasha's domestic rights. The fate of the imprudent attaché is still a subject for discussion at the mess-tables and clubs of Cairo, while his body has, doubtless, long since found a resting place beneath the sluggish waters of the Nile.



THE INEVITABLE LATTICE BARS THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

No one who has not dwelt in that mysterious land can have any conception of the jealous care with which Turkish women are guarded on every occasion. When Sandow visited Turkey he was engaged by a wealthy pasha to give lessons in physical culture to the women of his harem. When the modern Samson was ushered into the *haremlik*, however, he found the room where the lessons were to be given divided across the middle by a high screen of *mushrabieh* work through the carved interstices of which the women could watch his every movement without being themselves visible. He was instructed to take up his position in the brilliantly lighted space in front of the screen, and a dozen or more women followed his exercises, gesture by gesture, from the other side of the lattice-work, without his being aware of their presence save by the rustle of their garments. Two gigantic eunuchs, with drawn swords, never took their eyes from him during the whole performance.

Harem life at court is, of course, much more complicated than elsewhere, for everything there depends on the will of his imperial majesty. A physician may not be called without Abdul-Hamid's express permission, and in families even distantly connected with the court, if a surgical operation

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is necessary, it must await a royal iradé. A dozen negro eunuchs stand in a row in the apartment of a royal lady if a physician is called to see her, and numberless servants and slaves await her slightest call. The physician may not, moreover, send in his bill, but an official of the household will hand him a bag of gold if his services prove acceptable. For many years now, the services of American dentists have been employed at both the Turkish and the Egyptian court, and amusing tales are told by these practitioners of their ofttimes ludicrous but sometimes alarming experiences. The Khedivah of Egypt, who is far more liberal in her tendencies than her sisters of Turkey, has always submitted herself without question or hindrance to the ministrations of the court practitioner, but the European dentist who attends the inmates of the harem at Yildiz Kiosk, in Turkey, once told me that he extracted a troublesome molar for one of the imperial *hanums* while eunuchs, standing on either side of him, kept the muzzles of loaded revolvers in uncomfortable proximity to his ribs throughout the entire operation.

A MOSLEM WOMAN OF ARABIA IN HOUSE COSTUME.

Sultan Abdul-Hamid is by no means, as so many of his predecessors have been, and as he is frequently reported to be, under the influence of the women of his household. His mother, who is said to have been an Armenian, is dead; he has but one wife living; he is no longer a young man; and he is too much engrossed with the affairs of state and the unstable condition of his empire to take any active interest in matters connected with his harem, in which he does not reside and which he visits only occasionally.

This imperial harem, though organized on a more moderate scale than in previous reigns, still contains many hundreds, if not thousands, of women, including the relatives of the Sultan, their attendants, and the imperial odalisques. They form a society apart from the rest of the population and constitute a peculiar feminine court, which lives its own life, has its own traditions, manners, customary laws and etiquette, and its own dialect, for even the speech of the *Serailis* differs in pronunciation and expression from that of the outer world. But large as is the number of women thus brought together under

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE WING OF THE ANDEROON PALACE WHICH CONTAINS THE SHAH'S HAREM.

one roof, so complete is the organization of the whole, and so absolute the discipline, that there is not the slightest confusion or disorder, each member of the household having her assigned position and functions.

The titular head of the imperial harem is the *Valideh* Sultana, the mother of the reigning sultan, so long as she lives; next to her ranks the mother of the heir apparent—who, at present, is not the Sultan's son, but his nephew, Prince Mohammed-Rechad Effendi, a son of Abdul-Hamid's brother, the late Sultan Murad V. After her come the mothers of the second, third, and fourth princes, should there be so many. To each of these ladies is assigned a *daira*, that is, a pension from the Sultan's civil list (which amounts to upward of $4,500,000 per year), a suite of apartments, and a train of eunuchs and female slaves. The *dairas* of the other ladies of the imperial household are formed on the same model, the number of attendants comprising them varying with the rank of the mistress.

In the harem the *Valideh* Sultana wields the most absolute power, and no one of its inhabitants can leave her own apartments without her permission, or address any request to the Sultan save through her. Should one of these imperial ladies wish to go out for a drive, to pay a visit to a friend, or to have a change of air at one of the numerous imperial kiosks, a petition to that effect must be humbly addressed to the "Crown of Veiled Heads," and is granted or rejected at the Sultana's will. At the present time the imperial harem is ruled over by the *Hasnadar Ousta*, a woman of middle age who was for many years in the *daira* of the Sultan's mother.

The harem of Abbas Hilmi II, Khedive of Egypt, is maintained on less costly though quite as conservative lines. Abbas Hilmi, who is now thirty-four years of age, has only one wife, the Princess Ikbal Hanem, a lady of Circassian descent, slightly older than himself. Presented by the Sultan to the present Khedive's father, the young Circassian slave girl, who was of extraordinary beauty, was given to Prince Abbas as a playmate, thus growing up with him from early childhood. In February, 1895, finding herself about to become a mother, Ikbal begged the Khedive to marry her, which he did, a week after the birth of their first child.

The Khedivah is tall, slender, and of stately and dignified appearance, looking not

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A SLAVE GIRL FROM ZANZIBAR.

unlike Queen Elena of Italy. Though she speaks French with reasonable fluency, she relies whenever possible on her Turkish mother tongue, for neither she nor the Khedive has a trace of Egyptian blood, he being of the purest Osmanli descent. While in residence during the winter months at the Koubbeh Palace, she drives almost daily through the streets of Cairo in a splendidly horsed brougham, with a gigantic negro eunuch of surpassing ugliness, clad in frock coat, kid gloves, and fez, seated beside the coachman on the box. When the bare-legged royal *saises*, in their short white trousers and gold-embroidered jackets, the blue tassels of their tarbooshes streaming out behind them, come dashing down the street at a run, waving their white wands and shouting in Arabic, "Way for her Highness!" the thoroughfares are cleared as if by magic, the foreign visitors strain their eyes eagerly, and the police and soldiers on duty ostentatiously turn their backs. The royal carriage whirls by at a fast trot, revealing through its windows a passing glimpse of a filmy white *yashmak*, athwart which dark eyes peer curiously at the denizens of the, to her, strange outside world.

A Turkish lady does not necessarily know how to sew, or even how to read and write, although that degree of ignorance is now quite rare in the larger cities. She spends her time in smoking, drinking coffee, and superintending the nurses who have charge of the children. Life to her is quiet and monotonous, and the chief elements of her existence are spicy morsels of local gossip and periodical squabbles with her friends. There was once a wife of a governor-general of one of the Asiatic provinces who amused herself by calmly appropriating any jewels or other articles of adornment to which she took a fancy on the persons of the wives of minor officials who came to call on her. The husbands of these infuriated women did not dare

AN ALBANIAN HAREM GUARD.

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to make any complaint, naturally enough, for fear of incurring the governor's displeasure and losing their positions. The wife of a wealthy bey would come to call, for example, arrayed in her most gorgeous gown and handsomest jewels. "Why, my dear Madame ——," the governor's wife would exclaim, "what a perfectly exquisite ring that is you are wearing! Pray, may I examine it a moment?" The unsuspecting visitor would slip off the ring and hand it over to Madame M—— Pasha, who, after examining it and exclaiming over its beauty, would absent-mindedly slip it on her own finger, entirely ignoring the formality of returning it to its owner. The bey was an officeholder, there was nothing for his wife to do but ignore the incident, and when she said adieu, with wrath smoldering in her heart, her ring remained on Madame the Governor's pudgy finger.

But one day the governor's wife, whose reputation as a kleptomaniac had spread from one end of the province to the other, received a call from the wife of the British consul, a lady with a character as shrewd and determined as her own. Lady H—— brought with her a remarkably handsome bull terrier, which promptly attracted the attention of Madame M——. "What a dear, darling little doggie," gurgled the Turkish lady. "Do let me see him. I do love doggies so," and she gathered the unresisting canine into her lap. The conversation changed from one topic to another, the usual coffee and cigarettes were served to the visitor, and then Madame M——, beckoning to one of her slave-girls, handed her the dog with directions to take him into the other room. Lady H—— soon let it be understood that she was no minor official's wife, however, and demanded her dog back in no uncertain terms. The wife of the governor, relying on her position, answered her in kind and refused point-blank to give up the dog. The Englishwoman swept out of the palace in high dudgeon, leaving her dog, perforce, behind her, but that night a peremptory note went from the British consulate to the *governorat*, and the following morning, with profuse apologies, the dog came back.

During the summer months the wealthy Turkish families usually close their town houses and take up their summer residences in the palaces which line the shores of the Bosporus or dot the Princes Islands in the Sea of Marmora. At these times the women of the harems indulge for several hours each day in the luxury of sea-bathing, being guarded during their ablutions by armed attendants who peremptorily warn off all intruders. Izzet Pasha, the late secretary of the Sultan, now a fugitive in England, even went to the extent of making the women of his harem bathe in a great wooden cage, half submerged in the sea, so that by no possibility could a man reach the immediate vicinity of the fair bathers, even by swimming under water. The gardens leading from the pasha's country house down to the bathing beach ran side by side with those of a fashionable hotel frequented by foreigners during the summer months. One morning, as the women of the harem, thinking themselves unobserved, were making their way to the bath house, somewhat more scantily clad than usual, they discovered, perched on an upper balcony of the hotel which overlooked the pasha's garden, a young Russian who was industriously taking snap-shots of them with a hand camera. Their cries of alarm summoned one of the pasha's Albanian kavasses, who, learning the cause of the disturbance, drew his revolver and, leveling it full at the Russian, ordered him to throw down the camera, plates and all. The Russian started to temporize, but the hammer clicked ominously, and the camera came crashing down at the feet of the kavass. Had there been an instant's longer delay there would unquestionably have been a dead Russian in Prinkipo, for these Albanian servants are fanatics of tried ferocity, who are pledged to give their lives in avenging an insult to the ladies of their master's harem.

The rights of Turkish women were clearly defined some twelve centuries before Christian Europe or America had seen fit to grant either divorce or suitable alimony to women. From each of his wives a Mohammedan receives a *nekiah* or dowry, one half of which is set aside. In case a husband repudiates his wife, this part of the dowry is returned with her to her father's home. A Turk thinks twice, therefore, before going to the extreme of repudiation. Under the Moslem law the wife's free and uncontrolled possession of her property is minutely stipulated in the marriage contract, a suitable sum also being arranged for her maintenance in accordance with her husband's rank.

In Turkey marriage is a strictly civil act, the validity of which consists in its being at-

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tested by at least two witnesses; and although an *imam*, or priest, is usually present at the signing of the contract, it is in his legal rather than in his religious capacity. The civil ceremony is simplicity itself. The bridegroom and his witnesses repair to the home of the bride, in the *selamlik* of which her male relatives discuss with them the payment of the *nekiah*. This question settled, and the contract drawn up, the bridegroom thrice repeats his desire to marry the daughter of the house, upon which the *imam* proceeds to the door communicating with the *haremlik*, behind which the bride and her female relatives are assembled. After announcing the amount of the *nekiah* agreed upon, the *imam* asks the maiden if she accepts the suitor for her husband. The question and the affirmative answer having been thrice repeated, the *imam* returns to the *selamlik*, where he attests the consent of the bride, and the couple are considered to be legally married.

The bride and groom do not meet, however, until the conclusion of the *dughun ziafeti*, or week of wedding festivities, which may not be held for some months afterward. These entertainments, to which all friends and relatives are invited, and at which the poor of the neighborhood are also feasted, constitute the social sanction of the family alliance entered into in private. When all these formalities are at an end, and the bride has been taken in a camel-litter, preceded by bands of music and with much pomp, to her new home, if the spouse chosen for her by her parents is not altogether *persona grata* to herself, she may still refuse to accept him as her husband. For, according to an Oriental custom of immemorial antiquity, a newly wedded husband can assume no rights over his bride until she has spoken to him. The bride, it must be remembered, never sees her future husband except from her window as he passes in the street below. The unveiling of the bride's face by the bridegroom is the concluding act of the marriage ceremony, and one's heart bleeds for these poor little Turkish brides suddenly transplanted from the homes of their childhood to the roof-trees of perfect strangers. It is to be hoped that one of the first social reforms to come with the new order of things in Turkey will be the abolition of marriage with an unknown and, in many cases, an unseen husband.

The Sultan himself frequently arranges marriages between his subjects, and as he is utterly indifferent to the views or wishes of the parties most concerned, his matches do not always prove to be happy ones. I well remember a visit from R—— Bey, a gay, brilliant, dashing young fellow, an aide-de-camp of the Sultan, who burst into my apartments in Péra one morning, fairly livid with rage and mortification. "What do you think?" he burst out. "The Sultan has just ordered me to marry one of the girls in his harem—imagine *me*, R—— Bey, a married man! Think of it! Telling me that I *must* marry her! I don't want to get married! I am perfectly contented as I am! And to be ordered around like a schoolgirl; I won't stand for it! I'll leave the country first! I'll escape from such a land as this!" And with tears of anger and mortification streaming down his face, he burst out of the house as he had burst in, vowing that he would kill himself rather than marry a woman he had never seen and did not want. But the Sultan had his way, as he always does have; R—— Bey married the girl of his majesty's choice, and as I have never heard anything to the contrary, I take it for granted that, like the good people in the fairy tales, they have lived happily together ever since.

It is by no means unusual for a Turkish girl to marry at twelve, and occasionally even at ten years of age, the great majority of Turkish women being wives and mothers before they have passed their fifteenth birthday. While stationed in Syria, my wife paid a visit to an Englishwoman who had married a Turkish bey of considerable wealth. While waiting in the reception room she saw a girl, a mere child in age and stature, carrying a baby in her arms. "Is that your little sister?" my wife very naturally inquired. "My sister? No, it's my daughter," the child answered in surprise. "And how old may you be?" asked the amazed questioner. "Me? Oh, I'm almost fourteen, and"—continuing in a confidential tone—"do you know, a baby really isn't as much fun as a doll, for when the baby cries I have to hold it, but when the doll was bad I could throw it in the closet."

Many Turkish households now have European governesses to teach the children, these young women usually dining at the master's table, where the food is more to their liking. Their apartments are, however, in the side of the house belonging to the women, which is entirely separate from the *selamlik*. I remember the case of an English girl, of attractive appearance and good family, who

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answered an advertisement for a governess in a Turkish family. Her application was promptly accepted, she was provided with an outward passage, and a few weeks later was installed in the household of a Turkish pasha on one of the small islands which line the Asiatic littoral. She soon found, to her horror, that the pasha wished her for a wife rather than a governess, but she was without funds, the island was populated with rough fisher-folk who understood no language but their own, and there was no means of communication with the mainland. Upon the return of the family to Constantinople in the winter, she was closely guarded, all her demands to communicate with friends being denied and her letters intercepted. One evening, however, under the plea of illness, she left the pasha's table during dinner, but, instead of going to her room, slipped into the garden surrounding the house, scaled the wall, and with considerable difficulty made her way through the dark streets of the capital to the British consulate, where she told her story to the consul-general and placed herself under his protection.

Those European women who, for some inscrutable reason, marry Turks, lead sad and dreary lives. They are compelled to wear the veil; like their adopted sisters, they may not stir out unless attended by slaves or eunuchs, and they are subject to a fierce jealousy on the part of their husbands which is scarcely comprehensible in the more temperate-minded West. My wife and I once had occasion to travel from Constantinople to Beirut on the same boat with Madame —— Bey, the Englishwoman mentioned before, and her Turkish husband. Delighted at the opportunity to converse with some one who spoke her own tongue, Madame —— Bey was wont to spend an hour or two each morning strolling up and down the deck, veiled, of course, to the eyes, conversing with Mrs. Powell. At such times, being conversant with Turkish etiquette, I remained aloof and recognized neither of the ladies by word or sign. But an American acquaintance who was on board, ignorant of Turkish customs and prejudices, stepped up to Mrs. Powell while she was conversing with Madame ——, and asked her some trivial question. Instantly the Turkish husband, who had been watching his wife from the shadow of the deck-house as a cat watches a mouse, rushed out, seized her by the wrist, and dragged her into the cabin, where she remained in close confinement during the remainder of the voyage.

Despite the fact that the European nations pride themselves on the complete extinction of the Turkish slave trade, that pernicious institution still exists and flourishes throughout the Ottoman dominions, both male and female slaves, ranging from purest Caucasian to African cannibals, being sold daily to the highest bidder in the secret markets of Constantinople and other Turkish cities. The system of slavery exists in the palace of the Sultan as it exists throughout the whole of the empire, although the public sale of slaves has been suppressed in deference to European prejudices. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the British cruisers in the Red Sea and the Russian warships in the Black, cargoes of slaves are brought almost weekly into Constantinople, Trebizond, and Smyrna, from the Caucasus, the Sudan, and even from the islands of the Greek archipelago. These rows of human merchandise, whose black, white, and brown skins, whose blond and dusky tresses, were formerly as much a part of Constantinople street scenes as the plodding buffaloes and the stately camel-trains; these groups of Abyssinians, Georgians, Circassians, and Greeks have been removed from the public gaze only to crowd the more thickly the secret places.

These fragile cargoes of womenkind are loaded into tiny and wretched ships, far too small for the purpose, in the depth of winter, and shipped like cattle across the Black Sea at the season of the year when they will be least likely to attract the notice of the Russian gunboats that prowl aimlessly along the Caucasian littoral, searching for such as they. Girls are sold for a few *medjediehs* on the steamers which ply up and down the Bosphorus, and whole shiploads of white captives from Armenia and Asiatic Russia and negroes from equatorial Africa are brought regularly to the capital by professional slave-dealers, who secrete them in places which are perfectly well known to the purchasers, and to which almost any one so minded can penetrate. A Turkish pasha once said to me, laughingly, "Of course we have our slaves; we could never get along without them."

The story is told in Constantinople of a pasha who bought an African slave-girl of the Mangbatu tribe—a handsome creature with an inky black skin. At first she resolutely refused to wear more clothes than were the

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fashion in her native country, systematically tearing to pieces all that were put on her. But at last she was persuaded to wear them and even went so far as to adopt the *yashmak*. One day, while driving along the quay at Therapia with the two daughters of the house, she espied the British military attaché in khaki uniform, waiting for his carriage in front of the British summer embassy. At sight of the officer she flew into the greatest excitement, her eyes glistened, and she smacked her lips. "That is good, very good!" she gurgled, pointing at the Englishman. "In my country we eat them. Their flesh is very white and tender. We cover them with grease and roast them over a slow fire, and when they are well done we put the meat on bread and eat it. Oh, it is perfectly delicious!" Presumably, in the course of an African campaign, some unfortunate army officer had fallen into the hands of the Mangbatu—a tribe notorious for its cannibalism—and the sight of the attaché's uniform reminded her of the episode and revived her cannibal instincts. Be this as it may, the two girls were frightened nearly out of their lives, and on their return from their drive hurriedly persuaded their father to get rid of the man-eating slave.

Slavery, as now practiced in Turkey, is as contrary to Moslem law as was our own slave trade, in our Southern states, to the spirit and teaching of the Constitution. It is in direct contravention of the law of Islam, which recognizes as legitimate property only non-Moslems who have fallen into the power of true believers during war. Yet few of the slaves are spoils of war, and the Circassians are not even non-Moslems. Many of the young girls who fill the khans of Top-khané, themselves Mohammedans, have been sold by Mohammedan parents, and are publicly offered by Mohammedan slave-dealers, for any purpose, to any one who will pay the price.

So long as the harem exists in Turkey, just so long must slaves be procurable. The internal organization of the harem is as dependent upon the slave as were the cotton-planters of the South before the war. For implicit obedience and profitable service there must be a class of beings who will fulfil blindly the commands of a superior, and slaves alone can be forced to carry out, to the utmost letter of the order, the word of command from their master or mistress. The institution of polygamy necessitates a certain amount of authority. The supporting base of the polygamous institution is slavery, for a pasha in search of wives or concubines has always the pick of the slave-markets at his command. But it must be understood that slaves are no less provided for under the laws of Mohammedanism than are free women. An odalisque, who is always a slave, if she bear a child to her master must be maintained for life, or she must be set free or married. Her children, whether she be free or bond, have equal rights with the children of the legal wife or wives of the household. In other words, a Moslem can virtually have no sexual relations with any woman without assuming full responsibility for such intimacy.

Three things are chiefly responsible for the present unhappy lot of Turkish women: the spread of education, which is everywhere filling them with aspirations that it is still impossible for the majority to realize; the dying out of their own faith in the Mohammedan religion, which, depriving them of a belief in the world to come, makes them over-anxious for the happiness and amusements of this one; and finally, the old factor of marriage with an unknown man and the subsequent unnecessary jealousy of Turkish husbands. No complete remedy for this state of things is to be found within Turkey. It is only as we of the West increasingly realize, and protest at, the existence of this white slavery at our very doors, that the freedom of the unfortunate captives of the harem may be achieved. For, of all things, a Turk prides himself most on his civilization, and the fear of its being ridiculed may serve as a potent influence in altering his treatment of his womenkind.

Meanwhile, despite the glowing accounts one reads in the daily press of Turkish female emancipation, notwithstanding the social progress that has been made, the veiled and silent women still slip like ghosts along the crooked highways of Péra and Stamboul; the thick-lipped, fox-eyed eunuchs still stand guard at the doors of the Galata harems; the Turkish husband still listens to and rewards his spies; the raucous voice of the slave-dealer still calls the price of his women in the slave-markets of Top-khané; and the nation, as a sanction of this trade in human lives, presents each year a beautiful slave-girl to his majesty the Sultan—whom Allah preserve!

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WAITING

By JOHNSON MORTON

Illustrations by George Varian

WHEN Carroll Maynard told his mother that he meant to do himself the honor of asking Miss Rose Valpy to marry him, he was astonished and a good deal hurt to have her receive the announcement with a laugh. In spite of their intimacy, Mrs. Maynard had never lost the power of surprising her son. The invalidism that for years had forced her to spend her days in a wheeled chair, although it chained her body, seemed in some compensating fashion to free her mind for tortuous flights that Carroll, admiring honestly as he did, was never wholly able to follow. Now, in so personal a matter, he could go no farther than a recognition of the fact that her lack of expected sympathy disappointed him, and he showed this plainly in a shadow of annoyance across his pleasant face and a sudden loosening of the clasp that held his mother's twisted, trembling hands.

"You don't like to have me laugh, Carroll?" Mrs. Maynard was quicker of speech than her son. Her dark eyes, glowing in the delicate pallor of her face, looked up at him. "I really didn't mean to hurt you," she said, "but I don't think you quite realize how very strange it seems to me."

"Strange? What seems strange?" Carroll drew back and spoke bluntly.

Mrs. Maynard laughed again. She allowed his seriousness to miss her completely. She held willfully to her mood.

"Why, the fact, my dear boy, that already saddled with a helpless old woman, you seem so eager to acquire a young one as well."

"Mother!"

She winced at her mistake. Her feeble fingers caught his sleeve. She drew his face to hers. She protested tenderly in explanation: "Oh, forgive me, dear! I don't at all mean that as you take it. Don't be hard on mother, Carroll. Why won't you understand her better? She never means to grieve you, dear, though sometimes she is just a blundering old woman. Your happiness is everything to her. Why, I'm glad, Carroll, *glad* that you are going to marry Miss Valpy. What nonsense! Of course she'll take you," she shook off his disclaiming. "Don't be so stupidly modest. It isn't manly. I'd like to see the girl that wouldn't be proud to marry my boy. *Now* you don't mind my laughing, do you, Carroll? But it came over me, you see, all of a sudden when you spoke, how horribly poor we are, and I know that Miss Valpy—I sha'n't call her Rose till she has accepted you—is poor, too. Tell me I'm a terribly worldly person, if you like, for I can't deny that I've hoped—no, I'm not ashamed to say it, Carroll; you don't dare to call me mercenary—that you would contrive to choose a girl with some money. I'm told that they're just as easy to get as the others," she smiled up at him guiltily; "but now you'll have to wait, Carroll; to wait—and I don't believe you know what a horrible thing waiting can be—well, let's say until you can make a lot of money of your own."

She broke off lamely in the effort to repress the thought of another contingency that lived always at her heart.

"And that you don't seem to regard, evidently, in the light of a dangerous probability?" Carroll drew a chair beside his mother and sat down as he spoke. "Well, never mind that; what I really want is to talk with you about my marriage to Rose."

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Mrs. Maynard smiled back at him provokingly. "If Miss Valpy will *have* you," she interrupted.

"If Miss Valpy will have me," he corrected himself seriously. Then, as he took both the fluttering hands in his and carried them to his lips, something in their touch made him lift his eyes quickly to his mother's face.

"You don't, you can't, *mind* my loving her?" he asked anxiously. "Why, she shall never come between you and me. No one could do that; Rose least of all. She shall bring us even closer together, if such a thing be possible. You see, it's an entirely different sort of love, mother." He flushed and hesitated under the stress of difficult expression. "I don't know how to describe the difference except in this way—that, somehow, I seem to belong to *you*, while Rose—why, Rose belongs entirely to me."

His mother's eyes danced. "There speaks the man in you," she cried. She shook her head tauntingly. "You dull boy," she went on, "how much you have to learn! No woman ever belongs really to any man; but there isn't one of you, father or son, lover or husband, who doesn't belong all through his life to some woman or other. You are always our children, Carroll, whether you are six or sixty. We know this instinctively—perhaps it is a sort of compensation for much that we can't know—but most of you never find it out at all unless you're told, and then you don't believe us. Carroll"—she stopped suddenly, her hand tightened on his, across her eyes a shadow seemed to fall—"Carroll, I don't think that I want to hear about Rose just now. You don't mind? You do understand that I approve with all my heart, and that I'm glad of your happiness, only it makes me think of other things. You see, Carroll, I've *had* my happiness; your father, dear"—her voice trembled—"and you, my little son. Oh, hold me very close, Carroll, and tell me that you love me. I want to hear the words."

She clung to him long and silently. . . .

Then, as she lifted her head in sudden impulse, her eyes were laughing again through their tears. "Carroll," she cried, "you must go to Rose now; this minute; at once! I've remembered something. Do you know, I believe that it's the anniversary of *my* day, when your father came to me—yes, I'm sure. Why, Carroll, it's an *omen!* Hurry, hurry, don't wait for anything; only roll my chair to the window so that I may watch you down the street. Carroll, I rather like it of you, but, really, I believe that you were going to forget what you've done every day for ten years."

After the door closed behind him she waited, leaning forward with straining eyes, until she saw her son cross the street and stop to wave his hat. Then she flashed back her own signals gallantly: a smile, a nod, and a flicker of the lace that she liked to hold about her crippled hands.

But as he turned the corner and was out of sight, Mrs. Maynard sank wearily among the cushions of her chair. She seemed to grow suddenly small and old; the lines of suffering deepened at her lips. Her strength slipped from her, and it was only with repeated effort that she was able to touch the bell on the table by her side.

At its call an elderly woman opened the door softly. She wore the dress of a servant, but as she hurried across the room her face glowed with the long habit of friendly devotion. In an instant Mrs. Maynard was sobbing in her arms.

"Oh, Agnes, Agnes, what we've always thought of has happened! Carroll has just gone to ask a girl to marry him. It's that niece of the Randalls that I told you about. Of course, she's a nice girl, but I can't bear it. What shall I do? What will become of me when he marries her? Oh, Agnes, the worst of it is that he *can't* marry her as long as he has to take care of me. There isn't *enough money*. . . . Agnes, don't I try my best? Don't I do without things? O God! why must I live like this on and on—a burden, a useless burden? I'm sapping my boy's life. Why can't I die, dear God, why can't I die?"

II

With Rose Valpy Mrs. Maynard fell at once into an affectionate intimacy. From the moment when, at the girl's first visit, the elder woman drew her to the light of the window, both had accepted candor as the basis of their future relationship.

"I want to look at you closely," Mrs. Maynard had said. She summoned the usually despised aid of a pair of spectacles. Her grasp on the girl's hand tightened to a purpose. Miss Valpy had laughed. Her eyes as they met Mrs. Maynard's flashed back comprehension.

"Yes, they're there." She nodded her

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head. "Wrinkles, I mean. You won't need the sunlight to discover them. And, honestly, I'm worse than I look. Listen, please; I'm nearly a year older than Carroll. I'm almost thirty-one."

Mrs. Maynard laughed in turn. "Don't quibble with me; I wasn't speaking of age."

"Ah, but you were thinking of it, though."

"My dear, you're quite wrong." Mrs. Maynard's touch trembled along the other's arm. "I am looking for signs of things far more elusive, and I think that I've found them. I believe that you have humor and courage, and I'm glad of it, for you will need them both."

Rose Valpy grew serious. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I don't quite understand, and I'm not altogether sure that I like your saying it. Only I am sure that you couldn't be disloyal."

"Disloyal! I should say not," the older woman smiled. "But you know perfectly well what I mean. Of that first quality Carroll hasn't a touch; he never had. He never knew the meaning of the word imagination from the time when I used to read fairy stories aloud to him, and he'd fix his big eyes on me disapprovingly and ask solemnly, 'Mamma, is that true?' Do you know, Rose, that I used to call back at him, 'No, thank the Lord, it isn't!' I suppose I was a queer mother. So, you see, you'll have to supply enough humor for two."

"But he has courage," the other laughed as she interrupted, "or else"—a lovely color flushed her face—"I couldn't possibly love him as I do."

Mrs. Maynard nodded. "Courage," she cried, "of course. You needn't be afraid of burglars when he's in the house. If you fell into the river he'd pull you out, and he'd knock down any man who annoyed you. Indeed, so far he's always had—dear boy—the finer courage of endurance. See how he's

"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE GIRL THAT WOULDN'T BE PROUD TO MARRY MY BOY."

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borne with me all these years." Her smile was whimsical. "But has he the heart to wait—Rose, you neither of you know what waiting really is—with something—it's his love for you I mean—tugging always at his sleeve? Don't think that I blame him if he hasn't, for it's more than should be asked of any man. It's woman's work."

"But I'm not going to *pull*, except in the right direction." Rose was kneeling beside the other's chair. As she spoke, her smiling eyes parried the sudden seriousness of Mrs. Maynard's gaze. "Call me an anchor, if you like, but not a drag; no *ignis fatuus*, please, but just a guiding star. There, that's it; that's what I mean to be. Isn't a guiding star what every woman *really* is to her husband?"

She caught at Mrs. Maynard's shoulders playfully and held them in a moment's silence. When she spoke again, her tone had changed; through its tenderness sounded a note of intention.

"Haven't we been *fencing* long enough, you and I?" she asked gently. "I know exactly what is in your mind, and you know that I know it. Dear Mrs. Maynard, I've got to speak out. You realize that we can't be married soon because there isn't enough money, and you're thinking all the time that a long engagement is going to be hard for us. Why, Carroll and I have talked over everything. He has no secrets from me," she added proudly, "so you must believe me when I tell you that I'm glad we have to wait, and that I intend that we shall all three of us be very happy while we're doing it. It isn't easy for a young architect to make a start; but Carroll's sure to get on. Suppose he wins that big competition for the new courthouse? Even if he doesn't, I sha'n't care. I'm glad and proud—*please* understand me—to have him recognize that his first duty is to *you*. Why, Mrs. Maynard"—she broke off abruptly as she realized that the older woman was laughing—"what do you mean?"

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Maynard's hand clung to the girl's arm like an apology. "You mustn't mind, you must forgive me, but you're talking—just nonsense!" She spoke rapidly as if to crowd out a protest. "Carroll is under no obligation to me; none at all. Why should any child owe anything to any parent? Poor little wretches, we bring them gaily into the world when the odds are they'd much prefer never to appear at all. The obligation is entirely ours. We owe them never-ending devotion. It is for us to feed them, to protect them, to guide them, to live for them; perhaps," she added softly as she touched the girl's face, "even to die for them. Don't coat a hateful necessity with moral sugar, dear Rose, and call it a virtue. If I were well, do you think that I'd stand for a moment between you and Carroll—oh, yes, I *do* stand there—if there were any way of earning my own living? I'd learn typewriting, I'd take in plain sewing, I'd even read to an invalid—'twould be worse for her than for me, wouldn't it?—and I'd think it quite right that I had to do so.

"But with no legs to walk on, and scarcely any back, and these twisted hands—oh, Rose"—she shook off resolutely the lace scarf that covered her right hand—"isn't it dreadful? What am I to do? I've only five thousand dollars of my own, and with doctors' bills and medicine bills and poor Agnes's wages to pay out of the income, it's almost ridiculous. Do you know, I wanted long ago to divide my money into little even piles, one for each year—I read a story like that somewhere—and then spend each pile as I had to, and when it was all gone I'd be perfectly willing to trust to luck or something. But, of course, Carroll was dreadfully shocked—Rose, I've always shocked Carroll—and wouldn't let me. He said it wasn't prudent. As if any one could be prudent with five thousand dollars! So the money was invested *safely*, and that means, you know, that I get about two cents a year from it, and Carroll really has to support me, and sometimes I feel like—well, like—some horrible old *woman* of the sea. I've always thought that an old woman would be much more of a drag than ten old *men!*"

Rose Valpy shook her head. "I don't agree with a word you say," she retorted, "but I'm not going to contradict. Only you must see that you're hard on Carroll. Other men make money, and, though I think it's the smallest thing that a man may do, why shouldn't he? You seem to take it for granted that he can't. Surely Carroll's father——"

"Oh, my child!" Mrs. Maynard's interruption was eager. "I know what you're going to say. Of course, Richard, my husband, was a poor man, but he was of a totally different type—not a bit finer or better than Carroll, I grant you, but *different*. Do you know that he was on the eve of making

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a fortune? Everybody will tell you that. Rose, he was only twenty-eight, when he died—younger than Carroll is now. It's thirty years ago, but to-day it seems just yesterday. His plans were all laid; he had only to mature them when he fell ill. Don't think that I care for money, but I do like success. Any one could see that Richard had it in him, but I'm afraid that Carroll hasn't. It's hard for me to speak of it, but I feel somehow that I ought to tell you. I fancy that's why I'm glad that you have humor and courage. My dear child, don't misjudge me," she laughed again. There was a soft hint of penitence in her look. "I suppose that really underneath it all I'm *jealous* of you. There, it's out! Come and kiss me; it will be a sign of forgiveness, and then we'll talk about something else—*clothes*, if you like. You see, I don't wear them, but I like them." She held the girl closely for a moment, then started suddenly at a sound in the hall beyond.

"It's Carroll," she whispered; "he's hanging up his coat. He's left us alone as long as he can bear it. Rose, I recognized his step before *you* did. Aren't you ashamed?" Then, as the door opened and her son came into the room, she raised her head.

"Carroll," she cried, "this girl is a great deal too good and too clever for you. I begin to respect you, sir, because in some unaccountable way you've been able to make her love you. Now I'm tired," she added, "and I want you to ring for Agnes, please, and let her wheel me into my own room."

III

With the coming of every spring Mrs. Maynard grew depressed. "It's all horrible to me," she would say, "this stir of nature; this lengthening of the day that I can feel, though I make Agnes draw the curtains and light the lamps so that at least I sha'n't *see* it. Carroll, you're so normal that you can't understand, and it's far better that you shouldn't. Go on being vigorous and optimistic, and that tiresome thing called 'in harmony with the season,' and I'll try to bear it as best I may. You must attribute all my queerness to the fact that I am grieving because I'll have to be away from you for months, and bothered to know where to go and get the most for the money. Dear boy, there's truth enough in this to salve your conscience; but really for me the summer is just a high bridge from winter to winter, the autumn's a pleasant downward slope that's easy for my feet, but the spring's a hard, steep hill, so you mustn't mind if I groan with the effort of climbing it."

Even after this winter of uncommon interest and in the face of a summer full of pleasant promise from the fact that she and Rose were to spend six weeks of it together, the new April brought to Mrs. Maynard perhaps more than the usual accession of nervousness. Her nights grew restless and her days darkened with clouds of apprehension that obscured the realities. She seemed no longer able to hold her mind to the point of control, and it sank into moody silences, broken only occasionally by flashes of spirit, now spontaneous as of old, now strained to a new petulance. During these days Rose Valpy was constantly at Mrs. Maynard's side.

"Don't think that it's hard for me," she smiled at Carroll's protestations; "sometimes I seem able really to help her. She's grown too used to you, I am afraid, and it's my chance now. Besides, Carroll,"—the girl's face lay against his shoulder and his arms imprisoned her—"I love her not only because she's the mother of the man I love, but because she's *herself*. Was there ever any one so brave, so gallant in a losing fight? But truly, Carroll, she is much less well than she was this winter—don't you notice it?—feebler physically, and oh, so troubled and distressed. Dear, I'm sure that she's got something on her mind. Something especial, I mean, more than her usual worry about the summer and the usual depression that she seems to feel with the coming of spring."

Carroll shook his head. To him the fluctuations of his mother's illness meant but little. She was always less well at this time of year, but she improved when the plans for the summer were settled. He was inclined to laugh at Rose's anxieties and, lover-like, to turn the conversation to Rose herself. Yet he yielded good-humoredly to the girl's insistence that he should send for the doctor, a lifelong friend who saw his patient but occasionally, and at whose professional services Mrs. Maynard was prone to scoff, though she liked to rely on his moral support.

It was late afternoon when Dr. Candler came. The windows of the little sitting-room were open as Agnes let him in, and the curtains swelled with a soft breeze; outside in the park below, on which the tall building

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"MRS. MAYNARD MAY LIVE ON IN THIS CONDITION FOR YEARS."

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faced, the elms were thickening to frail green leaf. A faint bird-note rang from branch to branch, heard as against the background of that vibrant whisper which is the voice of human life, sounding up from the street with fresh insistence, like the murmur of brooks released from winter. The doctor stood for a moment looking toward the sunset, but thinking of his old friend.

"It's the tenth spring," he mused, "many more than I expected for her, poor brave lady!" Then he shrugged his shoulders. "She's suffering, I know, but she won't let me see it. She'll laugh at me and tell me that I'm too old to practice medicine, and then she'll discourse about the 'musical glasses.' I wonder if she thinks I don't see through her." He smiled softly to himself and turned to meet Agnes, who opened the door of Mrs. Maynard's room.

When he came out, Rose Valpy and Carroll were waiting for him.

"It's a conspiracy," said the girl, pointing to a chair. "Sit down, for we want to talk to you seriously about Mrs. Maynard. How did you find her?"

The doctor laughed as he seated himself. "I found her vastly entertaining," said he. "We talked about Christian Science and Swedenborgianism, and we wrangled over the tariff, as befits a decent protectionist and a flagrant free-trader. She made me promise to read an article on anti-vivisection, but I got even with her by leaving some sleeping-powders, for I did wring from her the confession that she was lying awake at night. Agnes has the directions, but your mother"—he looked at Carroll—"has refused to take the powders."

"I'm afraid that's exactly like her," the young man smiled as he interrupted; but Rose held to her intention.

"Doctor Candler," she asked, "do you really think that Mrs. Maynard is worse this spring than you've ever seen her? *That's* what we want to find out."

The doctor turned to her, serious in an instant. "My dear Miss Valpy, what shall I say? Mrs. Maynard's mind and body are affected so indiscriminately by her nervous derangement that, when she exercises her will as she has done to-day, it is well-nigh impossible to get at the true condition. Frankly, I think that the disease—it's a species of creeping paralysis, I suppose you know—has made progress, marked progress, during the past year."

"And you're quite sure, doctor, that nothing can arrest the progress? I know you've told me so, but I want you to tell Rose." Carroll leaned forward from the arm of Miss Valpy's chair as he spoke.

"No; there's no possibility of stopping it, my dear boy; it's too subtle a thing for drugs and treatment to touch. We can palliate, we doctors, and sometimes," the physician smiled as if to himself, "I think that's about all we are good for! I've done what I could in your mother's case, but I'm afraid it's got to run its course, this disease, and it's a horrible one, depleting gradually all the physical powers and terminating usually in some mental affection or other."

There was a long silence. Outside, the twilight deepened against a band of fading crimson where the sunset had been. Lights in many a window across the park flickered through the tree-tops. Carroll turned away his head with a sigh. It was Rose who spoke first.

"Then you *do* feel that Mrs. Maynard has lost ground?"

The doctor faced her. "Yes, I do, though she seems rather better than I feared to find her when your summons came."

"Of course, I don't want to ask an improper question," the girl went on—her hand had found Carroll's and rested in his clasp—"but even if she can't get better, what do you think are the chances of her living like this—comfortably, I mean—as she is now?"

Doctor Candler rose as he answered. "Ah, Miss Valpy, I am afraid that she can't be as comfortable as she wishes us to think. Sometimes I wonder if life isn't to her a long period of *waiting*. To be honest, I am inclined to believe that the increased nervous tension that I find in Mrs. Maynard at present is what I have been expecting for some time. It means, to my mind, nothing more or less than the beginning of the end. Still,"—his eyes softened as they rested on the saddened faces before him,—"I may be entirely wrong. It is within the *possibilities*—I feel almost justified in saying so—that Mrs. Maynard may *live on in this condition for years*."

As he spoke the words, the door of the bedroom was opened and some one came out. It was Agnes, who stood hesitating a moment, and then closed it behind her.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Carroll," said she. "I ought to have gone the other way, but I thought that the doctor had left."

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IV

"*She may live on for years!*" Against the blackness of the long-drawn night these words of Dr. Candler's blazed before Mrs. Maynard's staring eyes, a visual imprint of the knowledge that burned her soul. Seized, clung to, and analyzed, the isolated phrase that in one sharp instant had come to her through the opened door like a sibyl's utterance, took on the inexorability of a fact. She fought it resolutely for hours with argument, explanation, questioning, even denial; yet in the end it confronted her with unaltered steadiness. Then wearily she accepted it and allowed her mind fantastic visions. She saw herself grown feebler, even bedridden, her hands more twisted, her body more inert, her brain benumbed, yet living. Drawing the requisite breath and waiting—*waiting!* She saw Carroll, gray-haired, bent with the burden of unsuccess, outwardly brave but weary within, for was he not waiting, too? And Rose's youth had faded, grown drab and pinched with repressed longing for the happiness that belonged to it. Yes, they were all waiting, they three. She herself for the end of life, the other two for the beginning; and it was she who stood between them and their birthright. Strange that the mother who had once given life to her boy should now be forced to deny it! Tears stood in her aching eyes; her fluttering hands caught at the bedclothes; her breath came bitterly from between her dry lips. She moved her head from side to side.

HERE WAS A KEY TO UNLOCK THE DOOR TO LIGHT, TO FREEDOM, SOMEWHERE.

On a small table close by the bed a dim night-candle burned. Its shaded glow, catching for a moment Mrs. Maynard's attention, brought into relief a number of small objects that stood near it: a silver bell, a little clock, some pages cut from a magazine, a plate of biscuits, a glass of water; all tender tributes of a loving service. Mrs. May-

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nard's eyes rested on them languidly, then of a sudden sharpened. What were those small white papers that lay beside the glass? Ah, yes; she remembered. They contained the sleeping-powders that Dr. Candler had left, and that she had refused to take, in spite of Agnes's protests.

How long ago that all seemed; yet it was only in the afternoon before this dreadful night . . . Why were those powders there now? She raised herself with painful slowness and, leaning on an elbow, bent toward the table. She looked at the powders fixedly. One of them—two of them perhaps—meant sleep. What would *all* of them—she counted laboriously; there were six—what would all *six* of them mean? Her fingers held them tightly now. Why, six meant *death!* And death, for which she sat constantly prepared, death, for which she had been waiting all these years, lay here, here at her very hand.

The thought absorbed Mrs. Maynard utterly. It seemed to hold for her no horror, only a blessed sense of finality and relief. No need to-morrow of that wheeled chair, lurking now in the darkness of the room, a hateful symbol of helplessness and dependence; never again that poor vain subterfuge, the twisted lace, to hide her disfigured hands. Here was a key to unlock the door to light, to freedom, somewhere. And not for herself alone, but for the son she loved and the woman he wanted for his wife. A strange sense of power thrilled her to an unwonted strength . . . She opened one of the papers and dropped the powder into the glass of water; then another, till all six were emptied. She was conscious that for the first time in years her hand did not tremble . . . But when she tried to raise the glass to her lips she could not lift it. Her sudden strength had spent itself. She put out her left hand to help the other, and something fell tinkling against the edge of the glass and lay glittering on the white cloth. It was her wedding ring, which never before had left her finger. . .

She sat staring at it for a moment. Then the current of her thought leaped to another channel. Her brain, anchored to fresh concentration, made of the accident an omen. She bent forward and took up the ring, bringing it tenderly to her lips. The eyes of her soul opened to new visions . . . It was her wedding day. She saw her husband, the boy, the lover; he stood facing her at the altar. His burning gaze held hers as he placed this ring on her finger . . . She saw him again. This time he lay weary and pale in illness, and his arm was about her as she knelt beside him. She could feel, even now across the years, the caress of his hand on her head. The very words he used came to her: "I've got to leave you, dearest; that's the hard part of dying. Poor little girl, to think that you must do by yourself all the things we meant to do together. I can't help you to bring up our boy to make him a good man. Dear, you'll have to do this all alone. It's hard, hard for both of us." His clasp had tightened about her as he spoke. "But there's one thing that I want you to remember always, and it is this: because I have loved you with my whole heart I shall never fail you. Be sure that I shall be waiting for you somewhere, my best beloved, just as you will be waiting here for me. So we shall meet, we must meet again, somewhere in God's good time."

"*In God's good time!*" Mrs. Maynard's purpose flickered and went out before the illumination of the memory, even as the candle's flame paled in the dawn that came creeping in at the window. With hands that trembled again she slipped the ring back to its place; the action was a sacrament. Then she sank down among her pillows, strangely weary and strangely at peace . . . Waiting seemed no longer a burden but a prerogative. It was for her, for the other two as well. She must not give, they must not take, what belonged to no one but to God. In God's good time!

So she slept, and was still sleeping in the morning when Agnes came into the sunlit room. The old woman smiled as she stood looking down at her mistress with the proud proprietorship that loving service alone can give. But the smile changed to a light of reverent wonder when she saw that Mrs. Maynard's hands, as they lay across her breast, seemed somehow to hold themselves in the attitude of prayer.

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FOR THE SPACE OF A SECOND SHE FACED THE AUDIENCE, STANDING STILL AND RIGID.

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THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

Illustration by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: The story opens in the Prince Sansevero's Italian country house, with his confession to his American wife, Eleanor, that he has just lost money in an ill-advised investment. Her fortune has been so far exhausted by her husband's gambling that her income is insufficient to meet this fresh demand, and she has now no resource save the sale of her remaining jewels and the sacrifice of the usual winter in Rome. This latter becomes a serious matter when the princess gets word that her niece, Nina Randolph, a great American heiress, is coming to visit her. The prince, however, solves the problem to his own satisfaction by giving a famous Raphael, as security for a loan, to the Duke Scarpa, whom the princess deeply distrusts. The event proves that her feeling is just, for Scarpa secretly sells the picture to a dealer who is to send it out of Italy, thus making Sansevero an unconscious violator of the law against allowing art treasures to leave the country. Meantime, in her home in New York and at the steamer, Nina Randolph is saying good-by to her friends—chief among them John Derby, a typical straightforward young American who, it is hinted, may follow her to Italy, on business, before the winter is over. A short time after her arrival, Giovanni, the Prince Sansevero's younger brother, comes to stay at the house, with the express intention of winning the American heiress, thus wiping out his debts and restoring the family prosperity. His personal charm and the glamour of his noble lineage are not without effect on Nina, but he puzzles her by the sharp contrasts of his nature. The household moves to Rome for the winter, and Nina becomes the object of keen interest on the part of various fortune-hunters; but at a dance given by the princess, the general comment is that Giovanni stands a good chance to carry off the prize.

CHAPTER IX

THE eyes of La Favorita boded good to no one! As a hostess her deportment left much to be desired, but since her visitors were limited to her very intimate friends it mattered, perhaps, little. At all events, as guest after guest arrived in her over-decorated salon, she looked up expectantly, and then resumed her expression of ugly indifference.

"*Per Bacco!*" she muttered quite audibly enough for one to overhear, "this crowd seems to think I have asked all of Rome to supper!"

She attacked two young men of fashion as they entered. Fortunately, her manner somewhat modified the rudeness of her words—and the ill humor of her tone carried no conviction. "You cannot come in. I did not invite you! I have my room!"

Instead of being angry, one, the Count Rosso, answered her in a voice that was half jesting, half conciliatory, in the familiar second person singular: "But thou art quite mad, my dear! We were all asked at Zizi's supper. I, for one, call it very ungracious of you to try to dispense with our agreeable society."

La Favorita lapsed once more into indifference. "Oh well, I don't care"—she shrugged her shoulders—"I don't care whether you all go or stay!"

A moment later a group that had formed at the end of the room made a great noise, and the hostess, suddenly rousing again, swept toward them with the floating motion of the professional dancer. "I wish you to understand," she said in a fury, "that you are to comport yourselves in my house as you would in the palaces of the nobility!"

The group fell into a half-sympathetic

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hush as she moved back again to the door of the entrance. A little woman—a *café* singer—broke into a snatch of song:

"The moon has two sides, a black and a white,
When the heart is dark there can be no light."

Laughing, she snapped her fingers. "Fava has been in a bad temper ever since that American heiress came to Rome. She fears that Miss America will cut the leading strings of Giovanni."

"Why pout at that? Giovanni will then be rich—a rich lover is better than a poor one any day!" laughed another soubrette.

"What is the matter with Fava, anyway?" put in a third. "She was quite delighted with the American's arrival at first. Now she might draw a stiletto at any time."

"The matter is that she has heard the millionairess is pretty, and she fears she will take Giovanni's heart as well as his name!"

"Fava jealous! A delicious thought that! Yet I am not sure that I should care to be in Giovanni's shoes if he wants to get away from her," observed Rigolo, the actor.

Favorita again swept toward the group, her voice strident: "*Per Dio!* Do you suppose I can't imagine what you are all talking about, with your long ears together like so many donkeys chewing in a cabbage patch? You need not imagine to yourselves that I am jealous. No novice could hold Giovanni long. It is I who can tell you that, for I know such men and their ways fairly well—I have had experience! Me!"

The others took it up in chorus: "Favorita has had some experience, *hein!* A race between the countries! Italy and America at the barrier. Holla, zip! they are off! La Favorita in the lead—America second, coming strong." And so it went on. Favorita had returned to her position by the door. She was more quiet, and in repose it might be seen that her face looked drawn—her eyes, if one observed closely, beneath the black penciling showed traces of recent weeping. "Tell me something," she said to Count Rosso. "What is she like, this Miss Randolph? Is it true"—her breath came short—"that Giovanni is trailing after her?"

"Say after her millions, rather! I hope he gets them for your sake, Fava. Then you can have the house in the country that you have always wanted."

"I'd rather he got his money some other way. It does not please me that he should marry!"

"Aren't you unreasonable? Can't you give him up for a few weeks?"

"If you call marriage a few weeks."

Rosso, laughing, threw his hand up. "How long does a honeymoon last? A few weeks and he will be back."

But the dancer's eyes filled, and she set her sharp little teeth together. "I cannot bear it! *Ah Dio!* I cannot! She is young—and surely she loves him."

"Every woman thinks the man she prefers is alike beloved by every other woman he meets! I have not heard that she loves him!"

"Be quiet about what you have heard—what I want to know is, does he return it? I am told she is attractive; if she is—I shall——"

Count Rosso chanced upon the right remark in answering, "Could a man, do you think, who has had your favor, be satisfied with a cold American girl? Do not be stupid!"

Favorita was slightly pacified. "Is she at all like me? Paint me her portrait!"

"Her eyes are—m—m—rather nice; her skin—yes, good; her features—imperfect; she holds herself haughtily—chin out, and her back very straight, and"—as a last assurance, he added, "she speaks broken Italian."

La Favorita's coal black eyes lit with a new light, and her whole body seemed to flutter. Her carmine lips parted as, with an expression of quick joy, she clapped her hands together and exclaimed, "American accent! *Per Dio!* She has an American accent!"

In her delight she threw her arms about the count's neck and kissed him on the lips. With perfect impartiality she turned to two other men standing near and kissed them also, repeating to herself the while, "An American accent!"

The next arrivals she received as though they were both expected and welcome; greeting them with the unintelligible exclamation, "Imagine speaking the only language in the world worth speaking, with an American accent!"

"But why do we not go into the dining-room?" asked her stage manager, a heavy puff of a man. "I have a void within."

"May the void always stay, great beef!" she laughed. Then, with a shrug and a wave of her arms, as though to sweep every one out of the room, she cried petulantly,

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"Go! and eat, all of you. I am glad, if only you go!"

The company, for the most part, laughed and went into the dining-room, whence the sound of revelry gradually grew louder. The Count Rosso alone remained with the hostess. "Come, Fava, don't be so headstrong—you're spoiling the party."

"Spoiling the party! Do you hear the noise they are making? Is that the way to conduct one's self in a lady's house—I said a lady's house! Why do you look at me like that? Am I not a lady just as much as that daughter of an Indian squaw from over the Atlantic? Those in there"—she pointed with her thumb toward the dining-room—"they would not behave so in the Palazzo Sansevero!" Then, without another word, she followed where she had pointed, so fast that her thin draperies fluttered behind the lithe lines of her figure like butterfly wings. On the threshold of the dining-room she paused, like the bad fairy at the christening.

"Why should you think you can behave in my house as you would not behave in the house of a princess?"

The count, who had followed her, seemed relieved that she mentioned no specific name. Her remark seemed to touch a chord of sympathy in the company, for the women, especially, became very quiet. Favorita sat down at the end of the table between the manager and an empty place.

"Eat something, my girl!" he said to her. "It will be the best thing you can do!"

"My need is not the same as yours—I have emptiness of heart."

Her alert hearing caught a footfall, and she was looking eagerly at the door when Giovanni Sansevero entered. At once her face became transfigured. "Ah, there thou art, my mouse!" she said, pulling out the chair beside her for him.

He smiled and nodded familiarly to all at the table.

"At least it is good for the rest of us that you come, Prince!" said the manager. "Fava is in a frightful mood." But there was that in Giovanni's expression that made the manager's speech turn quickly from any too personal allusion, and a qualifying clause was trailed at the end of his sentence, "She may show you more politeness."

Giovanni looked annoyed. The dancer, to appease him, said gently: "You know I am nervous from overwork. The rehearsals have been doubled lately. If you don't come when I expect you, I imagine horrors!" The manager was about to put his fork into a grilled quail, when she whisked it away and put it on Giovanni's plate. The former was obliged to vent his indignation against her obstinately turned back and deaf ears. She was conscious of nothing and of no one but Giovanni, whom she was feeding with her own fork. His appetite, however, paying small compliment to her attention, she arose, and he followed her into the other room. Whereupon her guests, less constrained without her, drank and were merry.

In the salon Giovanni's musical, caressing voice was saying, "You look bewitching tonight, Fava *mia!*" He covered her with his glance, so that she preened herself. He laughed lightly at her vanity, and, leaning over, kissed her lovely shoulder. Quickly, with both hands she held him close, her cheek against his.

"*Carissimo*," she said tensely, "if you ever love any other woman——"

"I love you," he said, against her lips; "let there be no doubt of that." And there was a long silence between them.

Giovanni was not one of those who can withstand a woman of beauty. He loved La Favorita passionately; she perhaps more than any one else could hold him—a Griselda one day, a fury the next, but always alive and always beautiful.

Yet he might have indulged his curiosity as to what she would do if seriously aroused to jealousy, had it not been for his innate hatred of all exhibitions of feeling, which seemed to him *bourgeois*. He knew that if the dancer had an idea that he might be falling in love with Nina, she would be capable of any scandal. On the other hand, he could not imagine Favorita's being jealous of the American girl. He had often congratulated himself that she was not jealous of her only real rival, the Contessa Potensi, his devotion to whom, however, he had managed to keep so quiet that very few persons in Rome had a suspicion of it.

The contessa, on the other hand, looked upon Giovanni's attention to the dancer as an artifice practised solely on her account, so that the world would the less suspect his attachment to herself. Neither woman had until now felt any jealousy of Nina. To their Italian temperament she had seemed too cold a type, too antipathetic, to be a danger. The contessa was quite willing to have Giovanni marry the heiress, for she

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never doubted that the end of the honeymoon would find him tied more securely than ever to her own footstool.

Giovanni, at present, with his arms about the dancer, was raining a succession of kisses upon her lips, her eyes, her hair. He could feel that she was all on edge about something, but, man-like, he preferred to keep things on the surface and not stir depths that might be turbulent. His efforts, however, were of small avail.

"Swear to me by the Madonna, and by your ancestors, that you will not marry!"

With sudden coldness Giovanni drew away from her. He let both arms hang limp at his sides. "Why let this thought come always between us!" Then, exasperated into taking up the discussion, he crossed his arms and faced her: "We might as well have this out. I am not engaged—I swear that; but whether I ever shall be or not, you have no cause for jealousy. Marriage in my world, you know very well, is not a matter of inclination, but of advantageous arrangement. There is every reason why I ought to marry, and if that is the case, why not one as well as another? My brother has no children; I am the last of my name."

With a cry she flung her arms around his neck and broke into a storm of weeping. "You sha'n't marry her! You sha'n't. She shall not have your children for you!"

But Giovanni grew impatient. He unclasped her hands from about his neck. "If you make these scenes all the time, I won't come near you! Please, once for all, let us have this ended. If there is one thing I can't endure, it is a woman who cries. Here, take my handkerchief. Come now—that is right, be reasonable." His tone modified, and he lightly and more caressingly laid his hand upon her shoulder. "Come here a minute, I want to show you a picture." He led her, as he spoke, before a long mirror.

"Now, *cara mia*, tell me, do you think that a man who possessed the love of such a woman as that would be apt to run seeking elsewhere?"

La Favorita looked at her own reflection, at the slender yet full perfection of southern beauty, and she saw also the returning ardor in the face of her lover as he, too, looked at her image. Her black eyes grew soft, her lips parted slightly—with a sudden exuberance he caught her to him, and this time he held her so tensely that, although her plaint was the same, her tone was altogether different. "But I don't want you to marry—even without love, I don't want you to," she pouted softly.

"You are an idiot, Fava!" But the words were whispered caressingly. "It would be much better for you if I did."

CHAPTER X

MEANWHILE, one morning in New York, the express elevator of the American Trust Building shot skyward without stop to the twentieth story, at which John Derby alighted. He emerged upon a broad space of marble corridor, leading to the offices of J. B. Randolph & Co. Derby, being known —and, moreover, on the list of those expected—escaped the catechism to which visitors usually were subjected, and was shown into the waiting room without question. When, some minutes later, he was admitted to Mr. Randolph's private office, he caught the sign of battle in the ruffled effect of the great financier's hair, for he had a habit, when excited, of running his fingers up over his right temple until his iron gray locks bristled. But, whatever the cause of his annoyance, it was put aside as he held out his hand in unmistakable welcome to Derby. "Hello, John, good work! You have got here nearly a day ahead of the time I expected you. What is the latest news? Did you have any trouble in the swamp district?"

"None at all. We find the quicksands average only about thirty feet, and the tubes go easily below. Everything is going along splendidly. Better than I had ever dared to hope."

Mr. Randolph nodded his satisfaction. "And now," he said, "I'll tell you why I wired for you. The Volcano Sulphur Company is buying every available mine, and it is time for us to look into the Sicilian possibility. How soon can you leave for Italy?"

"As soon as you say, sir."

"Have you secured your assistant engineers?"

"Jenkins came on with me, for one, and I am pretty sure I can get a man named Tiggs—a good mechanic, who was with me at Copper Rock."

"And how soon can you get your machinery? You'll have to take everything in that line with you. Otherwise, you might get off by—to-morrow? The Lusitania sails in the afternoon." He added this last with impatient regret.

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Derby pondered a moment, and then answered briskly: "I can make it. Jenkins can follow with the machinery on a Mediterranean boat. There will be no delay over there, as I'll have time to make my arrangements."

"Good!" Mr. Randolph seemed pleased, then asked abruptly, "How well do you speak Italian?"

"Fluently, very; grammatically, not at all."

Mr. Randolph smiled. "Fluently will be good enough. Especially if you pick up an assortment of expletives in the Sicilian vernacular. Go to Rome first. Look about and get information on the Sicilian mines, especially those that are unproductive by the present mining system. Lease one and try your process. If it works—we have the biggest thing in the way of a sulphur control imaginable. You'd better get an option on every sulphur mine you can, to lease on a royalty basis. Our Italian correspondent will be notified to honor your drafts. You will have to use your own discretion as to necessary expenses—of course, you are to send a weekly statement to the office. The royalty to you on your inventions will be ten per cent. on the net, not the gross, earnings. Still, if it all turns out well, you ought to make a nice thing of it."

A swift gleam of eagerness leaped into the young man's face. Mr. Randolph looked at him sharply. "I did not know that you were so mercenary, John."

"In my place any man would want millions, or else that—" He broke off abruptly, leaving his meaning unexpressed. But his eyes had something wistful in their direct appeal, which perhaps the older man understood, for his expression was unusually kind as he asked with apparent irrelevancy, "Have you heard from Nina?"

Derby flushed even under his tan, but he answered frankly: "Yes, I have had letters regularly—bully ones—full of Italy and the high nobility. Isn't it just like her to remember her friends at home!" Then he added ardently, "There was never any one like Nina—never! Of course, every man in Italy is in love with her by now."

"Humph!" was Mr. Randolph's answer as his hand went up through his hair until it stood straight on end. "Had she the disposition of Xantippe and the ugliness of Medusa she would be called a goddess divine by the title sellers. But what can I do? I can't keep her locked up at home—for the matter of that, she is run after about as badly over here—" and he added gently in an altered tone, "My poor little girl!"

He looked up directly into the blue eyes before him, as though to probe their depths. "I want my girl to marry a man whom she can look up to because he is trying to accomplish something himself," he said, emphatically, "and not one who will lay his hat down in the front hall of my house instead of at his own office. And," he added grimly, "a coronet in place of the hat is still less to my liking."

A curiously restrained, almost diffident, expression, which in no way suited his personality, came into Derby's face, and he abruptly rose to take leave.

Mr. Randolph rose also, but, instead of terminating the interview, crossed the room, saying, "Before you go, John, I want to show you a prize I have found." He turned a canvas that stood face to the wall, and lifted it to a sofa for a better view.

It was a marvelous picture: a madonna and child; and on the shoulder of the madonna was a dove.

"It is supposed to be a Raphael," said Randolph, "and I am convinced that it is. The story is rather interesting. Raphael painted two pictures that were almost identical. One is in the Sansevero family. Their collection in Rome I have seen, but this picture has always hung at Torre Sansevero, their country estate, and I have never been there. The second was sold long ago into France. There, during the Revolution, it was supposedly destroyed. Some time ago Christopher Shayne, the dealer, bought among other things at an auction a nearly black canvas. On having it cleaned, this was the result—without doubt the lost Raphael!"

"Jove, that's interesting!" exclaimed Derby. "I'd like to see the other. Perhaps I'll have the chance, although Nina wrote that they were leaving for Rome, and that was several weeks ago. But now good-by, sir. Tiggs and Jenkins are to meet me at the Engineers' Club at noon. I am sure I can get off to-morrow."

Mr. Randolph held the younger man's hand in a long clasp as he said, "Good-by my boy, and—luck to you!"

As Derby left the office, the sudden prospect of seeing Nina so soon set his thoughts

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in a turmoil unusual to the condition in which he managed pretty steadily to keep them. Of all the things that this young man had accomplished, none had been more difficult than preserving the attitude toward Nina that he had after careful deliberation determined upon. To his chagrin the task became more, instead of less, difficult, as time went on. In the long ago, it had been she who adored and he who accepted the adoration—in the way common with the big boy and the little girl. He had taught her to swim, and to ride, and to shoot. And—though he did not realize it—from his own precepts she had acquired a directness of outlook and a sense of truth that embodied justice as well as candor, and that was in quality much more like that of a boy than a girl.

Then came the time when he was no longer a boy. He went out West, and work made him serious, and absence made him realize that he loved Nina as that rare type of man loves who loves but one woman in his life. But she, never dreaming of any change in his feelings, went on thinking of him always as of a brother. Often, when he returned from a long absence, and she ran to meet him with both hands outstretched, he looked for some sign from her—some fleeting gleam such as he had caught in other women's eyes. But always Nina's glance had met his own affectionately, but squarely and tranquilly. His coming, or his going, brought smiles or gravity to her lips, but her eyes showed no sudden veiling of feeling, no new consciousness of meaning unexpressed. When she laughed, they danced as though the sunlight were caught under their hazel surface. When she was serious, they were velvety soft. To John hers was the sweetest, brightest, and assuredly the most expressive face in the world. But he knew the distrust and coldness that would undoubtedly be his portion should he ever forget the rôle that up to the present he had played to perfection—that of her brotherly, affectionate friend. Her very expression, "Dear old John"—occasionally she said "Jack"—her entire lack of reserve or self-consciousness in his presence put him where he belonged.

And the other women—undoubtedly there were lots of the every-day kind, waiting all along the stream, just as there always are when a man is young and fairly good to look upon. And there were the different, and far more dangerous, "other women," who wait at the whirlpools for a man who has that elusive but distinctly felt magnetism which some personalities exert, seemingly with indifference, and quite apart from any effort or intent. But John Derby lashed his heart to the mast of hard work and resolutely turned his eyes and ears from the sirens. And so he saw the years stretching on always crammed with tasks that he was to accomplish, but without hope of ever winning the girl he loved, because of the barrier of her money.

Only a short time before, when a letter from her had come to Breakstone—a long letter full of the beauty and charm of Italy and the Italians—Derby had gone to the edge of the forest and—for no reason that any one could see, save the apparent joy of swinging an axe—chopped a tree into firewood.

"D— it all," he muttered as the chips flew, "I could support a wife—if she wasn't so all-fired rich." Later he carried a load of his wood across the clearing to the camp and slammed it down. "Oh, h—, I hate money!" he exclaimed vehemently to Jenkins.

Jenkins, a Southerner, took the statement placidly. "Looks like you're workin' powerful hard for to get what you don't care for. Some of that kindlin' 'd go good under this soup pot."

Derby laughed and fed the fire. But "Shut up, Jenkins, you ass!" was all the latter got for a retort courteous.

XI

On the evening of the first court ball, the Sanseveros gave a small dinner, after which they went to the opera. The guests were the Count and Countess Olisco, Count Tornik, Don Cesare Carpazzi, and Prince Minotti. Don Cesare Carpazzi, a thin swarthy youth, sat just across the corner of the table from Nina. Although his appearance was one of great neatness, it was all too evident, if one observed with good eyes, that the edges of his shirt had been trimmed with the scissors until the hem narrowed close to the line of stitching; and his evening clothes in a strong light would have revealed not only the fatal gloss of long use, but also careful darning. The old saying that "Clothes make the man" was refuted in his case, however, as his arrogance was proclaimed in every gesture.

Sitting next to him was the Countess

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Olisco, the Russian whom Nina had noted and admired at her aunt's ball. As there were but nine at dinner, and the conversation was general, Nina had time to observe closely her appearance. She had the broad Russian brow, and the eyes and straight nose of an Egyptian. She was the most slender woman imaginable, and her slenderness was exaggerated by the fashion of wearing her hair piled up so high and so far forward that at a distance it might be taken for a small black fur toque tipped over her nose. She rarely wore colors, but to-night, because of the etiquette against wearing black at court, her long-trailed dress was of sapphire blue velvet, as severe and as clinging as possible.

Aside from her appearance, the story that Giovanni had related of the contessa's marriage was in itself enough to arouse the interest of any girl alive to romance. According to him, she was the daughter of a Russian nobleman of great family and wealth. The Count Olisco (a mild-eyed Italian boy, he looked) had been attached to the legation at St. Petersburg. Zoya was only sixteen years old when she announced her intention of marrying him. Her father, furious that the Italian had dared approach his daughter, demanded his recall, whereupon she told him the astonishing news that Olisco had never, to her knowledge, even seen her. But she declared that if her father did not marry her to him, she would kill herself.

She did take poison but, being saved by the doctors, who discovered it through her maid, she sent the same maid to tell the Count Olisco the whole story. The romance of her act, coupled with her beauty and her birth, naturally so flattered the young Italian that he offered himself as a suitor, and, her father relenting, they were married.

Nina was left for some time to her own thoughts, as her Italian (not particularly fluent at best) was altogether lacking in idiom, and she missed the point of most that was said. In the first lull, the Count Olisco asked her the usual question put to every stranger. "How do you like Rome?"

The Countess Olisco, like an echo, caught and repeated her husband's inquiry, "Ah, and do you like Rome?"

And then Carpazzi hoped she liked Rome—and this very harmless subject was tossed gently back and forth, until Prince Minotti gave it an unexpectedly violent fling by remarking, "I suppose, Signorina, that you have been impressed—" he held the pause with evident satisfaction—"with the great history of the Carpazzi, without which there would be no Rome!"

All at once the young man in the threadbare coat became like a live wire! His hair, which already was *en brosse*, seemed to rise still higher on his head, his thin lips quivered, and he put up an immediate barrier with his palms held rigidly outward. All at the table stopped to look, and to listen.

"Does a Principe Minotti"—he pronounced the word "*principe*" with a sneering curl of the lips—"dare to criticize a Carpazzi?" He threw back his head with a jerk.

"What is he?" whispered Nina to Tornik, who was sitting next her. "Is he a duke?"

"A don—that is all, I believe."

Softly as the question was put and answered, Carpazzi heard. Showing none of the fury of a moment before, he spoke suavely, though still with arrogance.

"Signorina is a stranger in Rome; the Count Tornik also is a foreigner, which excuses an ignorance that would be unpardonable in an Italian."

"Of course," Nina said sweetly, eager to soothe his over-sensitive pride, "I have heard of the Carpazzi, but I do not know what is the title of your house. I asked Count Tornik whether you were a duke."

"I am Cesare di Carpazzi!" He said it as though he had announced that he was the Emperor of China.

"The Carpazzi are of the oldest nobility," Giovanni interposed. "Such a name is in itself higher than a title."

Don Cesare bowed to Don Giovanni as though to say, "You see! thus it is!"

The subject would have simmered down, had not Tornik at this point set it boiling by saying in an undertone to Nina, "Why all this fuss? It is stupid, don't you think?"

He spoke in French, carelessly articulated, but the sharp ears of Carpazzi overheard.

"'Why all this fuss!'" he repeated. "It is insupportable that an upstart of 'nobility' styled *p-r-incipe*"—he snarled the word—"a title that was *bought* with a tumbledown estate, *dares* to speak lightly the great name of the Carpazzi, a name that is higher than that of the reigning family."

His flexible fingers flashed and stiffened by turns. Nina had seen a good deal of gesticulating since she had come to Rome; she had even been told that the different positions of the hand had meanings quite as distinct as smiles, or frowns, or spoken words, and Car-

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pazzi's fingers certainly looked insulting, as with each snap he also snapped his lips.

"The name of Minotti, for instance, what does it say?" he continued, still snarling. "Nothing! it is the name of a peasant. It may be dressed up to masquerade as noble, if it has 'Principe' pushed along before it. But it could not deceive a Roman. It is not the 'Principe' before Sansevero that gives it renown. Don Giovanni Sansevero is a greater title than the Marchese di Valdo, by which Giovanni is generally known. Yet di Valdo is a good name, too, let me tell you."

The Princess Sansevero kept Minotti's attention as much as possible, so that it might appear that Carpazzi's arraignment had not been heard. All that Carpazzi said was perfectly true, and every Roman at the table knew it. There was little, therefore, that Minotti could have answered. He was a man of plebeian origin. His father, a rich speculator, had bought a piece of property and assumed the title that went with it. To a Roman the name Carpazzi was a great deal higher than that of any one of a number of dukes and princes. The question of "good taste," however, seemed to be quite a different matter from that of nobility.

Sansevero changed the subject by asking, of the whole table: "Does any one know what the opera is to-night?"

"'La Traviata'," the Contessa Olisco announced. "They are to have a special scene in the third act, to introduce a new dance of Favorita's." She did not look at Giovanni, and yet she seemed to be aiming her remarks at him. To Nina it all meant nothing. Once or twice she had heard the name of the celebrated dancer, but it merely brushed through her mind like other fleeting suggestions; nothing ever had brought it to a full stop.

Presently the talk turned on other topics. As the meal was very short, the princess, the contessa, and Nina soon withdrew to another room. Here Zoya Olisco lit her cigarette, and spoke with it pasted on her lower lip.

"Do you find people here like those in America?" she asked Nina.

"Yes, some are quite like Americans," Nina answered, and added frankly, "but you at least are altogether different from any one I have ever seen!"

"Really, am I?" The contessa raised her eyebrows and laughed. "I know of what you are thinking!" She said it with a deliciously impulsive candor. "You are thinking of my marriage. Yes, it is true! The instant my father said 'no,' I took poison. It was the only way. Had fate willed it, I should have died. But fate willed that I should be—just married." She laughed again.

Nina glanced at her aunt, whose answering smile said clearly, "I told you she was like this."

The contessa lit another cigarette—everything she said and did seemed incongruous with her appearance, she was so fragile and so young. Nina became more and more fascinated as she watched her.

"But supposing that after meeting him you had not liked him?" she asked.

"That is impossible. I know always if I like people. I like people at sight—or I detest them! For instance, I detest Donna Francesca Dobini. She is a beauty, I know. She has charming manners; so has a cat. She is all soft sweetness. Ugh! I hate her!—But I like you."

Nina was delighted, but she could not help being amused. "You don't know me in the least," she laughed. "I may be a perfectly horrid person."

The contessa shrugged her shoulders. "That is nothing to me. No doubt I adore some very horrid persons!" Then impetuously she ran her arm through Nina's as they walked down the long row of rooms to the one where their wraps were. "I *like* you!" she repeated; "that is all there is to it!"

In the hall they were joined by the men, and they started for the opera. Here Nina had an unusual opportunity to see Roman society, as the house that night was brilliant with people who were going on afterward to the court ball. They were hardly seated when the Contessa Olisco said in a dramatic whisper, as though Nina would understand: "There is the Potensi! No! In the box opposite. She has on a dress of purple velvet. Sitting very straight, and with quantities of diamonds."

Nina put up her opera glass and encountered an insolent stare, as though the Contessa Potensi were purposely disdainful of the American girl.

"She is the same one with whom Don Giovanni danced opposite in the quadrille! Heavens! but she looks like a disagreeable person!" exclaimed Nina.

"She has reason for looking disagreeable," announced the Contessa Zoya with a meaning laugh; but more she would not say.

Giovanni leaned over Nina's chair. "Do

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you find the Romans attractive? How does our opera compare with that of New York?"

"The house seems made of cardboard," Nina answered. "I never thought our opera houses especially wonderful——"

"No?" Giovanni rallied her. "Is it possible that you have anything in America that is not the most wonderful in the world! I am sure you will say your opera house is bigger! And richer! And more comfortable! Yes? Of course it is!" He laughed deliciously. "My apple is bigger than your apple. My doll is bigger than your doll! What children you are, you Americans!"

"If we are children," retorted Nina, piqued by his laughter, "we must be granted the advantages of youth!"

With a sudden gravity, but none the less mockingly, Giovanni besought her for enlightenment.

"We gain in enthusiasm, energy, and honesty," announced Nina sententiously. "A country and a people never attain perfection of finish until they have begun to grow decadent. I'd rather have my doll and my big apple than sit, like an old cynic, in the corner, watching the children play!"

Nina was immensely pleased with this speech—she quite congratulated herself. Giovanni looked amused, but the Contessa Potensi caught his glance from across the house, and his smile faded as he bowed. Nina, who had good eyes, saw a complete change in her face as she returned his salutation.

"Do you like that woman?"

"She is one of the beauties of Rome," he said evasively.

There was something in Giovanni's manner that excited suspicion, but she did not know of what. She half wondered if there had been a love affair between Giovanni and the contessa. Maybe he had wanted to marry her and she had accepted Potensi instead. She wondered if Giovanni still cared, and for a while her sympathy was quite aroused.

The curtain went up and every one stopped talking. At the beginning of the *entr'acte* Giovanni left the box, and Count Tornik took his chair. He was a strange man, but Nina was beginning to like him. Notwithstanding his brusque indifference, he had a charm that he could exert when he chose. Giovanni's speeches were no more flattering than Tornik's lapses from boredom.

As a matter of fact, in spite of his assumed bad manners, the social instinct, was so strong in him that, just as a vulgar person shows his origin in every unguarded moment or unexpected situation, Tornik's good breeding was constantly revealed. And in appearance, he was an attractive contrast to the Italians, tall, broad-shouldered, very blond and high cheekboned; he might have been taken for an Englishman.

Presently her Majesty, the Dowager Queen, appeared in the royal box, and every one in the audience arose.

"Shall we see both queens to-night at the ball?" Nina asked the Princess Sansevero.

"No; only Queen Elena. The Queen Mother has never been present at a ball since King Umberto's tragic death."

"I wish this evening were over," said Nina, with a half-frightened sigh.

The Contessa Olisco, who had caught the remark and the sigh, asked sympathetically, "But why?"

"I was nervous enough over going alone to the presentation the other afternoon, but to go to a ball is much worse."

"But you won't be alone. We shall be there! You may have your endurance put to the test, though. Are you very strong?"

Nina laughed. "You mean, have I the strength to stand indefinitely without dropping to the floor?"

"Ah! you know, then, how it is. Still—if it is hard for us, think what it must be for their Majesties. To-night, for instance, the King does not once sit down!"

Nina opened her eyes wide. "I thought the King and Queen sat on their throne. But then—I had an idea the presentation would be like that, too—and that I should have to courtesy all across a room, and back out again."

The Contessa Zoya seemed to be occupied with a reminiscence that amused her. "If you have a special audience, you do, or if you go to take tea. We had a private audience yesterday with Queen Margherita and I had on a long train—and clinging. Of course, entering the room is not hard—I made my three reverences very nicely, very gracefully, I thought—one at the door, one half-way across the room, and one directly before the Queen, as I kissed her hand. But when the audience was over, the distance between where her Majesty sat and the door of exit—my dear, it seemed leagues! One must back all the way and make three deep courtesies! The first was simple, the second, half-way

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across the room, was difficult. I was already standing on nearly a meter of train, and when I got to the door—well, I just walked all the way up the back of my dress, lost my balance, and *fell out!*

"When you go to take tea with the Queen it is difficult, too," Zoya, having begun to explain, went on with all the details that came to mind. "For two years Queen Elena has given 'tea parties' of about thirty or forty people. Her Majesty talks to every one separately, or in very small groups, while tea and cake and chocolate and iced drinks are served by the ladies in waiting—there are never any servants present. It is, of course, charming, and the Queen puts every one at ease, but there is always a feeling that you may do something dreadful—such as drop a spoon or have your mouth full just at the moment when her Majesty addresses a remark to you. At the Queen Mother's court things are more formal—more ceremonious. I always feel timid before I go. And yet no sovereign could be more gracious, and her memory is extraordinary. She forgets nothing. Yesterday she asked me how the baby was. She knew his age, even his name and all about him. She asked me if he had recovered from the bronchitis he was subject to. Think of it!"

Another act and *entr'acte* passed. Nina saw Giovanni enter the box of the Contessa Potensi. In contrast to her greeting across the house, she seemed now scarcely to speak to him. He talked to her companion, the Princess Malio, who bobbed her head and prattled at a great rate; but as he left the box Nina saw him lean toward the Contessa Potensi as though saying something in an undertone. She answered rapidly, behind her fan. Giovanni inclined his head and left.

This small incident made a greater impression on Nina than its importance warranted. And the Contessa Potensi occupied her thoughts far more than the various men who had come into the box, and who seemed little more than so many varieties of faces and shirt-fronts. Nina noticed that many of the older men wore "Father Abraham" beards and clothes several sizes too big. On account of the court ball those who had orders wore them, frequently so carelessly pinned to their coats that the decorations seemed likely to fall off. The Marchese Valdeste—a really imposing man—had two huge ones dangling from the flapping lapel of his coat, and a sash with a bow on the hip that would put any man's dignity to a supreme test.

"The ballet is very important to-night," Nina heard the marchese saying to the Princess Sansevero. "La Favorita is to appear in the 'Birth of Venus'. She does another dance first—a Spanish one, I think."

As he spoke, the ballet music had already begun, and the Spanish *coryphées* were twisting and bowing, and straightening their spines as they danced to the beat of their castanets. Then they moved aside for the *ballerina*.

It may have been intended as a Spanish dance, or Eastern, or gypsy—but it was more likely a dance of La Favorita's own imagining. She appeared clad in a thin slip of transparent and jetted gauze. Upon her feet were socks and ballet slippers of black satin. A black mask covered the upper part of her face, and her black hair was drawn high and held with a diamond bracelet; she wore a diamond collar, long diamond earrings, and the gauze of her upper garment—which could hardly be called a bodice—was held on one shoulder with a band of diamonds. For the space of a second she faced the audience, standing still and rigid; then, with a quiver, the rigidity was shattered! A serpent's coiling was not more swift than the movement of her dazzling, glittering form, which twirled and turned and bent, while the twinkling rapidity of her steps was faster than the eye could follow. A twirl, another twirl, a flash—and she was gone.

The *coryphées*, who had seemingly danced well before, were now so awkward by comparison that Nina and Tornik laughed aloud.

"They look like cows," commented Tornik.

"Or nailed to the ground," Nina rejoined. She leaned forward, eager for Favorita's reappearance.

To make a background for the second dance, the stage hands had moved in folding wings or screens of sea green. The calciums had gradually been turning to the blue of moonlight, and now, at the back of the stage, Venus arose, veiled in a mist of foam.

Seeming scarcely to touch her feet to the ground, the dancer was a puff of the foam itself; a living fragment of green and white spray. She caught her arms full of the sea-colored gauze, like a great billow above her head, and then with a swirl she bent her body and drew the diaphanous film out sideways, like a wave that had run up on the

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sands. Drawing it together again, she seemed to produce another breaker.

So perfectly was the fabric handled that it seemed exactly like the spray of the sea, which, in its freshness, clung to her, and at the last, by a wonderful illusion, she gave the appearance of having gone under the waves.

For several seconds the house remained absolutely hushed, and in that moment Nina found herself vaguely groping through a confusion of ecstatic, yet slightly shocked, sensations. She wondered whether La Favorita had really nothing on except a number of yards of tulle which she held in her hands.

But the verdict of the audience was voiced by a torrent of bravos and handclappings that thundered until La Favorita, having thrown a long mantle about her, came out into the glare of the footlights.

She bowed and kissed her hands, her smiles of acknowledgment sweeping the house from left to right, but at the box of the Sanseveros her smile faded, and she threw back her head with a movement of triumph.

Nina was startled into fancying that she looked long, directly, and particularly at her.

CHAPTER XII

THE Sanṣevero party left the opera shortly after ten o'clock, and a little while later drove into the courtyard of the Quirinal. Entering a side door, they ascended a long staircase, upon each step of which was stationed a royal cuirassier, all resplendent in embroidered coats, polished high boots, and veritable Greek helmets, which seemed to add still further to their unusual height. Between their immovable ranks the guests thronged up the stairway to the Cuirassiers' Hall. Here, at the long benches provided for the purpose, they left their wraps in charge of innumerable flunkies in the royal livery—which consists of a red coat, embroidered either in gold or in silver, powdered hair, blue plush breeches, and pink stockings.

Nina followed her aunt and uncle through an antechamber into the throne room and beyond again into the vast yellow *sala di ballo*. Here also the cuirassiers, who were stationed everywhere, added a martial dignity to the splendor of the scene. The people were all massed against the sides of the room; and although certain important personages had seats upon the long red silk benches placed in set rows, the great majority of those present stood, and stood, and stood. In contrast to her weary waiting at the afternoon reception when, a few days before, she had been presented at court, Nina found so much to interest her to-night that she did not remark the time. One side of the room was quite empty save for the big gilt chair reserved for the Queen, and the stools grouped around it for ladies in waiting. Three especial stools were placed at the left of the queen for the three "collaresses"—those whose husbands held the highest order in Italy, the Grand Collar of the Annunciation.

It was the most brilliant gathering that Nina had ever seen, chiefly made so by the gold-embroidered uniforms and court orders of the men. The dresses and jewels of the women differed very little from those seen at social functions elsewhere. With a rare exception, such as the Duchessa Astarté and the Princess Vessano, whose toilettes were the most *chic* imaginable, the great ladies of Italy followed fashions very little. Not that Nina found them dowdy—far from it: they had a distinction of their own, which, like that of their ancient palaces, seemed to remain superior to modern decrees of fashion. Nearly all of them had lovely figures, which they did not strive to force into newly prescribed outlines.

A remark that a foreigner in New York had made to Nina came back to her, and she now realized its truth. It was that the one great difference between the women of Europe and those of America was that in Europe one noticed the women, while in America too often one noticed merely the clothes. The Roman ladies wore plain princesse dresses, the majority of velvet or brocade, and with little or no trimming save enormous jewels often clumsily set, but barbarically magnificent.

Here and there, to Nina's intense interest, she found, strangely mingled with the others, people of the provinces who, because of distinguished names, had the right to appear at court, yet who looked as though they were wearing evening dress for the first time in their lives. Near Nina, for instance, was a lady whose rotund person was buttoned into a tight-fitting red velvet basque of ancient cut, above a skirt of pink satin. A court train, evidently constructed out of curtain material, was suspended from her shoulders. Broad gold bracelets clasped her plump wrists at the point where her gloves terminated, and a high comb of Etruscan gold ornamented the hard knob into which her hair was screwed.

Princess Vessano represented the other extreme—that of fashion. She was in an

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Empire creation of green liberty satin with an over-tunic of silver-embroidered gauze. Her hair was arranged in a fillet of diamonds, which joined a small banded coronet also of diamonds, set with three enormous emeralds. Around her throat she had a narrow band of green velvet bordered with diamonds and with a pendent emerald in the center that matched pear-shaped earrings—nearly an inch long. Yet in a crowd of three thousand persons neither the grotesque lady nor the princess was remarkable.

The crush of people became greater and greater until it seemed impossible to admit another person without filling the center of the ballroom and the royal space. As there was no music, the chatter of voices made an insistent humming din. At last! the Prefetto di Palazzo sounded three loud strokes, with the ferule of his mace, upon the floor, the sound of voices ceased, the doors into the royal apartments were thrown open, the band struck up the royal march, and their Majesties entered, followed by the members of their suite. Every one made a deep reverence, and the Queen seated herself upon the gold chair. The King stood at her left. As soon as the Queen had taken her place, the dancing commenced, led by the Prefetto di Palazzo and the French ambassadress. But as a wide space before the Queen's chair was reserved out of deference to their Majesties, the rest of the ballroom was so crowded that dancing was next to impossible. Presently the King made a tour of the room—followed always by two gentlemen of his suite, with whom he stopped continually to ask who this person or that might be, sometimes speaking to special guests.

The Queen likewise singled out certain strangers of distinction. In this way she sent for a United States senator, who was making a short visit in Rome, and kept him talking with her for a considerable time. Her Majesty sat through the first waltz and quadrille. Then she and the King promenaded slowly through the assemblage, speaking to many people as they passed. Some careless foot went through Nina's dress, tearing a great rent, just as she made her reverence to their Majesties, who were approaching. The Queen smiled sympathetically and held out her hand for Nina to kiss, at the same time exclaiming her sympathy, then, quite at length, her admiration for the lovely dress. Nina flushed with pleasure, feeling that the damage to her prettiest frock had been more than repaid.

Giovanni was standing with Nina at the time, and after their Majesties had passed, he looked quizzically at the torn hem that Nina held in her hand. "Is it altogether spoiled?"

Nina laughed. "If I were sentimental I should keep it always in tatters in memory of the Queen!"

"But as you are not sentimental—I hope it can be mended. May I tell you that her Majesty's admiration was well deserved? It is a most charming costume and not too elaborate. The touch of silver in the dress is just enough to go with the silver fillet over your hair. White is seldom becoming to blondes, but it suits you admirably."

Nina looked up frankly pleased. "Is it nice, really? I am so glad!" She was perfectly happy, and her smile showed it. The whole evening had been delightful. The disagreeable impressions made by the Contessa Potensi and Favorita were forgotten as she danced with Giovanni, who performed a feat of rare ability in finding a passage through the crush.

Presently he said to her, "When their Majesties have gone into an adjoining room, then the rest of us can go to supper."

As he spoke, Nina saw them disappear through the doorway. "Are they not coming back?" she asked.

"No. They have gone."

"But do they never dance?"

"Never! Queen Margherita and King Humbert always opened the ball by the *quadrille d'honneur*, with the ambassadors and important court ladies and gentlemen. But the present king abolished all that."

At the end of the waltz Tornik managed to find Nina and announced supper. In the stampede for food there was such a crush that people stepped on her slippers and literally swept up the floor with her train. Tornik, being a giant, and able to reach over any number of smaller persons, finally secured a piece of *pâté* and an ice. Standing near Nina, two young men were stuffing cakes and sandwiches into their pockets. Amazed, she drew Tornik's attention. He shrugged his shoulders. "Who are they?" she whispered. "Princes, for all I know," was his rejoinder. "Poor devils, many of them never get such a feast as this."

The next installment of **The Title Market** will appear in the May number.

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THE GAME GETS YOU

By JOHN PARR

EDITOR'S NOTE.—You who play the market—have you ever stopped to calculate the odds against you in the Wall Street game? Have you ever figured out how much it costs you to buy and sell securities on a margin? What do you know about brokers' commissions or bankers' interest compounded? Nothing, probably, and yet these items—the mere expenses of the gamble, the "kitty"—keep stock exchanges going, pay the office rents of the most expensive buildings on the globe, and furnish the millions for the palaces and the automobiles of the princes of "The Street." It all comes out of you. Here is a plain explanation of the common facts of speculation, which, if you are not totally blind, should force you at least to a moment's thought before your next plunge into the stock vortex. It is our third shot in the fight against Margin Gambling in Wall Street.

TO be perfectly candid with you, purblind little Thin-marginist, always getting done up in Wall Street, you may deserve sympathy, but what you need is education. Burnt you have been a thousand times, but you don't even know where the fire is.

Think what you are trying to do. You are forever trying to make 1,000 per cent. on your money against men well satisfied, with all the machinery in their own hands, to make 15 or 20 per cent. on capital a thousand times greater than yours. We haven't set out to scold or lecture. This is only an attempt to put clearly before you what impossible percentages you have to overcome in order to win in Wall Street, and to make plain why it is that you have never won any money there to keep.

A stranger in a Western town asked his friends where he could find a faro layout. They told him there was but one in town and it was crooked. In the evening they missed him, and, after a long search through the most likely places, they thought to look in the most unlikely of all—the crooked faro place—and there he was. Leaning over him at his play, they whispered: "Didn't we tell you this game was crooked?" "Yes," he said, whispering back, "but you say it's the only one in town."

If you are at all like that, there is nothing to be done about it. We are assuming, however rashly, that in a great majority of cases you are open to reason, get a living by some honest means, and possess just the average amount of common sense. To begin with, let us consider your own business. You know it very thoroughly. You have been in it all your life. Say you are a retail merchant on a small scale. On $50,000 capital you make 10 per cent. clear each year and are satisfied. Now suppose that a man with no experience in your line of business and no more capital than yours, that is, having $50,000 of his own, proceeded to borrow $450,000 at 6 per cent. and set himself up to compete with you on a very splendid scale. What should you say? Would he "bust"? The chances are more than 100 to 1 that he would go bankrupt in the first year. His ignorance of the business alone would be almost sure to undo him, but, as if that were not handicap enough, he goes into it on a 10 per cent. margin.

Keep that fool plunger in mind and consider the next proposition. Let us say that you have bought 100 shares of Atchison common at par. You have talked with a man who recommended it highly; or you have been over the road and think well of it yourself;

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or you have read something about it in the newspaper that makes you think it will go up. You have, perhaps, heard a great deal about what Harriman did with the Union Pacific, and now you see that he has taken an interest in Atchison. How much do you think the stock ought to advance, and in what length of time? Would a net profit of 2½ points in a month satisfy you? That would be very little to expect. In a very active market the stock might fluctuate 2½ points in a day. Think of that! The chances are that you would expect a great deal more than 2½ points, and that if that were all you expected you wouldn't take the risk at all. But we'll assume that you would be satisfied with a net profit of 2½ points. Let's see how it would work out.

100 shares of Atchison at par cost	$10,000
You put up.....	1,000
The broker finds	$9,000
You hold it for one month.	
Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. a year on $10,000 for one month is.....	$50
Less interest at 6 per cent. for one month on your own $1,000.....	5
Net interest charges.....	$45
Add the broker's commission for buying and selling.....	25
Total interest and commissions...	$70

Seventy dollars is 7 per cent. on your $1,000 capital (nearly as much in one month as you earn on your capital in business in a year), and that is what you have to make on your money in Wall Street before you begin to win. That is the fixed charge of speculation; the fixed percentage against you. Your Atchison has to advance about 3½ points to give you a net profit of 2½ points. Assuming that your venture is lucky and that Atchison does go up 3½ points, what does it mean? You have paid Wall Street its percentage of $70 and you have a profit for yourself of $250, so that your $1,000 capital has earned $320, or 32 per cent. in a month. That is at the rate of 384 per cent. a year. Do you reasonably think you can do it? If you now took your $250 clear out of the market you would be ahead of the game; but would you do that? You never have done it. Your record is against you, Mr. Thin-marginist. The profit is so big in proportion to the capital that you try again and again, expecting to duplicate the success, and you end by losing your original capital. Don't you see that if you could gain 32 per cent. a month in Wall Street, the Stock Exchange as a speculative institution would go out of business? You can't do it.

There is another factor against you—the interest account. That is a prolific source of profit to the broker. He is very secretive about it. The average man doesn't understand interest beyond its simplest terms. He never did.

It is the broker's business to understand all the possibilities of interest and he has perfected a method of compounding interest which would not be tolerated anywhere else. When he lends you capital for margin speculation, he compounds the interest on it monthly. If you want to see a man make a queer face, ask your broker if this is true. He does more. He charges interest on his commissions. Ask him if that is true. Take the Atchison transaction as given above and suppose that, instead of its being closed in one month, it stands open for two months.

At the end of the first month the broker would render a statement showing the cost of your stock, which statement, somewhat simplified, would be as follows:

100 shares Atchison at par.....	$10,000.00
Commission for buying.....	12.50
	$10,012.50
Interest for 1 month at 6 per cent..	50.06
	$10,062.56
Less your $1,000 cash margin and $5 interest thereon for 1 month..	1,005.00
Cost of stock to be carried forward.	$9,057.56

Note carefully that this sum of $9,057.56 includes a month's interest on the capital that the broker has loaned you, which interest is $50.06 less the $5 interest on your own money, or $45.06 net, and that it also includes $12.50 commission. Nevertheless, it is carried forward on the first of the month, and at the end of the second month you would find yourself charged six per cent. interest on the whole of it. You would be paying interest on interest and interest on the commission, and it would be so compounded monthly as long as the account stood open. Is it to be wondered at that brokers are secretive about the interest account? There are men who as speculators have patronized Wall Street for years without ever once taking the pains so to analyze their broker's statements as to discover this fact for themselves.

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Have you ever been in Wall Street? Seen the great building of the New York Stock Exchange with its splendid marble statues and noble pillars, and the stacks of giant skyscrapers towering around it? What do you think is *made* in those splendid buildings? Silks, velvets, laces, jewelry, and tapestries? Nothing of the kind. Those structures are filled to the brim with bankers and brokers, with rich desks and chairs and carpets, with blackboards and tickers. Paper securities—stocks and bonds—are made in Wall Street—made to sell. That is all. Where does the rent to pay for all these tens of thousands of offices come from? How is earned the interest on the vast investment of bricks and steel and concrete and marble centered there?

Brokers' commissions, bankers' interest, Mr. Thin-marginist, pay every cent of it. The fixed charge of speculation—the percentage against you in the game—takes care of these expensive institutions; also of the noble mansions, on Fifth Avenue and the side streets, of the bankers and brokers; also of their automobiles and their wine bills and other things of theirs about which you have heard. Brokers' commissions, bankers' interest. Keep them in your mind.

Remember that we are crediting you with unusual moderation in your expectations. You expected only 2½ points advance in Atchison in a month. The chances are that you would want at least five, and hope for ten. That is, you would be expecting your $1,000 capital to earn profits at the rate of 684 per cent. a year and hoping it would earn profits at the rate of 1,284 per cent. a year. Figure it out for yourself.

One almost knows what you are thinking. You are saying to yourself that the money employed in your business is one thing, and the money you venture in speculation is another. If in speculation, as in business, you do not calculate the earning power of your money and the percentages in its favor and against it, you are not a speculator at all, you are just a foolish little margin gambler, playing a system you cannot beat.

Admitted; but how shall the line be drawn between gambling and speculation? We do not know. It may well be impossible to do so, and perhaps unnecessary. But there is a vast difference. Shrewd speculators are poor gamblers; good gamblers are poor speculators. A speculator, to be successful, must be a man of a highly trained and perfectly disciplined imagination, knowing values, probabilities, cause and effect, and he will be satisfied to make 10 or 15 per cent. a year on his capital. The untrained margin trader expects at least 300 or 400 per cent. and wants 1,000 per cent. Any man who expects without work to make his capital earn 100 per cent. or more a year is a gambler. He who tries to make it earn 1,000 is a fool. If he gets it he will not keep it. This is axiomatic.

Of the many popular delusions touching Wall Street and its people, none is more persistent or more dangerous to the outsider than the belief that from nothing great permanent fortunes have been made by shrewd and lucky speculation in prices. It isn't true. We differentiate here between speculation in prices only, and the kind of legitimate speculation which seeks to anticipate great economic changes. Legitimate speculation has its translation into prices, too, but it takes, first, original capital in some reasonable proportion to the profits expected, and, secondly, the treatment of exceptional opportunity with correct imagination. Its risks at best are very large. Among our Wall Street acquaintances are several hard-headed men who average to make $25,000 a year by speculation. Not one of them has a capital of less than $250,000. They make it earn about 10 per cent.

Take Blank, one of the ablest speculators we know. He has made half a million dollars during the past five years. Very handsome return, you say. Let us look at Blank: He was the chief accountant of one of the big railway systems when an uncle, dying, left him

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$20,000. Mind you, he was an expert railway statistician, and an exceptionally able young man to boot. He knew his own road like a book, as well as some other things that only the directors were aware of. The stock of the system looked cheap to him, and he used his $20,000 to margin 4,000 shares. A bull market was beginning, and within a month or two Blank's capital had increased to $60,000. He was content with a 10-point rise, though the stock advanced 10 points more. That was the first of Blank's deals. Twelve months later, he won again. He thought that the stock of a certain Western system was selling below its value, and set about an investigation to find the facts. He hired a first-class engineer and a retired traffic manager to travel from one end of that railroad to the other, and he himself analyzed the accounts. When all the reports were in, it seemed to him that the system was earning enough money to justify an increase of its dividend, and he plunged once more. He waited six months for his profit this time, and his investigation had cost him $5,000. He made $50,000. Good interest, you say; but think of Blank's special equipment for the game and the trouble he took to be right. You, Mr. Thin-marginist, after reading the Wall Street gossip in your daily paper, adventure your thousand or two thousand dollars and expect to double your money. Mark the difference.

Practicing in Wall Street are a number of trained speculators of Blank's type. They engage experts to examine physically any property they fancy; financial experts to investigate its accounts; other experts to deal with other phases of the subject; and for this work they pay high. With all the information thus procured, they arrive at a conclusion. The securities of that property are either too high or too low, and accordingly they sell or buy. But in every operation there is a large element of risk. They may be right as to the property itself, but wrong as to the conditions affecting the general stock market. Although a stock may be selling low, perhaps away below its intrinsic value, yet it can go lower under conditions adversely affecting all securities. Your speculator must take into his reckoning the state of the money market, crops, politics, and all that will affect financial sentiment. And the best that he can do is to be right a small majority of the time. Moreover, with all this trouble he thinks he is doing mighty well to make 25 per cent. on his capital year in and year out.

There is probably no banking house in Wall Street, not excepting the big speculative banking houses, that averages to make as much as 25 per cent. a year on the capital employed in its business. Mark that, Mr. Thin-marginist.

James R. Keene is perhaps the highest evolution so far of the stock-market speculator. He is rich, you say, and therefore an exception to our broad assertion. Mr. Keene is admitted by almost everybody in Wall Street to be perhaps as adroit a speculator, as keen a one, as longheaded and farseeing a one, as canny a one, as ever came south of Fulton Street, and yet it is very doubtful if his private fortune is due to his personal speculations. He came out of the West many years ago, young and boastful, with several millions of dollars accumulated in successful mining-stock operations on the Pacific coast. He boasted of what he would do in Wall Street. He went bankrupt very shortly, and, having regained his feet by a series of lucky ventures, went broke again. There is somewhere in existence a purchase and sales book showing how he was reduced to the extremity of dealing in fractional lots of 10 and 20 shares. Did he come from that up again to his present position and fortune by daring speculation? Not exactly. The beginning of his permanent fortune was laid in the sugar campaign. He had been recognized as a very unusual sort of manipulator, and when the promoters of the American Sugar Refining Company were looking about for somebody who could make a market for their stock, they engaged him. He made their market, an amazing market, and thereby also a great deal of money for himself. Since then he has probably made more money by manipulation, by making a market for other people's stocks, by enticing little Thin-marginists to try for 1,000 per cent. on their money, than by his personal stock-market speculation. He distributed Amalgamated Copper for H. H. Rogers, and United States Steel shares for the Morgan syndicate.

You are reasoning to yourself, Mr. Thin-marginist, that we are contradicting ourselves: we have asserted that it is impossible to make money in Wall Street, and yet we have admitted that James R. Keene and Blank and others do make money out of stocks. For all that, in the strict sense of the word, it isn't possible. Let us emphasize a very important truth:

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No money was ever made in gambling or speculation. The money has first to be made. By means of gambling and speculation it changes hands.

The writer was somewhat startled some years ago when a veteran and very prominent member of the Stock Exchange, himself a casual "dabbler," suddenly broke away from the theme we had been discussing to say: "I know of no great Wall Street fortune derived wholly or even very largely from stock-market speculation. Do you? Can you name one?" When we had canvassed the ten greatest Wall Street fortunes, then the ten of the next degree of magnitude, and down to the least of what could be called great fortunes, we were greatly surprised (or at least I was) that so few, if, indeed, any, could be supposed to have come even largely from stock-market speculation. None could be said to have been wholly so derived.

If you will name over in your mind the men whom you have always supposed to have made great fortunes through stock-market speculation, you will perceive that in almost every case they are men *who have had securities to sell*. Doesn't that put a different aspect on it? If you discussed each of these men with persons who might know, you would find that in so far as they go apart from their own things—the things they have to sell—whenever they gamble in fluctuations, they win and lose like everybody else, and often they lose more than they win.

But let us return to our main proposition—the game gets you. This is what we want to put into your heads:—you cannot overcome the fixed charges of speculation. In the long run it's the "kitty" that gets all the money.

Let us take the case of a bucket shop and see where it leaves us. A bucket shop simply bets with its clients on price changes, and neither buys nor sells stocks—only pretending to do so. To "buy" 100 shares of stock in a bucket shop on a 5-point margin, you put up $500. The bucket shop charges you a commission of $12.50, as if it had really bought the stock. It has that percentage to start with, like the double zero in roulette. The game must always have a percentage in its favor. The bucket shop, having charged you this commission, simply holds your $500. If the stock goes down, you may put up another $500 margin, and then the bucket shop holds $1,000 of your money. Then if the stock continues on down and you decide to take your loss at a decline of, say, 7 points, your loss is $700 plus the first commission of $12.50 for buying and a second of $12.50 for selling, or $725. The bucket-shop cashier hands you $275 and keeps the other $725 of your $1,000. If the stock had gone up instead of down, the bucket shop would have had to pay.

The margin-trading public in the long run always loses. Therefore, it would seem that the surest and most profitable business in the world would be that of keeping a bucket shop, where stocks are neither bought nor sold, but where bets are made on price changes. The bucket shop is simply betting its money against the public. Why shouldn't a bucket shop always keep ahead? Doesn't it seem very strange that bucket-shop failures should be so frequent? In time nearly every bucket shop does fail. Why? (1) Because, like the banker of a roulette game who would forget the percentage in his favor and let the stakes run so high that a few unlucky turns would break him, the bucket shop on occasions will take too many bets from the public and assume risks out of proportion to its capital, and (2) because, like a foolish roulette banker who, when losing at his own game, would seek to increase his capital by playing against another banker's game, the bucket shop at times will buy or sell stocks on its own account to hedge itself against its risks to its patrons. All this is merely to say that a bucket shop fails because, on a larger scale, it gambles and speculates as foolishly as its patrons.

The writer has been told on trustworthy authority how accounts stood with a large Western bucket shop, scientifically con-

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ducted, with the element of inside gambling almost entirely eliminated (one of the very few instances known), when it voluntarily cleaned up and went out of business after a profitable career of more than ten years. The profits had amounted to more than $3,000,000, and this sum was almost exactly the equivalent of the commissions that had been paid on the trades made. So in that very interesting case the fixed charges of speculation, otherwise the "kitty," represented the net aggregate loss of the public's speculation.

You want to know, then, why men who ought to know better speculate at all, seeing it inside and outside as they do? Well, the desire to get money quickly and without working for it is an unreasoning desire. The man who tries to make 1,000 per cent. on his money has just enough temporary success to lead him on and to tempt others on. The quest itself is tragically hopeless. In the "Maxims of an Anarchist" it is written that a mania for gambling is universal, while a mania for banking a roulette game is almost unknown. The man who banks the game is a speculator, calculating shrewdly the percentages; the man who plays the game is a gambler only.

We once knew a professional gambler who habitually lost in front of other men's tables what he made behind his own. How do you account for that? He would sit behind his own tables night after night, claiming his sure percentage from the gamblers on the other side, and when he had thus accumulated $20,000 or $30,000, he would go and lose it all in one sitting on the wrong side of another man's table.

Most of the scandals affecting Stock Exchange members in Wall Street come of their having got on the wrong side of the table. A house like that of T. A. McIntyre & Co. or that of Coster, Knapp & Co. does not set out deliberately, in the first instance, to make away wrongfully with the customers' funds. The head of the house or one of its members becomes extravagant, lives beyond his resources, and needs money quickly. He turns to the stock market. He begins as a speculator, takes greater and greater risks, becomes a gambler, and ends by breaking his house and cheating its clients. Haven't you wondered why in these cases the men who misuse your funds in their private stock-market gambling always lose them? That is because they have been trying to do what you have been trying to do—make 500 or 1,000 per cent. on a given amount of capital—and it simply can't be done.

Dear margin trader, you have probably never seen your own record in the stock market, the record you have made collectively, so to speak. You have your own experience, which is bad enough, but you think, perhaps, it is not the universal experience. Thomas Gibson, who has studied pure speculation in a detached, scientific way, and who, believing that speculation on businesslike lines will return a reasonable percentage of profit on the capital invested, say, 25 per cent., once examined more than 4,000 commission house accounts for material to be used in a book called "The Pitfalls of Speculation." He selected 500 accounts in Steel common covering a period of twenty-two months from July, 1901, to March, 1903, during which time the extreme price range of the stock was 46¾ to 29¾. In July, 1901, where he began, the stock sold at 37, and in March, 1903, where he stopped, it was selling again at 37, and as this figure 37, moreover, was midway between high and low, it seemed to him that the purely gambling chances for profit and loss were about even. He says:

"Three hundred and forty-three accounts resulted in net loss at their termination, 88 accounts resulted in a net profit; 52 accounts were even or showed inconsiderable differences. The result of 17 accounts is unknown, as the Steel stocks represented were taken up by the purchasers, in all cases at a considerable paper loss.

"The total deficit on all losing accounts was	$1,245,000
"The total gain on all profitable accounts was.	$288,000
"Leaving a net deficit of ..	$957,000

"The total number of shares handled was

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1,112,000, of which 820,000 shares were originally purchases, and 292,000 shares originally short sales.

"The total brokerage charges, commissions, interest, etc., were $275,000, which amount is included in the total loss."

There is your record. "Ah," you say, "but 88 accounts did win, and altogether they won $288,000." Let us see what that amounts to. We have 500 accounts and 1,112,000 shares traded in. The average number of shares per account, therefore, was 2,224. Now, 88 accounts won, and altogether they won $288,000, which would be an average profit of $3,272 per winning account, or less than $1.50 per share traded in, and that was the best that could be done by the winners in twenty-two months! Stock-market speculation on that basis wouldn't attract you, Mr. Thin-marginist, would it?

But as to those 88 winning accounts—did the balance stay on the right side? I put a question of that kind to a broker who has been in business in Wall Street for twenty-five years. "How many people," I asked him, "have really made money by trading in your office?" "Oh, a great many," he answered. "But how many actually have collected a profit, gone away, and kept it?" He pondered this for a while and said:

"One or two have by accident died with a balance to their credit."

We anticipate our reader's final question. He may be convinced as to everything we have said, but he asks: "Isn't it possible at times to know what men are going to do with a certain stock, really to know, or, in other words, to obtain inside information?"

There is a proverb in Wall Street that "inside information" will bankrupt any one who plays it. Assuming that you could find out what some great capitalist intended doing in the market, the information would be nothing to bank on. Your great capitalist, in the first place, would risk a very small part of his fortune in one thing at a time, so that he could afford to lose where you could not, or, if a thing went wrong at first—and things often do go wrong—he could wait indefinitely for it to come right, while you would lack either the means or the patience to do so. Great capitalists blunder like all other people, but such blunders as they survive would ruin a little gambler acting on "inside information." Inside information represents no more than some one's intentions or optimism or purpose, and you remember what place it is that is paved with good intentions.

You have read thus far, Mr. Thin-marginist. Are you even impressed? The facts are as clear as crystal—the logic of the situation is absolute. The game gets you. Even if you guessed right part of the time, the fixed charges of speculation, the commissions, and the interest would beat you. Remember that these fixed charges pay for the great structures of Wall Street and the lordly palaces of Fifth Avenue. They are expensive and enduring establishments, and they are reared on the certainty that you and your purblind fellows will go on "chipping in" to keep them going eternally. They need you, Mr. Thin-marginist—but you don't need them. Keep out. "Beat it"—as Mr. Devery used to say.

Put your money into your own business!

A HIRELING OF WALL STREET

By A MANAGER

EDITOR'S NOTE.— On the 22nd of January, two days after the publication of "The Poison of the Street," the editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE received a note written on the letterhead of a big New York Stock Exchange house. The writer explained that he, the manager of a branch house, was disgusted with himself and his occupation, and wanted the public to know the truth about it. He was asked to set forth his experiences, which he has done in the following statement. It seems to us to burn in the facts of the foregoing article—the hopelessness of the game as played by outsiders.

IN the year 1900, I made my *début* in Wall Street. It was in the branch office of ——— ———. I began in a conservative way—just like you, if you ever speculated. Just like you, I had heard how slippery the pavement of Wall Street is. Within a short time, I lost $2,000. I turned my back on Wall Street, but, after three years' absence, I returned to the field. I felt I knew more of the game. I could not lose if I bought stocks

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when they were low, and sold them when they were up. My theory worked out partly. I bought stocks when they were cheap, but sold them usually when they were still cheaper. In the summer of 1904, I met a shrewd German. I shall call him Mr. F. He speculated also, but was more daring than I; we got well acquainted. One day, upon our leaving the above brokerage office, he said to me: "A devilish hard game to beat, but there is money in it, if one runs it himself. I think I'll go into it." I laughed at this, because I could not understand how anybody without a thorough training in the school of finance could expect to be given the managership of a Stock Exchange house.

I was wrong; within two months, my friend presided as manager of a New York Stock Exchange house, in offices most sumptuously fitted up. He had friends who speculated, and they "gave him their trade." He did a splendid business.

"Why should not I be able to do the same thing?" I asked myself, and resolved to imitate my friend's example. I found out that to be a successful manager of a Stock Exchange house, the chief requisite was a list of wealthy friends. I made up a list of my friends who speculated, and gave myself the benefit of the doubt when I was not quite certain whether one or the other would patronize me. Then I talked to a number of people who were members of the New York Stock Exchange, and others in the employ of branch houses. I endeavored to find out what I could, and within a short time I had it drummed into me that there are five important requisites upon which depend the success of a brokerage firm:

1. Get people to speculate.
2. Get these people to put up sufficient margin.
3. Make them keep on putting up margin.
4. When they have lost their money, be careful they don't "get in on you."
5. When one man has lost all he has, look for new blood.

Within two weeks after having made up my mind to enter the commission business, I was engaged by ——— ——— as manager of a branch office. I rented a suite of rooms, had tickers and telephones installed, a quotation board put up, filled the rooms with chairs and sofas, directed a sign-painter to cover the four street windows with big, gold-lettered signs—just the firm name, and that all-important trade-mark "Members of the New York Stock Exchange." Everything in the stationery line—letter-heads, cards, etc., bore that omnipotent trade-mark, under whose banner I now stood. I was a little proud of it.

On the first of May, 1906, my sign was out; the tickers were going at their full speed; a telegraph operator who was to transmit my orders by wire to the main office, sat at his desk; one boy was there to yell out the quotations, and another to put them up on the board. All my friends had been notified by me in person, or by letter, that I would have my opening on May 1st.

Shortly before ten o'clock, a stranger walked into my office; he told me he had a few hundred dollars, and thought of buying some Pennsylvania. He asked my opinion. Can you imagine how important I felt when I realized that I was now looked upon as an authority whose advice might direct the investment of a life's savings? It was shortly after the San Francisco earthquake, and I felt stocks would sell higher. Incidentally, I remembered that I had been told always to be bullish. That is, in talking to a customer, or a prospective customer, it was my business to affect a sincere belief that stocks are a purchase. So I assumed a know-it-all air, and agreed with my man that Pennsylvania was likely to go up. He was my first customer. For a check of $500, I bought for him, on margin, 100 Pennsylvania at the opening of the market. He was a traveling salesman who had never speculated before but could not understand why he should not be able to make money—like so many others. Pennsylvania went up; he made about $150. He then bought and sold other stocks, and, in less than two weeks, doubled his capital. By that time, he had begun to know something, and that usually marks the beginning of the finish in Wall Street. He bought 100 "Distillers" and it went down a couple of points; he bought another 100 with a stop-loss order, which was reached a few days later, and he retired from Wall Street with less than $100. He lost over $400, and my firm made over $250 on commissions.

My business depended on "my friends." To make "friends" was essential to my success. I did everything I could to "make friends." Let me modify this. I did everything I could to become acquainted with speculators with a view to getting their business. The Waldorf was the big hunting ground. My heart and soul were in my work. I had to succeed, and at any cost, in getting

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customers. A man was worth cultivating only if I saw in him a prospective customer. Boiled down, my principal occupation was: Meet men—crawl into their favor by being a good fellow—make them like you—and get them to trade. Then watch out that they don't get away from you. For this work I received the salary of a United States general.

I did a good business. My expenses were:

	Per Year.
Rent	$2,500
Salaries:	
Telegraph operator	1,560
Two boys, $8 and $10 per week	936
News ticker	300
2 stock, 1 cotton, 1 grain ticker	1,440
Cigars, lunches, entertaining	2,500 to 3,000
Telegraph and telephone wires	1,000
Incidentals	500
Total	$11,236

To the other appointments of my private office, I added a cellarette; this last paid for itself in a short time.

At the end of the first year, my telegraph operator, an intelligent fellow, came to me with an idea. He had figured out that, within the twelvemonth, my customers had lost nearly half a million dollars, so if one had done the opposite of what they did (including myself) one would have made a fortune. "Good! I'll try it!" said I. The first transaction resulted in a loss of $600 to me, and a profit of $200 to my customer. When my customer took his profits, I should have taken my loss,—remonstrated my well-meaning telegraph operator. "All right; the next time just cover my shorts when a man sells, or sell when he buys," I directed. I tried it; it did not work.

When I represented to my assistant that his plan sounded logical, but miscarried somehow when put to the test, he offered to prove that I was wrong. We took account No. 11, which showed a loss of nearly $4,000 in the year 1906–1907. On one side, we registered the losses and profits on each and every transaction on this account, and on the opposite side my profits and losses had I done exactly the opposite of what he did. The result was a surprise to both of us! I should have lost $3,600—and this amount represented the commissions for buying and selling. I verified the figures; they were correct. The enormity of the odds against the speculator stood convincingly before me. I saw the point. Previously, when my friends lost their money, I ascribed their ill-luck partly to my inability to guide them. Now it was clear that they could not win. Thereupon I resolved not to speculate.

When I was new in the business, I often felt a customer's loss as much as though it were my own. I worried in sympathy with my clients; their losses caused me many an unhappy day and night. Then I grew hardened. I began to look upon them as gamblers who staked their money on another man's game. I realized that they deserved no other than the very fate they eventually met. I still regretted to see them lose all they had, but it was only for the reason that it meant the loss of further commissions to my firm, and thereon depended my own success.

The average speculator is a gambler, pure and simple. The game takes hold of him and blinds him, and drags him lower and lower. The man who has self-control enough to tear himself loose, to shake off this mad desire to recoup his losses, to turn his back on Wall Street with the conviction that he has as much chance to win out as he would have in a card game in which the other fellow sees his hand,—that man has lost money, but has gained experience. He is, however, in the minority.

As my business developed, I grew more or less independent. I gave up sitting around *cafés* and hotels, mixing with a class of men whom I learned to detest, as I grew to know them,—men who either had no business or neglected it, who hang around all day watching the ticker, staking their money on the rise or fall of stocks, cotton, or grain, men who had usually two things in common—the desire to "get rich quick" and the desire for extravagant dissipation.

My firm was exceedingly liberal, and never questioned my expense accounts. My monthly cigar and restaurant bills were from $250 to $300. To entertain customers was part of my occupation, and these expenses did not matter when the customer was a good trader.

Mind, I had no inducements to offer the people who did business with me, other than any other New York Stock Exchange house offered. The rules of the New York Stock Exchange tie all its members to one routine of business. If I secured new customers, it was on personal grounds, and not because I could offer them any better terms than other houses.

Within a year and a half, I built up a business of from one to six thousand shares a day,—representing a profit of about $110.50

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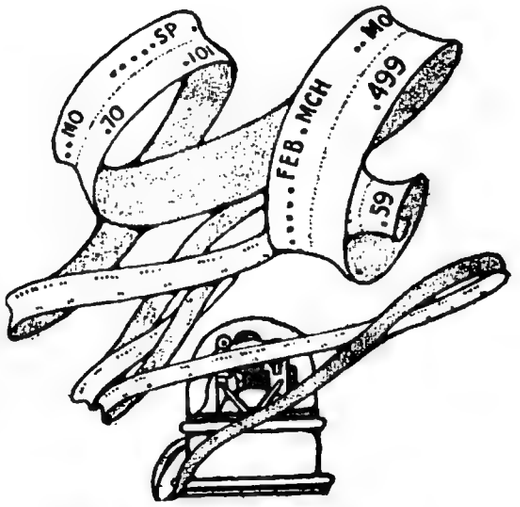
to $700 a day to my firm. My salary was raised $2,000 a year, and I received a handsome cash bonus.

Not quite three weeks after my salary had been raised, my firm failed. My customers, who had lost whatever they had on deposit, felt that I should have known of the crisis, and given them a chance to withdraw their funds. The ink upon the ticker announcing the suspension was hardly dry, when another Stock Exchange house offered me the same salary, if I cared to associate myself with them. Within four days, I had six offers to choose from, and a week later I was in my old capacity with a new firm.

What am I? Merely a procurer of gamblers. The total profits which my firm derived in almost three years, from the orders of actual investors, would not have covered the tips that I handed out in a few months. The money I received from my firm was merely a part of the "kitty" which I had procured. The New York police have their eyes on a class of men who hang round the gambling-house district and are known as "cappers." They are in the same business that I am, but they work for an unlicensed game. The game of which I am a hireling is sanctioned by the state, looked up to by society. I am called a broker, a manager of a Stock Exchange house—a "gentleman," don't you see not a "capper."

The truth is that the broker runs the most profitable end of the game. Perhaps you have never realized that most New York Stock Exchange houses with any sort of clientele, maintain their offices on what they make on interest charges, which every monthly statement shows, and which not one of a hundred speculators can verify. The commission and interest charges that go to the brokerage firm make the percentage an almost impossible one to overcome. This percentage is far bigger than in roulette. Do you think you can win in the long run playing roulette? If you think you can, then go ahead and speculate. If in doubt, then let me tell you that in almost three years I had over 200 accounts, and not only have I never seen anybody make any money to keep, but I have seen many a fortune wiped out.



The speculator is usually a subject of evolution. He begins to buy conservatively what he can pay for. He makes a few dollars and wishes he had bought all he could on margin. He has tasted blood, and looks upon the stock market as a sinecure. The game graduates him very quickly, and soon you behold the full-fledged gambler. It's a fascinating game, a sad game, a coquettish monster with an insatiable appetite, and its victims are born every minute. I am in its tribute. Daily from ten to three, I am watching the door in the hope of enticing a new victim. If a man asks me whether I think he should buy, I of course think he should, and the next minute I agree with another one that he should sell. Those poor fools look to me for advice. I want to preserve them as customers; of course I do, but I am there to get their $12.50 each way, and the oftener they turn around, the more my services are rewarded by my firm. Only one who has had the actual experience can realize how the most successful men in their own line make the most sublime fools of themselves in Wall Street.

I am tired of looking upon myself as a parasite, a runner of a licensed gambling house. I am tired of living upon the weakness of men. What have I produced in these years? I have helped men to precipitate their financial ruin, encouraged them to play a game which I knew could not be beaten. I am the croupier at a gaming table. My colleagues are men who have failed in their own business or had the characteristics which constitute the social trapper. We run in the victims,—the house gives us a share of the "kitty." The ticker, the telephone and telegraph wires enable us to offer splendid facilities to help our clients to their undoing.

Did you say there is an investigation on the way? Pshaw! Wash-sales? Nonsense, prove it! Selling short? Why not prevent it?

Who'll prevent speculating in stocks? Can you imagine the calf turning upon the butcher?

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A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF EVE

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

Illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill

MISS GEORGIANA

SIX small girls, their chairs drawn as closely together as possible, gazed at Miss Georgiana Taylor in speechless, unwinking fascination. Miss Georgiana nodded her pretty head in one direction, shook her prettier curls in another, smiled here, threw a glance there; and each small girl as she received the coveted attention grew rigid with joy, breathed hard, and cast a look of scorn and triumph upon her circling companions. These, enraptured with similar attentions just received or about to come, paid no heed to the passing favorite, but kept their round eyes fixed, glued, riveted upon the enchanting Miss Georgiana. Other teachers, who were troubled with what is termed discipline, regarded Miss Georgiana with a puzzled envy which shaded, alas, into dark suspicion. It was simply inconceivable that any one should command such interest with the Sunday-school lesson pure and simple. As sure as you're alive—I am putting into words the unworded suspicions of Miss Georgiana's fellow teachers—as sure as you're alive, she's telling 'em stories! As though a person of Miss Georgiana's charms would have to tell stories!

"And *what* do you think?" she was saying. She paused to survey the circle, and during the pause the emphasis of her remark got somehow so placed that each small girl heard the question as addressed to herself alone: What do *you* think? *You!* It was deliciously flattering.

"You just can't *guess!*"

Another pause, during which they just could not.

"Well; a week from next Friday we're going to have an ice-cream social. Ice-cream! Yum-yum!"

Six small girls breathed out a slow, ecstatic, "Oh!"

"There's to be an entertainment—music and things—first, and *then* the ice-cream and cake. Now, *who* wants to go?"

"I do! I do!" cried each segment of the circle with the unanimity of the various parts of a mechanical toy operated by a single wire.

"Then *all* you've got to do"—Miss Georgiana beamed upon them with a radiance positively blinding—"all you've got to do is to sell a few tickets!"

Over each little face came the same expression of incredulous astonishment. "Gracious!" the expression said, "is that all?"

"Yes," Miss Georgiana assured them vigorously. "That's all. The tickets are a quarter apiece. They are done up in little packets of seven. If you sell six, the seventh ticket is for yourself."

One little girl moved about restlessly, tried

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two or three times to speak, and finally succeeded.

"But listen, Miss Georgiana. What if you sell two packs of tickets, what do you get then?"

"Why then, dear, you will get two tickets for yourself."

"But listen, Miss Georgiana. You don't need two tickets for yourself."

Miss Georgiana cocked her head to one side like a bright-eyed robin and considered the situation.

"Well, Margery, if I earned an extra ticket that I did not want, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd sell it and keep the quarter. You know it's your ticket, and you may do with it whatever you like. Besides, it's worth a quarter."

Six small girls again breathed out a slow, ecstatic, "Oh!" deprived of further speech by this dazzling, this overwhelming vision of sudden wealth.

In the teachers' meeting after Sunday-school some of the teachers complained of the difficulties they had had in distributing tickets.

"Is that so?" Miss Georgiana remarked in tones of great meekness and concern. "Why, I had no trouble at all. Every one of my little girls insisted on taking fourteen!"

"Huh!" snorted several of Miss Georgiana's fellow teachers.

WHITE RATS AND PINK FORGET-ME-NOTS

"Willie! Oh, Willie!"

Willie Jones, half-way home from Sunday-school, very deliberately stopped, turned, and waited. Margery, breathless with running, for a moment could do nothing but wave at him a handful of the tickets for the coming social.

"Listen, Willie. Got any tickets?"

"Aw, rats! What d' I want with tickets? What d' I want to kill myself selling six tickets for, just to get one measly plate o' ice-cream, when you can get all the hokey-pokey you want for a cent? Besides, if my mother wants to go I'll tease till she takes me."

"But, Willie, listen. If you earn two extra tickets you can sell the second one and keep the quarter. Miss Georgiana, she says——"

Willie Jones did not stop to hear more, but with a hurried "Wait for me!" sped back the way he had just come. Margery called after him once, but he paid no heed. In a short time he returned, once more leisurely and cool.

"I got there just as he was lockin' the desk and at first he didn't want to give 'em to me."

Margery got down to business at once.

"Now listen, Willie. 'Most every one took tickets, so we'll have to work awful hard to sell ours."

Willie nodded.

"And I think we had better do like Gladys Bailey's gang did last time."

"How was that?"

"They went into partnership. Then Gladys divided up all the streets and put two ticket sellers to each street. Gladys and Henry went together, and when they came to one of their streets Gladys took one side and Henry the other. Then every night every one gave Gladys all the money they made, 'cause Gladys was treasurer. And when it was all over she divided, and that way they all sold the same number of tickets. And they sold awful many."

"I guess I'll be treasurer," Willie Jones announced.

"Then shall we do that way?"

"Sure."

Theoretically it was a good system and with Margery and Willie it worked smoothly for some days. Then came the afternoon when it failed because one party to the agreement lost all sense of right and fairness and shamelessly foisted upon the other the full burden of labor.

In their canvassing they had finished Maplewood proper, penetrated the exclusive shade of Boulevard Place, and reached the not at all exclusive confines of East Maplewood, where there were groceries and stores, car-barns and saloons, and streets of small homes, cheap flats, and cheaper tenements. It was an unfamiliar neighborhood to them both and a bit fearsome when it came to those unexplored tenement-houses with their smelly stairs and long, dark hallways. As they turned down the first street off Main Avenue, Willie, with true manliness of feeling, assigned to Margery the right-hand side, which was lined with cottages only, and prepared himself to enter the tenements on the left.

"You ain't afraid to go in alone, are you, Willie?"

"No—no, not exactly afraid. But you better go along slow; and if you don't see me come out quick, you wait for me down at the second corner."

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"THEN ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO SELL A FEW TICKETS!"

Margery saw him emerge safely from the first tenement and enter the second, which was some distance beyond. From this he did not reappear, and she, her cottages soon done, waited for him at the corner until she felt herself growing apprehensive. Finally, for something to do, she canvassed another square of cottages and then, crossing the street, began to work her way back on Willie's side. At last, reaching the tenement from which now, she felt sure, he had never come out, she stopped to gaze up at its many windows and wonder in what room her poor friend lay bound, perhaps, and gagged. The house was a corner one and, with the hazy idea of looking at all its windows, Margery turned down the side street. In the rear, the building was only one story high. The roof of this rear portion served as a yard or porch for the tenants of the second floor. Clothes-lines stretched here and there across it and, at the far end, there was a little shed. A group of boys was gathered about this shed and among them one who looked like Willie Jones. Yes, it was he.

Attracted by the intentness of Margery's stare, a small boy piped out: "Hi, there, sis! What you lookin' at?" The rest turned and Willie Jones saw her. He stepped at once to the edge of the roof.

"Say, Margery, listen. I'll be through here in just a minute. You go up to the corner and wait for me."

Anxiety gave way to relief and relief to a feeling of annoyance. Was a wave of the hand and a brief order to wait for his lordship the only return she was to get for all her fears and concern? Well, it would be many a long day before she would again allow herself to worry about Willie Jones!

At the corner, waiting was at first tedious, for there was nothing to do but watch the cars go by and look in the windows of a small candy and notion store. In one window there was a tempting display of candies; and in the other a miscellaneous assortment of ribbons, magazines, and stationery. Here Margery's wandering gaze settled at length on a box of note-paper which was marked "ONLY 25c." Margery saw at a glance that it was dirt cheap. It was lovely pale green paper with pink lines and gilt edge and, at the top of each sheet and in one corner of each envelope, a beautiful spray of pink forget-me-nots, deeply embossed.

On the box there was the picture of a

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sweet, slender young lady with golden hair, in the act of entrusting a letter to a white dove from whose bill a long ribbon fluttered and curled. And the sweet young lady, because she was so sweet, instantly reminded Margery of some one the very thought of whom made her happy. For, be it known, notwithstanding some evidence to the contrary, Margery had a warm, romantic little heart, which at this particular time was pouring forth its unsuspected treasures of love at the feet of the adorable creature who, every Sunday morning, heard her and five other little girls recite their Golden Text. Yes, the Paper-box Lady was almost the picture of her own beloved Miss Georgiana. To be sure, Miss Georgiana's hair was brown and her figure—well, say, plump; but deeper, stronger than any mere resemblance of face or figure was a common something which made you love them both for the same reason. And this something was so unmistakable that, if you gazed long enough at the Paper-box Lady, you would begin to think it was Miss Georgiana herself smiling back at you. So it seemed to Margery, into whose mind a brand-new thought suddenly popped. What a beautiful present for Miss Georgiana the box of pink forget-me-not paper would make! At that, the significance of the price flashed upon her. Twenty-five cents! Why, it was the very twenty-five cents for which she was working, which she hoped to realize by the disposal of the seventh ticket of the second packet. She had to laugh at herself for not knowing till now why she had been so anxious to earn that twenty-five cents. Then she grew serious as she remembered that it was as yet unearned. To be sure, the time for work was only half gone by; a whole week remained. A whole week; yes; *a whole week during any moment of which the Pale Green Paper might be spied by some wealthy passer-by and so be lost forever.*

Margery turned sadly from the window and asked herself irritably what in the world could be keeping Willie Jones. She felt tired and looked about for some place to rest. Nothing offered but the curbstone. She seated herself there, a little to one side of the crossing, and began idly to watch the people going by. Presently, a trim, precisely dressed young woman with a handbag of books bore down upon her, and, smiling a pained, rather piteous smile, she said, moving her head from side to side:

"Do you think it ladylike for a little girl to sit on a curbstone?"

The piteous smile trembled on, awaiting an answer, while Margery gazed at it in silent, scornful fascination, comparing it, mentally, with the gay, infectious laugh of Miss Georgiana, the adored.

"Do you?" the young woman persisted, still smiling and appealing. "Tell me, my dear, do you?"

My dear, indeed! That was too much. And thereupon Margery did tell her in two short syllables which, though they scarcely answered the young woman's question categorically, made Margery's attitude perfectly plain. Moreover, it was an answer which Margery had been hoarding for just such a time as this, when the occasion demanded strong language, and the absence of all spying relatives allowed the necessary freedom of expression. So, looking the young woman straight in the face, Margery flung out a defiant:

"Aw, Rats!"

The young woman's smile broke with a snap. She blinked her eyes and opened her mouth. Then she closed her mouth, locked it—one might say—and walked on, clutching her books tightly, as though she feared Margery had designs on them.

The exhilarating effect of that charming rodent expletive had not yet passed when Willie Jones arrived. They started homeward at once, both happy and preoccupied. They were in Boulevard Place before Margery remembered to inquire what Willie had found so entertaining on the tenement-house roof. She had to repeat her question before he understood that he was addressed. Then he answered.

"Rats," he murmured, drawing a long, gentle sigh.

Margery stared. She felt certain that he had not witnessed her encounter with the prim young woman, and yet, from his tone, the word he used was not a refusal to answer her question. "RATS!" she would have understood. But what he said was, "Rats." It was positively uncanny.

"Willie Jones, what are you talking about?"

"Rats," he repeated dreamily. "White Rats."

"Where?" Margery jumped as he chanced to feel his pocket.

"On the tenement-house roof, of course. They's a feller up there has a cage o' them.

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They're dandies. He's selling 'em for fifty cents a pair. Jiminy, I wisht I had fifty cents. You can make money off 'em, too, 'cause they get six or eight young ones every three months and you can sell the young ones for fifty cents a pair."

All the way home he rambled on about white rats. At the Blairs' gate he returned to earth for a moment.

"How many tickets did we sell to-day, Margery?"

We, indeed! Margery answered pointedly: "*I* sold one."

"Jiminy, we'll have to work harder than that to-morrow." Willie spoke with a downright heartiness which indicated that he, at any rate, bore no malice.

The next day Willie thought it best to finish the uncompleted portion of White Rat Street. "And if either of us gets done first," he said, "let's cross the street and start selling from the other end till we meet each other, like you did yesterday."

Margery understood the drift of this suggestion when they reached the White Rat Tenement and Willie suddenly remembered that he had to stop in there and see a fellow a minute. She had better go on, he said, and he would catch up with her. But she finished her side of the street, and his also, and got back to the White Rat Tenement before he had stirred from the roof. Again she had to wait for him at the corner, where the only solace to her rising indignation was the sight of the Lovely Pale Green Paper with its Pink Forget-Me-Nots, still unsold.

"I'm awful sorry to keep you waiting so long," he began, when finally it suited him to appear. "I started away three times and each time the feller called me back."

"Called you back! Just you listen to one thing, Willie Jones: If you think I'm going to sell your share of tickets and my own, too, you're badly mistaken, 'cause I ain't."

"That wasn't fair of me this afternoon, now was it? Of course it wasn't." Willie admitted his fault so candidly that there was nothing more to say. He then let it be understood that, in the future, no temptation on earth could ever again induce him to treat so shabbily the faithful partner of a business enterprise.

His promises, however, proved no more binding than the pledges which a drunkard signs and signs again. What whisky is to some men, White Rats became to Willie Jones.

GLADYS PUT TWO TICKET SELLERS TO EACH STREET.

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Irresistibly they drew him from the path of duty. Day after day it was the same. The experience developed in him certain attributes of generalship. He learned to direct with considerable skill the movements of the force under him, and to plan campaigns which covered minutely the territory radiating in all directions from his base of operations. What that base was, he never acknowledged in so many words, though he must have known and must have known that Margery knew. He gave up the policy of two people working the same street: it would save time for him to do one street alone and Margery another. So he would assign Margery a street and himself a street and, on the next occasion of assignments, the street Margery would receive invariably turned out to be his street of the time before. This elaborate self-deception filled Margery with unspeakable contempt, but Willie insisted on going through with it day after day.

"And we can meet," he would say, "at that little candy store."

"What little candy store?" Margery would ask, drawn against her will into acting the part expected of her.

"Don't you remember? At the corner of —of——"

"The White Rat Street!" Margery would conclude savagely.

"Yes, that's the one." And Willie would smile, pleased and gently surprised that Margery should recall so trivial a landmark as the White Rats.

The Pale Green Note Paper was now a sight most harrowing to Margery's feelings, for, as the beauty of those Pink Forget-Me-Nots sank deeply and more deeply into her soul, the likelihood of ever possessing them grew less. She dated failure from the day Willie Jones took to White Rats. Since then, day by day, the bough that bore the golden quarters had slowly lifted its precious fruit higher and higher. Finally, Margery began to doubt whether they would sell enough tickets for their joint admission.

To add to her misery, a disquieting conviction gradually forced itself upon her mind. What if, after all, Willie Jones were not the cause of all her troubles but merely the blind instrument of a fate which was dealing out to her a deserved punishment! The first mention of those hideous White Rats had trodden so closely upon her own impudent—for aught she knew, *blasphemous*—retort to the Prim Young Woman, that she simply had to acknowledge the strikingly logical sequence of all following events. In her arrogance, she had said to the Prim Young Woman "Rats!" and, lo, from that day she herself had been haunted by Rats. The judgment she had called down upon another was descending on her own pate.

On Friday, the last day, the total sales amounted to eleven, only eleven. In the discouragement of failure, Margery trudged home moody and silent. Willie Jones, on the contrary, was cheerful enough. He had remarks to make on the subjects of the day, comments on passers-by, and some items of general interest on the life and habits of White Rats.

"They say White Rats is gettin' scarce. Pretty soon they'll be seventy-five cents."

"Will you shut up on White Rats! I hate 'em and I hate you, too, Willie Jones, the mean way you been acting!"

"Why, Margery, what's the matter?"

"'What's the matter' and it's Friday afternoon and the last day and how many tickets are sold and it's all on account of those old White Rats and you say 'what's the matter'!" Margery had to put it all in one breath, or indignation would have overcome her.

"Say, Margery, honest now, I'm awful sorry." When he thought about it, Willie Jones *was* sorry. He did not understand it himself. He had not intended thus to impose on Margery. He had intended, day after day, to sell tickets; yet, day after day, he had found himself on that tenement-house roof quite as though his legs had carried him thither on some volition of their own. With the eyes of a disinterested outsider Willie Jones looked at himself and marveled.

"Honest, I'm awful sorry," he repeated.

"Awful sorry! Huh!" Margery snorted the *huh* and took another long breath. "And you know very well, Willie Jones, it's just because I'm a girl and you'd never treat a boy that way and I'd show you, too, I would——"

"See here, Margery, it was real mean o' me and I tell you what: You go in on that one extry ticket and if my mother won't take me I won't go at all. Ain't that fair?"

But this restitution, magnanimous though it sounded, afforded small relief, for it took no account of the Lovely Pale Green Paper which to Margery's mind had grown far more important than the social, pleasant as that function might prove. And even now,

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when it was too late, she felt more positive than ever that they could have accomplished the task they had set themselves to accomplish if Willie Jones had not allowed himself to fall the victim of so low a passion. What an appalling chain of consequences to follow one poor, little, miserable, "Aw, Rats!"

THE EPISODE OF THE FRENCH POODLE

They were coming to the end of Boulevard Place when Willie Jones suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, look at Froggie!"

On a park bench just ahead of them sat a man holding an open newspaper in one hand and in the other a leash to which a large French poodle was attached. He was a stout little man of oldish appearance and youthful clothes, whose near-sighted eyes, surrounded by rolls of fat, made his face not unlike that of a frog. Both Margery and Willie knew him, for they had often seen him taking up the offertory in church. He had a niece, too, in the Sunday-school, an airy young lady of Margery's own age who, when she passed you, tossed up her head as though to say, "*I* live on Boulevard Place!" Margery was always tempted to shout after her, "Maplewood's just as good as Boulevard Place!" But as Delphine—Delphine was her name—though undoubtedly harboring the sentiment for which Margery gave her credit, had never actually voiced it, Margery, likewise, had never spoken.

MARGERY FLUNG OUT A DEFIANT: "AW, RATS!"

Willie Jones and she knew the French poodle, too, for they had often seen him racing up and down the Boulevard with Delphine. He was an attractive, friendly dog who would stare at you a moment with black face and shiny eye and then suddenly stick out a tip of red flannel tongue, which was at once a laugh and an invitation to romp. He seemed not to realize that he lived in an Exclusive, Restricted Community, where chickens and vegetable gardens were utterly prohibited, where dogs and cats were allowed, and children tolerated—in limited numbers, of course. But Delphine realized it, and was constantly having to check a vulgar tendency he had to fraternize with questionable outsiders.

"Come here, Kubelik!" she had called out in sharp, trumpet tones once when Margery was passing and Kubelik had given her a tentative sniff. It was not the actual words Margery minded but the insulting inflection of voice which seemed to add, "Gracious! Do you want to catch smallpox or leprosy or something!" Mentally, Margery had made the scathing retort, "I guess I'm just as clean as you!" Actually, of course, all she could do was to pass on stiffly with head tossed as high as Delphine's own.

Delphine was a strict mistress, no doubt, but at least she was young and active and not forever wanting to sit still on a bench and read a newspaper. So it is to be presumed that Kubelik missed her on the occasions when Uncle Froggie took him out for his daily airing. This would account for his present melancholy and the absent-minded way in which he had wound himself and one of Uncle Froggie's legs to the park bench. Just as Margery and Willie were passing, Uncle Froggie discovered what had happened and, puffing and spluttering like an angry old turkey, he gobbled out something ending in a word which was unmistakable. It was a Bad Word, one which you might expect to hear, say, in East Maplewood, or, very rarely, even in Maplewood. But on Boulevard Place! Margery wondered what the airy Delphine

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would say if she could hear how her own uncle swore.

"That's it," Willie Jones remarked, cynically. "That's the way they do. Say any old thing on week days. But, my, ain't they pious on Sunday when they take up the collection!"

What Uncle Froggie had said was, "*Hell!*"

Walking on a short distance, Margery and Willie turned to watch Uncle Froggie's awkward efforts at disentangling himself. He grew redder in the face and very short of wind and, just as he finished, the leash slipped through his fingers. Kubelik promptly trotted off. He did not go fast; he did not have to go fast. But he went at a steady trot, trot, trot, and, when Uncle Froggie shouted after him, only gave a shrug to his shoulders and kept on. "Can't come back just yet," the shrug said. "Got an engagement down at East Maplewood, where there are street-cars and horses and wagons and people and plenty of excitement."

"Kubelik!" cried Uncle Froggie, in a fume of helpless rage and anxiety.

"Let's ketch 'im for 'im," Willie Jones suggested. "Mebbe he'll give us a cent."

Now it's easy enough to keep ahead of a fussy, fat old gentleman who can't run anyway, but quite another matter when a nimble-legged boy and girl join the chase. Kubelik, as he saw them in the tail of his eye, wheeled sharply about to see what they wanted.

"Be careful, Willie! Don't run! If you frighten him we'll never catch him. We must coax him."

Kubelik regarded them seriously a full minute. Then his tail gave a little twitch, his tongue a little red flicker, and his mouth a sharp, questioning bark. "Well?" the bark said. With bark and stumpy little tail Kubelik could speak more plainly than many people. "Well, Boy and Girl," he barked, "what's it to be, friends or foes?"

"Boo!" Margery cried in answer, throwing herself on hands and knees and making a playful pounce in his direction.

"Oh!" barked Kubelik, delighted, falling into a similar position and pouncing back.

Then Willie Jones turned a pinwheel which landed him right on top of Kubelik, and Kubelik's heart was completely won.

"Oh! Oh! *Oh!*" he barked. "This *is* fun!"

Margery and Willie agreed with him, and thereupon, all together, they rolled and romped and laughed and barked on the Boulevard Grass, which had never been treated that way before and resented, no doubt, the unaccustomed familiarity.

"Kubelik!" roared Uncle Froggie when, finally, he caught up.

The three young people—'twould be an invidious distinction to say two young people and one young something else—sat up, shook the hair from their eyes, and gazed at Uncle Froggie across the strip of outraged Grass.

"Come here, sir!"

Kubelik clearly understood who it was that Uncle Froggie designated as *sir*, but he made no movement to obey. He tried, though, to explain, standing up bravely and facing Uncle Froggie.

"Sorry," he said—why, he said it just as plain as anything, wagging his tail and squirming his body furiously against Willie Jones. "Sorry, uncle, but I can't possibly come just yet. You see, these friends of mine—charming people!—have invited me to join their frolic and simply won't take 'no' for an answer."

Uncle Froggie, acting as though he did not hear, turned heavily to Willie Jones.

"Do you know whose dog that is, young man?"

"Yes, sir," Willie Jones answered, politely. "We saw him running away and we thought we'd help you ketch him."

"H'm, h'm," rumbled Uncle Froggie.

"Yes, sir. And she says not to run straight at him or we'd scare him and never would ketch him, but to coax him by playing with him. And she was right, wasn't she?"

Uncle Froggie changed the subject by remarking explosively:

"Don't you know you're not allowed to walk on the Grass?"

"Who's a-walkin'?" Willie Jones inquired, blandly. "Besides," he added, as though to relieve Uncle Froggie's anxiety, "they ain't no cop in sight."

Uncle Froggie said, "H'm," again, and after another pause demanded, "What's your name?"

"Jones."

"Jones," Uncle Froggie repeated, meditatively, as though he had heard the name before. "H'm." He glanced impatiently at the mussed newspaper still in his hand and then over at a nice shady bench not far away. "H'm. Jones, you say. Well, Jones, would you like to take care of that

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dog awhile, run with him, play with him, give him some lively exercise?"

"I—I don't know as I got the time."

"H'm. In a rush, eh? Well, now, if I offered you a nickel——"

"Mister, I guess I can accommodate you."

Uncle Froggie did not resent Willie Jones's condescension. Instead, he moved at once toward the shady bench.

"When I want you," he called back, "I'll wave this paper. And Kubelik—that's his name—if he gets away from you just call, 'Kubelik!' and he'll come right back."

"A nickel! A nickel!" Willie Jones kept murmuring as he began a fresh assault on the helpless Grass. "Did you hear that? A nickel! And say, Margery, I'll divvy up with you! Honest, I will!"

One forgets how that vexed question, Do Animals Think? was finally decided. One hopes, however, that occasionally the poor creatures are permitted to remember, for then, without risk of being dubbed sentimental, one might intimate that Kubelik cherished to extreme old age the recollections of this afternoon, made famous by the Glorious Frolic.

"Why, I never had such a good time in all my life!" he barked again and again. "This is simply bully!"

They played catchers, cross-tag, "Hi-spy!" and Kubelik distinguished himself in them all. Then Margery was the Lady in Distress, Willie Jones the Cruel Robber, and Kubelik the Gallant Knight. He was a splendid Knight. He soon understood the business of rescue, and at the Lady's anguished cry, "Help, Sir Kubelik, help!" would leap from behind a bush and throw himself with reckless valor upon that Cowardly Caitiff of a Robber. Then they played Sleeping Beauty, and Kubelik, because he was so fine at dead dog, was the Princess. His interpretation of that classic rôle, whether by choice or necessity, departed somewhat from tradition and, instead of a uniform marble stillness, exhibited, in the otherwise quiet princess, a violent palpitation of heart and bosom. At the time, there was some surprise that the princess was able to keep her mouth so tightly shut. As though Beauty ever slept with open mouth!

To Kubelik every game seemed more charming than the last, and at the end of each he begged and barked: "Do it again! Please, do it again!" And Willie Jones and Margery were almost as enthusiastic. Margery, moist and panting, forgot her heartache and her disappointment and was happy once again as in the days before the Prim Young Woman had crossed her path and, with her simpering whine, had been the means of blasting forever Margery's fondest hopes. It cannot be said that Willie Jones, likewise, for a few happy moments ceased to contemplate the failure he had made of life, for, to all appearances, he never had been properly unhappy about that. To him, the present, rather, was merely another happy episode in a happy life. Accustomed to so much happiness, naturally he did not lose his head as the others did, but, murmuring every now and then, "Jiminy! Easy money!" "My lucky day!" and similar expressions, gave evidence plain enough that his whole mind was not engrossed with the activities of the moment. He enjoyed the frolic, of course; he enjoyed it very much; but when Uncle Froggie at length waved his newspaper, Willie was quite ready to stop. Margery begged, "Just once more!" and Kubelik whined, "Please, Willie, please!" but Willie was firm. "We must not keep Froggie waiting," he said.

The leash which they had taken off Kubelik's collar they fastened on again and Willie entrusted it to Margery, directing her to hand it to Uncle Froggie. Perhaps if that gentleman's attention were thus forcibly drawn to Margery's existence, he might be induced to provide for her handsomely. Willie Jones was not going back on his promise to divvy up, you understand, but if Froggie could be worked for a second nickel, don't you see—Anyway, 'twould be worth trying.

"H'm," Uncle Froggie remarked, severely, when the three stood before him.

"Yes, sir," Willie Jones assented politely. "Kubelik didn't try to run away once. He likes Margery so much. Margery, she's my cousin." (To Margery's indignation he always introduced her thus to strangers. Was he ashamed to say that they were merely back-yard neighbors?) "Honestly, mister, I don't know as I could ha' managed him without Margery."

"H'm, you don't, eh? I suppose now she took almost entire charge of him, didn't she?" As he spoke the creases of fat around Uncle Froggie's eyes began to crinkle up in the most astonishing manner.

In his anxiety to advance Margery's cause, Willie Jones promptly answered, "Yes, sir,"

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and did not realize his mistake until Uncle Froggie said:

"H'm, then I suppose I ought to pay her the nickel instead of you, eh?"

For an instant Willie Jones lost his head. He stared wildly at Uncle Froggie and, as he stared, he saw Uncle Froggie's eyelids pull almost shut as if by a drawstring. At the same time a convulsive tremor began to agitate his stomach. Heavens! Uncle Froggie was laughing! No sound came from his lips, but the merry glint of eyes, seen like a brook that twinkles here and there among dun-colored hills and ridges, and the silent, "Ha! Ha!" of his stomach were unmistakable.

Is it surprising that, for an instant, Willie Jones lost his head? Who would have expected such devilish cleverness, such keen insight into motives from one so pompous, so fat, so old as Froggie? Moreover, to have one's inmost secrets read thus plainly was embarrassing, horribly embarrassing. But, embarrassment or no embarrassment, a fellow's got to fight for his rights.

"Well, of course," Willie Jones began, slowly, "'tain't nothin' to me whether you give me the nickel you promised me or not. It's your nickel, and I can't make you give it up. But you promised it to me—that's all!"

"H'm. Promised, eh?" Uncle Froggie paused long enough to wipe away two fat tears that were wetting the ruffles round his eyes. "I suppose—hic!—suppose I must—keep my word. But if Margery did most of the work—hic! hic!—I'm afraid I'll have to give her another nickel!"

Willie Jones's heart gave a great bound of relief, then almost stood still. What! Is it possible that there are people who, even when they know they are being worked, allow themselves to be worked and take a certain pleasure and amusement in watching the process? It was a new thought to Willie Jones and one that cried out for further and immediate application. So, in his own mind, he had determined on the next move while he was yet repeating a polite and hearty, "Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir."

Uncle Froggie, after he had paid his two nickels, held out his hand for the leash and was ready to nod good-by to Kubelik's late guardians and playmates, when he perceived from Willie Jones's manner that that young gentleman had something more to say.

Willie Jones moistened his lips once or twice and finally the words came:

"Want to buy a ticket, sir?"

Uncle Froggie did not want to buy a ticket—who does?—but, taken unawares, he hesitated a moment and was lost.

"H'm. What's it for?"

"A musical and an ice-cream social. Only twenty-five cents for both. Here, Margery, show the gentleman a ticket."

Margery plunged her hand down her neck into that curious receptacle with which small girls are provided, and drew forth three damp and rather disreputable looking tickets.

Uncle Froggie adjusted his glasses. "H'm, h'm. Why, it's at our church, ain't it? I wonder I haven't heard about it before this. To-night, too."

"Yes, sir. And we only got three left, ain't we, Margery?"

Oh, the liar! Margery looked at him scornfully. Then it came over her that, true enough, three was all they had with them, for he—the villain!—hadn't one about his person and probably hadn't had for days. *Oh!*

"And you know, mister, this is our last chance. So we thought as it's your church, too, and you haven't bought any yet, that mebbe——"

"H'm. Three, you say. You've only got three left. Well, I guess I can take them. That makes seventy-five cents, don't it? H'm, here you are."

"Thank you, sir. That's just right. Good-by, sir."

"H'm. Wait a moment. What's your name? Jones, yes, Jones. Let me see: My little niece and the family are away, so I need only one ticket. You and your little cousin—what's her name?—Margery, yes, Margery—if you and Margery can use the other two, you may have them."

It is at moments such as this that early training shows. Willie Jones's mother had struggled hard and long to teach him politeness, and now, had she been present, she might have seen the result. Despite the ringing in his ears, the mist before his eyes, and the numbness of his brain, Willie Jones did not give way to a primitive instinct which prompted him to grab the tickets and yell, but, on the contrary, held out his hand quietly, steadily, and repeated mechanically the proper formula of acceptance: "Thank you, sir. Thank you very much for your kindness." Margery, utterly demoralized on her own account, was hypnotized by his

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"H'M, THEN I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO PAY HER THE NICKEL INSTEAD OF YOU, EH?"

composure and enabled thus to murmur a soft, grateful, "Thank you."

Then good-bys were exchanged and Margery kissed Kubelik, who for some minutes had been completely forgotten.

THE WOMAN PAYS

"It's just this way, Margery. Sell six tickets and you get one for yourself. Sell twelve, and you get two. Now we've sold fourteen tickets, ain't we? That takes in the twelve tickets and the two extries. Now those two extries were ours and we had a right to use 'em any way we wanted. Miss Georgiana said we could sell the extry ticket out o' the second pack; but the extry ticket out o' the first pack is ours just the same, and Miss Georgiana would ha' said so if you'd ha' asked her. So we earned our two extry tickets and then, because we didn't want 'em, we sold 'em. Understand? Then along comes a friend who makes us a present o' two tickets which we're goin' to use to-night for admission. So, fair and square, we've each got a quarter and each got a ticket. Here's your ticket and here's your quarter. You can tie it in your own handkerchief."

Margery was glad to have the situation explained thus clearly and logically. Calling in the witness of Miss Georgiana quieted her last doubt. And, truth to tell, she had had but few misgivings at any time. Looking back now it seemed to her that from the moment she had heard Willie Jones say, "Want to buy a ticket, sir?" she had known vaguely but none the less surely what the outcome would be. At one stroke Willie Jones was going to retrieve himself and save the day. And did it not always happen so? The Girl might work and drudge till doomsday and then, likely enough, fail; while the lordly Boy, spending his time playin' hooky, going off swimmin', or watching White Rats, at the last moment could step blandly up and carry off the prize. In school and out of school it was the same. Always and everywhere the same. And it wasn't fair, either. It *wasn't* fair! But this time Margery was willing to gloss over the general unfairness of things, since Fate, though unpropitious in general, was for once allowing her to share the pros-

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perity of the favored sex. She was getting in on a rain-check, so to speak; but—she was getting *in!*

And in this way the Prim Young Woman was at last to be foiled! Margery hugged herself at the thought. And, after all, the Pink Forget-Me-Nots and dear, dear Miss Georgiana! Perhaps that very night! Let's see: Dinner was at six, the social at eight. If, now, she excused herself before dessert, she might have time to run down to East Maplewood. Of course little candy stores often close at six o'clock, but even so—

"Margery!"

—even so she could look in the window and see——

"Margery! Are you deaf?"

"Oh—oh—yes. What did you say, Willie?"

"I was just a-sayin' you know those White Rats, don't you? They're fifty cents a pair. Now I've got that quarter and that nickel and if you'd lend me twenty cents I'd have enough and you'd still have a dime to spend on anything you want."

Margery's heart sank. The Lovely Pink Forget-Me-Nots, which had been almost within her grasp, seemed to droop and fade away.

"Don't you think I'll pay you back?" Willie asked, aggrieved at her silence.

It was not that. Margery opened her mouth to tell why it was she could not possibly do as he asked, to explain to him the almost sacred use to which her money was pledged, but when she tried to speak it was as though, suddenly, she were tongue-tied. With a pang she realized that the weak words at her command would sound foolish even to herself. To Willie Jones and every one else but one dear friend the Pale Green Paper would be—merely pale green paper. He and the rest would see only the gift itself and, catching no hint of what more it would mean to her and to Miss Georgiana, would deem it superfluous. And by tedious explanation she could never make him understand, for only those understand who know already.

"In a couple o' months they'll have young ones," Willie insinuated, "and I'll be able to pay you easy."

And she could not reproach him for anything past, for, in the meeting with Uncle Froggie, he had erased old scores and proved himself a true and loyal friend. Moreover, even now he was too generous to remind her that whatever she had, dime as well as twenty cents, was due to him.

In the end it all came back to the tragedy that she was a Girl! If she were a Boy, without going into details she could simply say: "No. I want to spend my own money in my own way," and there the matter would drop. But because she was a Girl— What was this monstrous Thing which overshadowed Small Girls, for no reason that was a reason, making them do what they would not and preventing them from doing what they would! It surrounded them like a great, rough, invisible wall against which they were forever stumbling, bruising and hurting themselves. Poor Little Daughters of Eve, was there no escape for them?

Yet, after all, who was to blame but herself? Even if she did not understand it, she knew the Law, that unjust Law which would allow Willie Jones to shout "Rats!" a hundred times with impunity, but had caught her in its cruel clutches for daring to breathe it once! Yes, she knew the Law—she had always known it even when she had flouted it. So had she not better take her medicine like a man and be done?

The Prim Young Woman, whose ghost for one short moment had been laid, appeared again and, under her severe glance, Margery slowly untied the corner of her handkerchief.

"Thanks awfully, Margery. You're a dandy! And say, listen. Mebbe I'd have time to run down right after dinner. Do you want to come with me and carry one o' them home?"

But Margery did not feel that it would be any comfort to her soul to carry home a White Rat. No. There was an unfrequented corner in the stable loft where she wished to retire for a season. She would, no doubt, have a beautiful time at the social—even in this vale of tears ice-cream *is* ice-cream; Willie Jones might some day—some far distant day—have wealth enough to pay his just debts; a dime, though nothing to a quarter, has a certain luster of its own; but these and all other pleasant considerations were for the future. For the present there was room in her brain for one thought only, one that made her eyes smart and her lips quiver: The Pale Green Note Paper was lost, and Miss Georgiana would never know.

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THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

VI

Photographs by Emmett V. O'Neill

The Working Home

BESSIE SMITH got through work at five. A block down the street, in her favorite department store, she bought, in little, very thick paper pails (like the pails they use for oysters) a mutton stew, a rice pudding, and two codfish balls. Then she took a street-car. A half hour later, three miles from down-town, she reached a noticeably clean, trim, mottled-brick building. There, on the second floor, in an aisle, barricaded by babies, between two long rows of iron cribs, she extricated, half-laughing, half-crying, from the arms of a blue-and-white-stripe-clad nurse, the squirming figure of a boy not many months from his third birthday.

IN THE DAY NURSERY.

That evening, in her flat (just around the corner from the mottled-brick building), the little boy struggled, between mouthfuls of zwiebach drenched in milk, to find words for the happenings of the day. His mother sat at the table beside him, piecing together the fragments of his gossip, inciting him to the construction of new baby-phrases, and forgetting (almost till they were spoiled) the mutton stew and the rice pudding warming for her supper in the oven of the gas range.

It was just about time then to put the little boy to bed. But Mrs. Smith was dishonorable about it. She pretended to herself that the dishes had to be washed at once. And then again she pretended that the tidying up of the flat was disgracefully and immediately necessary. And while she tidied she chatted to the little boy and coaxed him awake and talkative.

Pretty soon, though, she had to confess that her three rooms, uninhabited all day, offered few discoveries of importance to the strictest housewifely circumnavigation of them. There was no longer any even theoretically good reason for postponing the little boy's transfer to his night clothes. He cuddled down into them, still talkative, stuck his nose into the pillow, and dropped asleep at a climax. "Louis Spineti, he took a hammer and came and he—he—he——"

There was no doubt about it. It certainly was wrong. She would swear off. She wouldn't keep him awake and get him excited like that any more. But if to-morrow were only Sunday! She could make him talk all day then!

But to-morrow she will get up at half past six, and after the two codfish balls (warmed in the oven) and a cup of coffee have made her breakfast, and a bowl of Glutena and cream has made Harry's, she will reach the day nursery by half past seven and hand Harry back to the blue-and-white-stripe-clad nurse. And then, at eight sharp, she will punch the time-clock in a big down-town store.

Bessie Smith's life is an advanced life, in the sense of being extreme, in the sense of having been thrown forward into a kind of peninsula which casts its headland out far into the still uncharted waters of the indus-

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IN LINE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHOWER-ROOM OF A PUBLIC BATH.

trial future. Yet (so rapid is the course of American history) Bessie Smith finds, as she looks backward, that she is separated by only two generations from the big basic continent of primitive industrial and domestic arrangements.

She often wonders what her great-grandmother Brown, Hephzibah Brown, whose tombstone is one of the petals in a little, lonely white death-flower in a southern Illinois beech-grove, would say, if she could observe her own great-granddaughter buying, paying money for, food, cooked food, at a counter in a store.

Wouldn't she say something about womanliness? About making a home?

That home-flavored "hog and hominy" and "apple sass" she used to get ready for the men-folks in the embers of the fireplace! And, long before that, long before she reached the trivial trick of mere cooking, had she not "manufactured," yes, really "manufactured," that supper, the "hog" out of fresh pork in tubs of brine and huts of smoke, the hominy out of Indian corn in a rough, mother-wit-devised, frontier grinding-mill, the dried apples out of fresh apples on swinging lines of thin slices looped from the rafters near the shriveling warmth of the burning logs?

Hephzibah Brown was every inch a woman, wasn't she? But Bessie Smith! Isn't she far away from the right kind of life? Isn't she exploring the perilous edges of things?

Well, one concession must be made on her behalf. No matter how adventurous she may have been before her marriage, she is not now an explorer by inclination. James Smith is dead.

Widows, 800,000 of them, and more, were earning their living in the United States in the year 1900. And married women, likewise, to the number of more than 700,000. And divorced women, likewise, to the number of more than 60,000.

One million, six hundred thousand of them altogether! One million, six hundred thousand separate, distinct infractions of the national social ideal which demands that a woman, once married, shall take no further thought of earning money!

These widowed workingwomen, these married workingwomen, these divorced workingwomen, together, were a full third and more of the grand total of 4,800,000 American workingwomen, sixteen years of age and over, in the United States in the last census year.

But marriage, widowhood, and divorce are incidents of human life which usually occur at some distance from the age of sixteen. Restrict the calculation therefore to women who have reached the age of twenty-five.

How many women were there, twenty-five years of age and over, in the United States in 1900? There were approximately 16,700,000. And how many married women workers, widowed women workers, and divorced women workers were there? There were approximately 4,500,000.

Which is to say that in the total female

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EVEN THE BATHING OF CHILDREN IS DONE OUTSIDE THE HOME.

population of the United States, married and unmarried, working and not working, rich and poor, twenty-five years of age and over, in the year 1900, one woman out of every eleven had passed her wedding day and nevertheless was a breadwinner.

What a shattering of standard social ideals is here disclosed! What a dislocating of standard domestic arrangements! And, above all, what a frustrating of standard, individual, personal expectations! For the tacit assumption of support through marriage underlies (in the talk of the home and in the talk of the street) the education of almost every young girl.

"Bessie is the first girl in our family that ever worked," Bessie's mother used to say. She began saying so in 1900 when Bessie, not then married, became a cashier and sat in a cage in a grocery store, and she kept on saying so pretty steadily till 1904, when death interrupted her.

She and her husband, Henry Brown, had come to Chicago in 1870 from Deralia. In Deralia, it appeared from Mrs. Brown's conversation, men did not think it proper that women should work. Fathers in Deralia would never have allowed their daughters to wander about the streets all day among all kinds of people.

Even this rather lurid description of Bessie's day in her cage always failed, however, to arouse Mr. Brown to a sense of his duty. He was a quiet little clerk, industrious and unobtrusive as a mouse, nibbling at red tape in a railway office all day and nibbling at a book or a newspaper or a magazine all the evening at home. He never expressed any open disagreement with Mrs. Brown's daily discourse about Deralia, but perhaps he, like any other person who listened to it, was able to get from it not only the reason why Mrs. Brown did not like girls to go outside the home to work but also (without Mrs. Brown's being at all aware of it) the reason why Bessie had gone and got a job.

In Deralia, according to Mrs. Brown, women took a lofty view of their vocation in life and endeavored to make homes for their men-folks and to avoid gallivanting around. And they made real homes, too, homes that deserved to be called homes.

There was the garden, for instance. Father turned the soil in, a few early spring mornings before he went to work, and then mother and everybody took a hand at it. Especially mother. Why, by the time summer was over, mother used to have vegetables enough, in jars and in the cellar, to run the family through the winter if it had been snowed up.

The less food mother bought for the family, the prouder she was. She'd go out and catch a chicken in the yard, usually, when she thought the family ought to have some meat. And it used to make her feel bad when she paid Silas Grant a dollar every month for the grass her two cows ate in the pasture on his farm. Anyway, milk, eggs, and fried chicken kept the table going pretty well, along with what came from the garden.

That garden certainly kept everybody

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SOME MORE OF THE SAME CHILDREN.

busy. Radishes to be thinned out; peas and beans to be provided with brush to grow on; corn to be hoed; cabbages to be watched for worms; carrots and turnips to be weeded; potatoes to be dug and put in winter quarters in the vegetable cellar; tomatoes, after long hot hours in the sun, to be taken to the stove for some more still hotter hours, with mother bending over them.

No wonder mother was out of bed by five every morning. She wasn't like Bessie. She didn't think six o'clock was early. Up and dressed by five every morning, she was, and busy every minute all day. In summer time it wasn't only vegetables. It was fruits, too.

Strawberries; apples, pears, and cherries; currants and raspberries; grapes; all from the trees and vines and shrubs in the big yard, all to be gathered, and most of them to be put up. Why, instead of buying those things, mother used to sell all kinds of them to the corner store. She fed the family all they could stand and then made money, too, out of her fruits.

In Deralia (remember) men would have been looked down on if they had allowed their women-folks to work. The place for women-folks was home. That's where mother stayed. And she looked after her children herself and kept them busy feeding the chickens, splitting the kindling, bringing in the eggs, drawing the water, churning the butter, weeding and hoeing the garden, milking the cows, and killing bugs on the potato vines. Mother superintended it all when she didn't do it herself.

She made a real home, mother did. And her daughters felt it their duty to help her. And if any of them had talked about working, father would have locked them up.

Thus ran the discourse about Deralia; and, after pronouncing it, Mrs. Brown would look about her Chicago home—at the five rooms on the first floor of a brick cottage which constituted their whole domestic establishment and which had no vegetable cellar and no preserve-closet — at the front yard, which was some two feet wide, quite unsuitable for an orchard, and productive of nothing but ivy or Virginia creeper—at the back yard, which didn't exist, because it was completely occupied and eliminated by another cottage—at Bessie getting up from the breakfast table, putting on her hat and preparing to leave her yardless, gardenless, treeless, chickenless, cowless modern home in order to go and earn the means of buying back some of the products of still-existent yards, gardens, trees, chickens, and cows—and finally at Mr. Brown slipping into his overcoat—and then, at just about three minutes past seven, she would make her remark: "Well, men have changed, that's all I have to say."

This summed up the training Bessie got at home for a successful industrial career.

Nor was her training for a successful domestic career very much more complete. The fact was that when she and her mother spent the day at home together and tried to do, jointly, an amount of housework which was hardly enough to task the energy of one woman, they invariably trod on each other's

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STILL SOME MORE. AND THE REST ARE AROUND THE CORNER.

toes, physical and mental, all day, and frequently reached supper time in tears.

Then, next day, Bessie would perhaps stay out of the housework altogether. In which case it got done just about as fast and much better. Five rooms and two Virginia creepers didn't exactly overwhelm Mrs. Brown. Trained to the scope of the housekeeping activities of Deralia, she filled every nook and corner of a five-rooms-and-two-fancy-plants proposition without spreading herself at all. She really left no vacant space in it for Bessie to get a foothold on.

And just here is one of the reasons for the increasing multitudes of young city girls who know little about housekeeping. The pioneer farmer's daughter learned housekeeping because her assistance was really needed by her mother. There was housework for her to do, and she learned it by doing it. The modern city girl grows up in a home in which the fair ancient realm of the housekeeping art has lost so many provinces, has suffered so many contractions, that if Agnes will only look after the baby and not let it get run over by the street-car, mother will be glad she's out of the kitchen and will go ahead and get that cooking and that cleaning done.

Whence follows the curious spectacle of young girls attending "domestic science" classes in which they are learning the simplest, the most elementary, kind of cooking, while in their homes, at that very moment, that same kind of cooking is being done by their mothers or by a servant.

Domestic science, it is true, teaches food-values, which the home never did. But it is obliged, likewise, because of home ignorance, to teach the plainest culinary operations. The phrases and symbols used by domestic science teachers may make their recipes look like chemical formulae, but the effect thus produced is on the same level with any other optical illusion.

For instance:

The Liquid—Milk—I C—1½ tbsp fat.
The Enricher—Butter—2 tbsp—1¾ tbsp fat.
The Thickener—Flour—2 tbsp—1½ tbsp starch.

What is it? It looks like a laboratory experiment that would have to involve hydrochloric acid, a couple of Finsen lamps, and a mask over the face.

As a matter of fact, it is a sauce, a white sauce, *the* white sauce, the same standard historical white sauce that grandmother used to make out of "some" milk, some flour, and a piece of butter as big as "that." It is the same sauce in every respect, in proportions of ingredients, in taste, and in nutritive value. The domestic scientist has simply set down in his dialect precisely what grandmother used to do.

But didn't grandmother teach mother? Then why didn't mother teach Agnes? Why should Agnes have to go and learn it in a school?

It is extremely difficult to answer that question except on the assumption that cooking is beginning to cease to be a home art and that it is getting ready to be transformed into an outside industry.

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HOW THE HOME HAS CHANGED IN THE WEST IN 100 YEARS, LEAVING LESS AND LESS FOR WOMAN TO DO IN AND AROUND IT.

THE LOG CABIN, WHEN WORK WAS AT ITS ROUGHEST.

THE SMALL TOWN HOME WITH ROOM FOR A GARDEN.

THE CHICAGO BRICK COTTAGE WITH TWO FEET OF FRONT YARD.

A home art is preserved from father to son, from mother to daughter, organically, almost instinctively. If any art is no longer preserved in that way, if it is no longer perpetuated by oral tradition and childish imitation, then it is ceasing to be a home art and becoming a professional art. But if it is becoming a professional art, to be studied like civil engineering or like music, then, like civil engineering and like music, like any other professional art, it will not be practiced by everybody but (except for purposes of amateur amusement) by an exclusive, specially trained, professional class.

This would not mean that people would have to eat in company with their neighbors any more than a central water supply, substituted for individual wells, means that people have to drink with their neighbors. Food can be delivered as well as water.

THE FLAT BUILDING WITH NO YARD AT ALL.

The theory here outlined of the development of household work may or may not be correct, but there can be no uncertainty about the situation itself. Whatever causes may have produced that situation, whatever effects may flow from it, the spread of ignorance of plain housekeeping among city girls is a fact amply evidenced and candidly accepted in the introduction of innumerable courses of domestic science in settlements, grade schools, high schools, and even colleges and universities.

And since this ignorance exists among girls who do not work, as well as among girls who do, it cannot be said to be the result of the departure of women from the home in search of daily employment. It would seem to be rather, simultaneously with that departure, a coincident symptom of some kind of structural change going on in the arrangements of home life.

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"You ain't naturally a good housekeeper," said Mrs. Brown to Bessie, "and now that you're going to work I guess you'll never even learn how. You'll be sorry when you're married."

There was a good deal of truth in this prophecy. But Heinrich Hanke, manager of the Emth Street Emporium, while selling Bessie a can of "Blue Grass" condensed milk, had asked her how she would like to sit in a cage and make change and keep accounts all day. "First-rate," said Bessie, to Mr. Hanke's surprise, and started doing it the next week.

Bessie's exit from industry was as casual as her entrance into it.

"Well, if you're engaged to Smith," said Heinrich Hanke, "and if you're going to quit in the fall, you might as well quit now, because I know a good girl I can get now to take your place."

So Bessie devoted the rest of the summer to being engaged.

James Smith was a slight-built, strong-featured, steady-eyed, very pale young man who had thought things out. To become manager of the firm, to start a firm of his own, to marry, to have a home, to be able to take his month's vacation in the summer time, to retire from business early in life with a small fortune (a small one but a fortune), and to travel with his family quietly ever afterward—he had laid by a hundred and fifty dollars to promote these ends.

He had been at work for only two years, having made a late start, raw from the country, at eighteen; but he had climbed up gradually (any other rate of progress would never have occurred to him) from wrapper-boy, getting seven dollars a week, to clerk, getting twelve. He possessed his one hundred and fifty dollars in the bank and a set of law books, mostly on commercial relationships and on real estate, which he had entered in his private ledger under the head of "Self and Company."

He had a petty clerical scrupulousness about that private ledger of his. All his expenditures went into it, sharply subdivided.

CITY CHILDREN WHO HAVE NO INDIVIDUAL HOME PLAY-GROUNDS MUST HAVE TO SHARE PUBLIC ONES.

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MOTHERS SEWING FOR OTHER MOTHERS' CHILDREN.

His lunch went under "Food," but if he indulged himself in any of the little tastes he had acquired during his experience of Chicago West Side restaurants, he always put down the extra five cents for a plate of ripe, black sodden olives or the extra ten cents for a slice of Italian "pasticceria" under "Luxuries," thereby getting different parts of the same lunch on two different pages in the same account book.

He had already, looking forward to a normal middle age, put "Home and Family" down on the "Luxuries" page, but under "Self and Company" he inscribed all those

A MEAL IN A DAY NURSERY. THE MOTHERS OF THESE CHILDREN ARE AT WORK.

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purchases, such as law books, which seemed to him likely to advance his interests.

Methodical and far-sighted, he was astonished when he discovered that he was thinking of getting married on a bank account of one hundred and fifty dollars. Six months later he was positively shocked on observing himself making the arrangements for his wedding day. But he had a sub-current in him that took him toward ripe olives and pasticceria and grand opera and travel pictures and Bessie. He classed them all together in his mind, with "Bessie" mystically comprehending and enveloping the rest.

After marriage Bessie went to cooking school. She didn't have the courage to go and make confession to her mother. She learned the art surreptitiously down-town and then puzzled her mother by her proficiency in it, till the old lady one day suddenly got inner light on the subject. "I guess it must run in the family, after all," said Sarah Simpson Brown.

This was among the last of Mrs. Brown's characteristic remarks. Her death, followed, within a few months, by that of Mr. Brown, darkened the very first year of Bessie's married life.

These events, together with the long hours she spent alone in her toy-size flat, made Bessie meditative, introspective, and then restless. Three rooms; breakfast and dinner for two; lunch for one; just about half a day's worth of real valid housekeeping. Artificial puttering of one sort and another could have filled out the rest of the day, but Bessie had begun to fall into her father's old habit of nibbling at books and papers.

She read and thought. Her father's old picture of Hephzibah Brown and the old diary that went with the picture had come into her possession. She looked at the strong, no, the *virile*, features of her great-grandmother and, in the daily loneliness of the flat, came to be obsessed by them.

What a woman that was! The diary revealed a life sketched out against the past in broad, sweeping lines, heroic, as of the days of the giants.

There was a rough sled-thing mentioned. Oxen hauled it. Great-grandfather Brown, Jeremiah Brown, piled stones on it, and Hephzibah drove the oxen back to the clearing. The stones made their chimney

The diary recorded other kinds of labor:

"This day I helped to raise the rafters and put on the roof."

"This day I loaded and stacked seven loads of hay."

"Jeremiah hurt his hand with his axe and I rolled the logs for the fire."

She made the clothes for the family, down to the sewing of footgear out of buckskin. She prepared the food for the family all the way from helping, if necessary, in the reaping of the grain to the final cooking of it.

And after a while, Jeremiah and Hephzibah, instead of a log cabin, had a new and real house, a good one. They were a kind of business firm, Hephzibah and Jeremiah. What an absurdity it would be to say that Jeremiah "supported" Hephzibah. She was a partner. Or, to put it at its lowest, she was an asset. Bessie was an emotional and spiritual enlargement of her husband's life. Hephzibah was that, too. And then, in addition, she was an economic enlargement of it.

"But she stayed at home." She did. She was able, without stirring out of her home, to be in Industry. Salting a piece of pork, she was just as much in Industry as Jeremiah, killing a hog. Jeremiah and Hephzibah, two full-grown human beings, were not living on the industrial activities of one. The modern workingman and his wife are. It is a severe struggle, depressing the standard of comfort and decency and leading so mature a student of sociological developments as Professor Patten of the University of Pennsylvania to say, emphatically:

"The truth is, woman's work has been taken away from her home and she must follow it out into the world. If society will stand back of her in her attempt to regain it in its new forms, she will be able to convert the cheap lodging, as she has changed the wilderness hut, into a costlier dwelling. The obstacle that stands between is our occidental concept of the seclusion of aristocratic woman borrowed from the Orient and slowly sifting downward to blight the energies of half the wealth-producing world."

James Smith used to be pale. He was paler now. There was something wrong with him. He needed a vacation. But he couldn't afford it.

Bessie cried about it. He could go ahead so much faster if he were well. And certain ideas had gradually grown clear and reason-

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able to her. She did not know how perverse, how unnatural they would seem to James.

He was making entries in his ledger. She said straightforwardly: "If I took my old job, we could save enough money in six months so that you could have your vacation."

She had never before seen him do anything sudden, anything jerky. When he dropped the ledger on the floor and broke his pencil-point on the table by bearing down on it as he jumped to his feet, she knew at once what she had done; and when she saw his face, as he turned toward her, she cried: "I won't do it! I won't do it! I won't do it!"

He said nothing. He wasn't angry. It was just his eyes. There was fear in them. "Am I a failure? Everybody would think I was. You must think I am. Am I going to fail?"

Three months after James had been obliged to stop going to the office, Harry was born. Six months later the "Savings" page in James's ledger showed that the end of his resources was in sight.

Physical torture had ceased to mean anything to James. That was only a dream. It was his mind that was awake and that writhed. What if he had let Bessie give him that vacation? Might he not now be well? Perhaps not. Surely not. No! He prayed God his decree of death had been issued before that.

But even leaving that aside, what right had he ever had to assume that he was going to outlive Bessie? For that matter, what right had he ever had to think that he would always be able to support her?

He hadn't wanted her to work. Now she would have to work, anyway. And with what a start! No position. No training. Perhaps if he had let her go to work and she had gone at it with the ambition of a married woman, she might have risen, she might have been somewhere by this time, even in spite of the months off because of the baby. In any case she would have laid by some money against the time now coming.

But now she would have to start at the bottom and with nothing. She would have to educate their child. Unless some new husband, some second husband— The blood started to his eyes. Surely she couldn't love that man! And surely she wouldn't marry him otherwise. Surely she wouldn't become a kept married woman, getting support for herself and child by— No! She wouldn't! She wouldn't! She would work. Of course she would.

He had Bessie bring his ledger to him. "Oh, don't read that," she said. "We're all right. There's plenty left."

"I want to write something in it," he said.

Some years afterward she noticed that on the page marked "Luxuries" there was an erasure, and that on the page marked "Self and Company" there had been entered the word "Bessie."

The kind of home which Bessie Smith and Harry now have indicates, possibly, the kind of home which will be developed for many thousands of other women and children in the near future. *Possibly.*

Harry spends his day in a day nursery. That day nursery may be regarded as a co-operative nurse-maid doing for Harry what is done by an individual nurse-maid for the child of a well-to-do woman. In each case the mother is relieved of the care of the child for part of the day.

The head of the day nursery is a college woman. The building is specially constructed for children, with the right kind of staircases, the right kind of furniture, and the right kind of pictures throughout. The food consists mainly of certified milk. The play-room is larger and brighter than any that an individual mother could afford unless she were very rich. In every way Harry is better off during the day than if he had an individual nurse-maid all of his own in a private house.

The only unfavorable difference that exists is not connected with the organization of the day nursery but with the organization of Industry. Mrs. Smith has to work nine hours. She is separated from Harry ten hours every day. That is too long a time, although many well-to-do mothers leave their children in the care of an uneducated nurse-maid for ten hours without thinking anything about it.

When Industry is organized to fit the needs of women, there will be four-hour shifts, and women who use day nurseries will not need to be separated from their children for more than five hours at a time.

Up to the present time day nurseries have been only for women whose husbands were dead or unemployed; that is, for women who were not being supported by men.

The next stage in the growth of day nurseries will be those open to the children of women whose husbands are at work.

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It is beginning to seem far-fetched to say that a woman and three children are being "supported" by a man who is earning an average of eight dollars a week. The children of such a family are given an improved daytime environment when transplanted to a day nursery, and the home itself, for the evenings, is improved by the addition of the earnings of the woman.

But here again the shortened work-day for women will have to come.

As Harry grows older he will go to the public playground. His mother will not be able to buy a private playground for him. Not of the same kind, certainly. It would cost more than a million dollars.

Just as Harry was fed and dressed by a cooperative nurse, so the next step in his personal development will likewise be taken cooperatively. He will be taught games and sports by a cooperative playmaster or, perhaps, playmistress—from the sand-piles of childhood to the baseball and football of strenuous youth.

All of which is just as much an invasion of the functions of a mother as any day nursery possibly could be. Boys used to learn to play under mother's eye. It is not difficult for any one to remember how vigilant that eye was and with what peril a surreptitious trip to the corner was attended. The place for small boys was the family yard.

Nowadays, in the districts under consideration, there being no yards, children of three and four years of age are seen playing happily and getting brown and healthy in public parks three or four blocks from home. How can they be restored to the home?

If they were sent back, where could they play? Indoors? That would be wrong. On the street? That would be worse.

Besides which, even if other things were equal, which they are not, the professional playmaster in the public playground really teaches games and sports; which mother never did.

At the age of four Harry will begin to go to kindergarten. His mental education, like his physical education, will be begun by professionals. Hephzibah Brown taught all her children to read, herself, and took them through arithmetic, too. Bessie Smith will not teach Harry.

Each passing decade sees a larger and larger share of the life of the child transferred from individual to cooperative influences; in other words, transferred from within the home to outside the home.

We have already observed that the same law of development exists in respect to certain other elements of home life.

We have seen how Productive Industry, once located largely in the home, has almost entirely departed from it.

We have observed how the arts of housekeeping have begun to die in the home and to be revived in domestic science courses outside.

Simultaneously, naturally, there has arisen a great demand on the part of housewives for food already cooked. This applies not only to cereals and breads and canned vegetables and canned fruits but to meats and fish.

In one of the Chicago department stores, last year, the manager of the grocery department sold more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of chicken croquettes, salami sausage, cervelat sausage, Southern hash, mutton stew, veal chops, fried perch, fried frogs' legs, combination salad, boiled ham, beef tongue, fried oysters, baked whitefish, Bologna sausage, deviled crabs, and so on, all ready to eat.

Of course, even $200,000 is a small amount compared with what a city as large as Chicago spends a year in food, but it shows in which direction the tendency is setting. There is probably ten times as much cooked food sold in Chicago to-day as there was ten years ago.

All these changes tend to contract the scope of the home, but it does not follow that they tend to destroy its vital principle.

There is no valid indication of the growth of any sentiment in favor of common dining rooms or common sitting rooms to be used by many families together. Each individual home remains as distinct as ever. No matter how many tasks are withdrawn from it, its separate existence continues. It is still the place in which the members of a family *live*.

Not necessarily the place in which they boil hams. Not necessarily the place in which they teach children the alphabet. Not necessarily the place in which they spin yarn, preserve peaches, brew beer, or dry the apples for apple sauce. But the place in which they *live*, in which they gather together at some time during the day from their several duties and shut the door on the world and beneath their roof-tree do the three or four things which are the only essential things in making a social group, namely: talk, eat, sleep, and, if they are religious, pray.

There is no hint, therefore, at the destruction of the home or at the dissolution of the

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family in the suggestion that possibly some day women workers may continue to work after marriage.

It is not believed that such a continuation of work on their part would in any way imperil either the home or the family, provided the following conditions were observed:

First. The education of their children, from babyhood up, shall be properly carried forward for five hours or so every day in day nurseries, kindergartens, etc.

Second. Cooking shall be done in central kitchens from which meals shall be distributed to homes.

Third. For women with children there shall be a shortened work-day.

Fourth. At childbirth women shall rest from their industrial work for a period to be fixed by medical investigation and conclusion, enforced by the state.

We have seen that the first of these conditions has been reached already for a certain few women. The second is far from accomplishment, but is in line with the development of the demand for cooked food. The third and fourth are matters of legislation. All are, strictly speaking, feasible.

But are they desirable?

That question is the question at the bottom of the whole subject. If it is answered in the negative, if it is denied that it is desirable that women should work after marriage, then it is necessary to accept most of the unsatisfactory conditions described in these six articles and to declare them permanent.

As long as women workers stop work at marriage they will continue to be, as a class, low-paid, overworked, unskilled, looking only to the day and never to the future, entering Industry casually without training, retiring from it unexpectedly without warning, hard to organize into trade unions, hard to interest in technical improvements, hard to inspire with financial ambition, behaving, in every respect, with the utmost good sense, just exactly in the manner in which any class of admittedly and consciously temporary workers should behave.

It is hard to believe that such a situation can be right either for women or for Industry. The women lose opportunities. Industry loses abilities.

If the situation is wrong, what then? Go backward? Turn about face and march homeward? To what home? To what home shall the widowed workers or the divorced workers go? To what home shall the married women go who are working because their husbands can't or won't support the family alone.

No, the choice is between standing still and going forward. In such a case one should look at the signposts. How do they point?

What have we seen in the condensed industrial history of the past hundred years in America, from the days of Hephzibah Brown to the days of Bessie Smith, but the removal of obstacle after obstacle from the path of the permanent woman worker?

The elimination of that curing of meats which Hephzibah Brown used to do at home; the elimination of that gardening which Sarah Simpson Brown used to do in her yard; the reduction of housekeeping cares, roughly, to children, meals, and cleaning; the introduction of day nurseries, playgrounds, and kindergartens, all of them being superior in equipment and in educative value to the home (when used not as substitutes for the home but as extensions of it); the growth of the demand for cooked food and the response to that demand; the advent of the suction-tube cleaner and of the apartment building in which all the apartments are cleaned by a matron, two devices not yet much used but highly usable; the curtailment of the size of families till the wife of an Americanized workingman will regard four children as being a good many, which means that if she rested a year for each child she would be a non-worker for four years out of an industrial life lasting from 16 years of age to 55; the legislative movement leading toward shorter hours and wholesome conditions of employment for women; and finally the decay of the home arts inside the home itself, even while still practiced there, and their ejection in many cases to the classrooms of schools—as if the home were instinctively spewing forth some thing it no longer had any use for——

To what destination do these signposts say that the road leads? Does not every one of them say: "Permanence, Equality, Independence"?

But still the sun beholds nothing really new. For what will the prolongation of work after marriage mean, *in essence*, except the revival, in altered circumstances, of economic productive copartnership which existed between Hephzibah and Jeremiah Brown?

In the final instalment of this series, which will appear in some subsequent issue, Mr. Hard will discuss **The Commercial Woman.**

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ALCOHOLISM

ITS CAUSATION AND ITS ARREST

By SAMUEL McCOMB, D.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—To-day there is hope for the drunkard. A direct way has been found to revive his will power, reëstablish his self-respect and his health, and restore him to the tasks of daily life. Here is a statement of the latest findings of science as to the deleterious effects of alcohol on the system, together with an exposition of the methods used by the Emmanuel Church movement of Boston in the treatment of its alcoholic patients. Its importance cannot be overestimated. The author, Dr. Samuel McComb, a co-founder with Dr. Worcester of this ultra-modern application of science and religion to the problem of human ills, is a well-known Boston clergyman, whose researches into this and kindred subjects have given him authority and recognition among the eminent psychologists of the day.

ABOUT a year ago, there shambled into my study a pathetic figur . Physically, he was a wreck, with all the signs of degeneration written large upon him—puffy eyelids, trembling hands, twitching muscles, the whole man nerveless, ineffective, broken. Gradually I drew from him his tragic story. For twenty years he had been a slave, bound hand and foot in the grasp of an invincible vice. Born into a highly respected and religious family, he assumed great business responsibilities when a very young man. When fagged out with a heavy morning's work, it was his custom to drink a cocktail that he might have strength to hold up for the rest of the day. The habit grew until he became a confirmed drunkard.

The inevitable consequences followed. His powers as a business man were undermined, disgrace and humiliation overtook his family, he himself was incarcerated for a time in an inebriates' home, only, however, to come out with the pathological craving still mightier within him than before. Again and again during the past twenty years he had made violent efforts to break his chains, and occasionally it had looked as if he had won deliverance; but again and again his hopes were deceived, and as a last resort he had been urged to try what the Emmanuel clinic could do for him. He was on his last legs, physically and morally. He said to me: "You need not tell me to abstain. I have no power to keep from alcohol. My will is gone. If you could put a new will within me, there might be some chance; but as it is, I have neither hope nor faith. I don't know why I have come here."

This man has not touched a drop of alcohol since that first visit. He is back in business, able with ease to do eight or nine hours' work a day; an honored citizen, a loved father and husband. Everybody who knows him looks on him with wonder.

It is the problem presented by the fall and rise of this man that is to form the subject of our discussion.

The chemical substance which we call alcohol and which is a liquid obtained by the fermentation of grape sugar found in various products, is no recent discovery. Back as far as history goes, we find men seeking out agencies which tend to increase a sense of organic well-being, to lift them above the aches and pains to which all flesh is heir. Alcohol was known to the ancient Egyptian, Hindoo, and Babylonian. Indeed, so widespread has been its use that a recent writer calls the desire for alcohol an inborn natural instinct, like love or fear. Hence alcoholism, that is, the state of poisoning to the nervous system which results from the use of alcohol, is no modern but a very ancient evil. Nevertheless, the evil to-day is greater

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than it has ever been, because the worst effects of alcohol are wrought on the nervous system, and, as the complexity of life grows and the strain upon the nervous system becomes greater, any influence that diminishes the resistive power of this system has specially grave relations to the welfare of the individual and of society. Hence the question has recently been raised—Is alcohol a food or a poison?

FOOD OR POISON?

On this point, the physiological chemists are divided into two schools—the one school insisting on the fact that, when not taken to excess, alcohol is a food; the other school asserting that, though alcohol is a food because it supplies heat and energy to the body, it is also, in whatever measure it may be taken, always a poison. There two views do not contradict each other. They merely accent opposite aspects of the activity of alcohol. In the light of our present knowledge, it would seem that we are safe in asserting that alcohol in very small quantities, say a glass or two of wine, if taken only at intervals of several days, is a poison which does, in the vast majority of cases, no great harm. On the other hand, it has been proved that the smallest dose of alcohol, if taken regularly over a long period, has bad effects.

Two great German investigators, Kraepelin and Kurz, published, in 1900, the results of a series of careful experiments in illustration of the persisting influence of slight chronic alcoholic intoxication. The daily dose of alcohol decided on was eight grams (equivalent to two liters of beer), and this was taken before going to bed. The subjects of the experiment were two medical men, one of whom had been a teetotaler for years, while the other seldom took alcohol. The tests were the learning of figures, the adding up of sums, etc. The influence of these moderate doses of alcohol was found to be decidedly unfavorable. Mental aptitude slowly and then, after some days, more markedly decreased, the loss being in one case equal to twenty-five per cent. of the normal ability. Moreover, in one case at least, the unfavorable influence did not cease with the discontinuance of the alcohol. It was proved that even a very moderate dose of alcohol exerts its effects for more than twenty-four hours.

Even those physiologists who maintain that alcohol has food qualities, are agreed that it is a very expensive food, and that the same quantity of nutrition can be obtained in much safer and less costly ways.

But, indeed, the question is largely academic, for men do not take alcohol for the sake of its power to build up tissue, but for the sake of its effect on the emotional tone of the mind. Alcoholic drinks are seldom taken for their taste alone. Alcohol is at once a kind of pseudo-stimulant and a depressant. Hence some men, when in a merry mood, drink in order to check their shyness and other worries and thus raise their sense of happiness to a higher pitch; but the majority drink because of the narcotizing influences of the drug. The troubled business man, the woman left alone to face the petty details of domestic drudgery, the overdriven professional man, the individual on whom some terrible calamity has fallen and who can see no way of escape from ruin—all these betake themselves to drink in order to drown their sorrows, to lose their personality for a brief period in oblivion.

Alcohol is taken at first as a means of relief. The reason why this happens is that, in common with other agencies, such as morphia, cocaine, and other kindred drugs, it can banish fear, worry, care; it can create a world peopled with the illusions of happiness. But at what a dread penalty! For alcohol awakens a morbid appetite, a pathological desire. After a time this desire becomes dominant, the forces of the will go down before it, and the drinker is then the victim of a disease.

WHY SCIENCE CONDEMNS ALCOHOL

From all sides, a chorus of scientific voices joins in condemning the use of alcohol beyond those minimal doses which are theoretically allowable but to which few people have the power to limit themselves, and beyond its therapeutic employment in certain diseases. The bacteriologist assures us that alcohol paralyzes the protecting powers of the blood, which act as a sort of sanitary guard, removing dead matter and destroying the microörganisms that produce disease. The pathologist, or student of the morbid states of the body, proves that it is a great factor in the degeneration of muscles, nerves, and other cells; that it interferes with immunity against specific infectious diseases; that it predisposes to the production of both acute

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and chronic pulmonary tuberculosis and other diseases.

The neurologist warns against it on the ground that it poisons the brain and the nervous system, and, when long continued, leads to paralysis, neuritis, and other disturbances. The physiologist has proved that all skillful and accurate motions of the hands or of other highly trained muscles become awkward and unreliable and slow after even small doses of alcohol. The psychiatrist charges alcohol with being directly responsible for about twenty per cent. of insanity in men, and, directly or indirectly, a factor in producing about forty per cent. of all insanities; that it creates distinct types of mental disease peculiar to itself, such as alcoholic paranoia, alcoholic epilepsy, alcoholic hallucinatory insanity.

A CRIME PRODUCER

The embryologist asserts that alcohol poisons the reproductive glands and injures the embryo, thus tainting with mental disturbance germs that were previously healthy, and producing mentally and physically crippled descendants in spite of good ancestors. The criminologist adds his somber judgment that alcohol is responsible for about sixty per cent. of crimes of violence, fifty per cent. of crimes of lust, and that the suicide rate increases in proportion to the increase in its consumption.

It is clear, then, that alcoholism presents a problem which is too complex for any one mode of treatment. It demands the united resources of the physician, the psychologist, the clergyman, the teacher, the legislator, and the sanitary reformer.

Let us here distinguish between alcoholism, chronic alcoholism, and dipsomania.

Acute alcoholism is simply drunkenness, a temporary poisoning of the brain. Chronic alcoholism is continuous poisoning of the brain, and is contracted by the man who constantly drinks or who from time to time gives way to excess for the sake of its pleasurable effects. Dipsomania, which is so often confounded with chronic alcoholism, is, according to the best students of the subject, to be distinguished from it. Many experts believe that dipsomania is one of the psychical equivalents of epilepsy. As it has been well put, "The drunkard is mad because he drinks: the dipsomaniac drinks because he is mad." Krafft-Ebing says: "The dipsomaniac differs from the habitual or ordinary drinker and the chronic drunkard in the strictly episodic character of his mania to drink."

The dipsomaniac is the victim of a periodic mental disturbance, which starts with a profound physical and moral depression, and he is then forced to take alcohol in order to rid himself of his intolerable unrest. He often resists the inclination with all his power and may even have no love of drink itself, but after a fearful struggle he is compelled to give in, and then he may drink for days or even weeks. Suddenly the attack ends, the psychic storm blows itself out, the patient ceases to have any desire for spirits. Months may pass before a fresh attack comes on. Dipsomania, up to the present time, has not been cured. Confinement in a home for nervous invalids, combined with medical treatment, is the only possible alleviation. Happily, however, genuine dipsomania, as compared with chronic alcoholism, is infrequent, and it is with chronic alcoholism that we are here concerned.

One of the most important steps forward that has been taken in the comprehension of this evil is the realization that alcoholism is more a disease than a vice, though this fact was pointed out so long ago as the end of the eighteenth century by the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush, who antedated many of our latest discoveries in psychotherapy.

The symptoms of the disorder are too well known to need detailed exposition. Physically, we have marked tremor in the tongue, lips, face, and hands, a tremor which in advanced, chronic alcoholism deepens into paralysis in various parts of the body. Then, too, the chronic drinker suffers from headache, stupidity, broken sleep, and miserable dreams. In the mental and moral realm, we note the dulling of the moral sense, growing indifference to the shame and misery of relatives and to the contempt of neighbors.

A WILL WEAKENER

Above all, there is manifested very early a profound weakness of will, an indisposition to discharge the plainest duties, and an incapacity to carry out frequent resolves to give up drink. The chronic alcoholic often knows the inevitable ruin to which his vice is hurrying him, and yet at the same time is conscious of a weakness of will and a moral apathy that make it impossible for him to abstain. With weakness of will goes a dull-

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ing of the intellectual powers. Memory becomes less retentive, thought is retarded, and the power of attention is more and more weakened. In the later stages, various delusions may seize the brain.

So much for the alcoholic himself. But what are we to say of the moral and psychic disturbances in the home? His presence there makes a worthy development of family life impossible. Anxiety, a sense of humiliation, a lack of the consciousness of self-respect, a foreboding of the future—such are the elements of the psychological atmosphere of the drunkard's home. Directly or indirectly, alcoholism is the cause of an incalculable mass of suffering, physical, mental, and moral. In saving the alcoholic, then, we are saving not only himself but those who are dependent on him.

WHO SHOULD NOT DRINK

What, then, are the main points in the treatment of this disorder?

If we were discussing the drink problem as a whole, it would be necessary to discuss fully the best means for the prevention of alcoholism. To save the chronic drunkard is a hard and sometimes an impossible task. It demands patience, perseverance, skill, physical, psychological, and moral resources, which are not always available. Therefore, to prevent the disorder is, as modern science teaches, the only effective way to grapple with it, and this prevention calls for the utmost efforts of the hygienic, the social, and the legislative reformer, as well as an educational propaganda in all our schools. But these considerations do not fall within the scope of my present purpose. It will be enough to point out in this connection that there are certain classes to whom alcohol ought to be a forbidden thing: All young and growing people—Dr. Clouston, the Scottish alienist, condemns alcohol as bad for the growing brain and attended by many future risks; all persons with a predisposition to mental and nervous disease; all persons who occupy responsible positions, or in whose hands are the life, safety, and happiness of others; all persons who are engaged in very delicate work, in which memory, attention, and reasoning power are strained; all women who are about to become mothers.

A moderate and sound judgment on this matter is that recently offered by Dr. C. W. Saleeby: "There are those who run no risk, because the drug has no action upon them at all. [This is open to doubt.] There are those whom it violently upsets and who are thus protected. There are those who like it in some small quantity and who will never exceed this, parallel instances being found in the case of tea, coffee, and tobacco. There are those who are predestined to fall. These last are probably more numerous than ever before; they include many of the most valuable members of the community, the most original, versatile, individualized, inventive, creative—people who have points of view, parents of ideas, potential poets, musicians, enthusiasts, seers—the salt of the earth, the makers of progress, the neurotic people, who do the pioneer work of the world. Perhaps the chief indictment against alcohol, from the point of view of human history in general, is its relation to such people." Some men can be temperate in the use of alcohol: others must be total abstainers.

I now pass on to speak of the treatment of alcoholism. Of this disease, as of all others, we must say that it is neither wholly physical nor wholly mental, but in part both. Therefore a sound treatment of alcoholism must include physical as well as psychical remedies. Before we undertake treatment we must be satisfied: First, that the patient is really desirous of being cured. No good results can be expected in the case of a sufferer who has simply been cajoled or coerced into trying the treatment. Secondly, that the sufferer consents to remain under our supervision for at least two months and as much longer as may be deemed necessary. Thirdly, that he is willing to submit himself in all respects to the instructions given him.

NEEDED:—IRON AND SYMPATHY

Physical. Medical experts recommend electricity to stimulate the nerves, baths to stimulate the system and facilitate the elimination of the poison from it. Physical exercises, too, are valuable, such as golf, walking, gymnastics of various kinds. Above all, the patient should be taught to avoid fatigue, for fatigue induces the desire for drink. Then, too, in order to heighten the tonicity of the nervous system, tonics, such as iron and strychnine, may be necessary. In general, a regular life in obedience to physiological and hygienic law is a necessity. In various asylums throughout the

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country, such as that at Foxboro in Massachusetts, these measures have been adopted, and not without a measure of success.

Psychical. Whatever morbid conditions the excessive use of alcohol may set up in the body, we must never lose sight of the fact that success in its treatment is impossible without a change in character. It is obvious, then, that only when psychical remedies are applied have we the right to look, as a rule, for an arrest of the habit. At Emmanuel Church these psychical remedies are used in conjunction with the physical agencies. What, then, are these psychical remedies?

First, explanation and encouragement. If there is one thing that the drunkard needs above everything else, it is sympathy and reassurance. His nervous condition makes him easily depressed. He has fallen very often before in spite of good resolutions. His relatives and friends look at him askance. He has lost his self-respect. The first duty, then, of the successful teacher is to reëstablish the drunkard's self-respect, to show him how others have overcome the same misery and are to-day held in honor and are leading useful lives. The psychical aspects of the trouble are then explained, the energies of the will are evoked, and hope is once more born within the victim's soul.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

Secondly, suggestion, either in a hypnotic or in a waking state, is applied. That this method has won distinct successes can no longer be questioned. Dr. Charles Lloyd Tuckey writes: "I have treated, during the past twelve years, two hundred cases of chronic alcoholism and have found that hypnotic suggestion has proved completely curative in about a third of these." Dr. J. Milne Bramwell states that out of seventy-six cases of chronic alcoholism and dipsomania treated by him, sixty-four were either cured or improved. Dr. Boris Sidis of Boston has also been singularly successful in the application of this method—one of his most striking cures being that of a man who had inherited a tendency to alcoholism from both his father's and his mother's side, and had sunk down into such a besotted state that Dr. Sidis did not entertain much hope of restoration. Liébeault has stated that he knows cases of chronic alcoholism which he treated and cured over twenty years ago and which have remained cured. One of my medical colleagues, Dr. I. H. Coriat, has also treated successfully, by hypnotic suggestion, several very bad cases.

HOW THE PATIENT HELPS HIMSELF

I will now briefly describe our method of applying suggestion to the alcoholic. After a rigid medical examination and while physical complications, if there are any, are being attended to, the patient is admitted for treatment. It is necessary that he should not be under the influence of alcohol at the time, since the poison acts against the nervous calm and quiet necessary for the acceptance of the suggestions. He is then either slightly hypnotized or put into a very calm, passive, relaxed condition. In this state, I suggest to him that he can abstain if he will, that henceforth drink will cease to be a temptation, or that, should temptation arise, it will be slight and his will power will be greater than it. I tell him that his reason and conscience condemn his habit and that, therefore, his will must rouse itself in order to carry out the commands of his higher nature.

Should the patient be exposed to exceptional temptation, I suggest that he will associate the thought of drinking alcohol with a sense of nausea, that spirits will make him vomit. If the patient complains of feelings of depression, especially in the morning, I suggest to him that he will have no more desire to drink in the morning, because he will then feel strong and not depressed. I am in the habit of causing the patient to turn my suggestion into an auto-suggestion; that is, when I say: "You will drink no more alcohol," I ask him to make a vow to himself, "I will drink no more alcohol." It is by this means that the initiative of the individual is secured and his will power developed. In other words, it is not I that impose the inhibition against alcohol: it is he himself who does it.

Thus, in suggestion, one substitutes a new emotional complex for an old one, and the new complex results in altered conduct. In some way not yet explained by science, these suggestions are accepted by the subconscious element in the mind and lead to corresponding mental and physiological reactions. My experience convinces me that hypnotic suggestion is of distinct value as a help to the moral reform of the drunkard, because it breaks the power of the habit and gives a chance for more distinctly ethical forces to

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work. It would, however, be ill-judged to expect from it more than it can do. Of itself, it can do something; but for the best results, its power requires to be supplemented by other agencies.

THE APPEAL TO RELIGION

Moral and Religious. Medical science acknowledges to-day the power of the religious motive in overcoming this disorder. Dr. T. N. Kelynack acknowledges "the incalculable assistance which the wise worker and unprejudiced physician may obtain by bringing to bear on the whole life of the patient that Power, the majesty and mystery, the consolation and inspiration of which it is the mission of religion to reveal." Hence we appeal to the moral and religious instincts of the sufferer. We teach the power and blessing of prayer, of frequenting the company of moral and religious people, and of avoiding temptations to self-indulgence. Under this head would also come the providing of good scientific literature dealing with the mental, social, and physiological effects of alcohol.

Finally, personal visitation in the homes of the patients and efforts to make their environment, as far as possible, favorable to a permanent cure, are of the greatest value. In order to do this the more effectively, we have, in connection with our work, a social service department, in which a number of ladies and gentlemen personally interest themselves in our afflicted charges. The activity of the social worker is as important, to say the least of it, as that of either the doctor or the clergyman. Hence it will be seen that we try to combine the forces of the physician, the psychologist, the minister of religion, and the social worker, and in doing so we have, I think, supplemented the serious defects of the asylums and homes for drunkards, where, as a rule, no systematic psychic or religious treatment is ever administered, and where no attempt at the after care of discharged patients is made.

Let me now describe briefly a few of the cases which I have treated:

The first is that of a man of forty-two, an iron molder by trade, whom we will call John Brown. So far as could be discovered, there was no alcoholic tendency in his family. John Brown has been a steady drinker, with occasional bouts of extreme drunkenness, during a period of twenty years. His habit was a very simple one. He drank as long as there was any money in his pocket, and for protracted periods he indulged in twenty or more glasses of whisky and beer daily. In a word, he was rarely, if ever, quite sober. Owing to his intemperance, he has been frequently out of employment, causing great distress in the home.

One Sunday morning after service, he was brought to me by a lady, who modestly requested that he should be cured of his drunkenness forthwith. John Brown presented a very unprepossessing appearance. He was ill-clad, dirty, unshaven, but, for the moment, free from the influence of liquor.

SOME NOTABLE CASES

My first interview with him was on October 10, 1907, and from then until July 31, 1908, he was a total abstainer. He became a member of a Catholic temperance club, and, in spite of occasional want of employment and profound discouragement, he remained true to his principles till the date named, when he had a relapse. This fall was caused by the severity of his struggle for a living. During the summer months he was engaged in peddling fruit, vegetables, etc., but the horse which assisted him in his daily rounds was very ancient, so ancient indeed that passers-by felt it their duty to make humorous allusions to both the horse and its owner; but, as in the story of the boys and the frogs, what was fun to the lookers-on was anything but fun to John Brown, and so he fell back on his favorite stimulant for about five days. Our social-service department then fitted him out with a new horse, treatment was resumed, and he started in again with new hope. From that time to the present he has remained absolutely sober. He is repaying the money spent for the horse, his wife and children are well clothed and happy, and peace reigns within the home. In all, he has been treated thirty-seven times, and there is every ground for hoping that his cure may be permanent.

The next case is that of a woman, whom we will call Mary Robinson. She is a cook, and there seems to be something in her employment which especially induces to overindulgence in spirituous drinks. Mary Robinson has been a drinker ever since she can remember, though she will not admit that she had ever been exactly drunk till November, 1907, when the liquor got the better

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of her and she was unable to control her craving. From that date her habit was to drink the almost incredible quantity of a quart of whisky a day, and of course deep intoxication, disgrace, and dismissal from employment were the consequences.

She came to us on March 31, 1908, and was treated by non-hypnotic suggestion up to June 25. She was encouraged to pray against her besetting vice and was also taught the art of auto-suggestion. Up till this time she had worked in a house where she had free access to brandy, which was used for cooking purposes, and yet she was able to remain a total abstainer. On June 25 she left for another position at the seaside, but kept in touch with us by means of correspondence. On September 14 she returned to Boston, where she has obtained a good position. She still remains a total abstainer and is now trying to save another woman from alcoholism.

More than a year ago a young man of twenty-four, who may take the name of Tom Jones, came to me for help against the alcoholic vice. Tom Jones is as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I have ever beheld, broad-shouldered, muscular, well developed, six feet two in height. For about four years he had drunk enormous quantities of liquor. His average daily allowance was twenty glasses of ale and wine, but sometimes he indulged to the extent of forty glasses of these drinks in a day. He had periodic drinking bouts, which lasted for seven or eight days at a time. As he saw ruin staring him in the face, he wisely decided to quit.

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD HABIT BROKEN

During my first interview with him I gave him some instruction in the nature of the alcohol habit, and expounded in a kind of informal lecture the serious effects which alcohol works on body and mind. The attraction of drink for Tom Jones was its power to stimulate the jaded will, to keep him up to his work, the pressure of which, in spite of his apparent physical strength, he seemed to feel very much. I reminded him that to fall back on alcohol is like a man who is in monetary difficulties betaking himself to the money lender: both end in disaster. By means of suggestion and encouragement and moral appeal, he was treated in all twenty-four times. From that first visit over a year ago till now he has been a total abstainer.

One more story: James Smith is a man of fifty-five, who occupies a very important position in a great commercial concern. For thirty years James Smith was a hard drinker. At times he broke down so greatly both in body and mind that he had to enter a sanitarium. During brief periods he was induced, or forced, to abstain, but always he returned to his habit with the pathological craving stronger than before. He has tried all the cures that are so widely advertised, but with little or no effect. Every known medical and physical mode of treatment was applied to him, but in vain.

About fifteen months ago his family physician sent him to me. From the first interview till the present time James Smith has remained a strict total abstainer. He is able to do a full day's work, enjoys life thoroughly, has materially increased the happiness of his family, and is winning back the honor and esteem of his acquaintances.

THE SOLUTION IN SIGHT

He was treated seventeen times and was dismissed with the habit arrested nine months ago. The methods employed were suggestion, self-suggestion, appeal to the religious feeling and moral instinct. I once asked this patient to explain to me the difference, if any, between his total abstinence now and his total abstinence on preceding occasions. He replied: "On earlier occasions when I abstained, I was still conscious of the temptation. I feared that I would fall. But now I have no desire to drink. I have a strange sense of freedom. Even when the thought of drink arises in my mind, it has no compelling power."

These cases are taken almost at random from my records. They are typical of many others. My experience leads me to believe that by a combination of medical, hygienic, psychological, social, moral, and religious forces, we can, in the great majority of cases, beneficially affect the sufferer from this morbid craving; and the same combination stirs within us the great hope that, in a not far-distant future, this sad and difficult problem will at length be solved.

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HE WAS TELLING THE FULL TALE OF HIS TROUBLES.

JUSTICE TO WILLIAM RIGGS

By HARRISON RHODES

Author of "The Adventures of Charles Edward," etc.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THIS story discloses a secret. It pretends to throw a fresh light on Broadway; and, considering that in the evening you would say that all the lights in the world are already ablaze there, this may be thought something of an achievement.

Everybody remembers "Blind Justice." It did a record run, and is now spreading over the country in four or five road companies, as the ripples from a great splash in the New York pond do. William Riggs became, for an author, incredibly rich, as rich almost as an ordinary man of business. The American stage really got a gait on, so the critics said; art began to hum, and the theatre for the first time took a hand in that great reform movement which is the most distinguishing characteristic of the Twentieth or Roosevelt Century. Did not this drama ruthlessly tear the veil (the phrase is a critic's) from the iniquities of the United States Senate? Did it not show the palpitating horrors (this a borrowed description, too) of the Supreme Court? Did it not—but we will spare the reader, who will probably willingly agree that it did. It was, to cut it short, a masterpiece, universally recognized as such.

Of course, even before its production upon the stage it was a masterpiece. When you come to think of it, of course, most plays are —before production. But "Blind Justice" and William Riggs, masterpiece and genius, so narrowly escaped obscurity that something must be told of the weary days when the White Lights seemed cruel, and the poor ragged masterpiece a heavy weight to carry along the hard pavements of Broadway. Then shall be narrated the strange encounter,

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at the chophouse table, with the fantastic stranger who, by one gay inspiration, placed "Blind Justice" in electric jewels over the entrance of the Republic Theatre and ultimately made William Riggs—well, William Riggs.

The play, as everybody remembers, was all politics. It was so definitely and completely so that it was quite easy for the managers to give their reasons for rejecting it, even in some cases without troubling any one to read more than half a dozen pages into it.

"The public will not 'stand for' a political play," was the inspired dictum. The manager who has his brother read plays for him, the manager who sends manuscripts home to his wife, even the manager who has them read aloud to the barber who shaves him, all these united in judgment. Then there were the managers—and there really are some—who actually come to a decision in agony of spirit; through their hands, too, "Blind Justice" had passed. William Riggs's courage drooped. His little hoard at the bank diminished. And he faced, in the near future, the necessity of going back to Milwaukee and to the reporter's job which he knew was always waiting for him there.

He had come to hate New York; yet now, when he was perhaps to leave it, he felt the spell of the great town, its glamour, its magic, catch at his heart and make the regretful tears rise in his angry eyes. From the window of his hall-bedroom he watched the fantastic silhouette of great buildings thrown skyward against the pink flush of sunset, and later, along the great street of dreams and disappointments, he saw flash out the barbaric glitter of its electric jewels—the incredible, monstrous, lovely city seemed eager to display all her fascinations just when she was rejecting him. William Riggs was a plain man at best; now, with the vigor weakened in his smallish figure, his sandy hair tousled, and the light faded in his pale blue eyes, he looked, as he drifted down Broadway, a very unimportant piece of wreckage on that turbid current.

He looked, too—and this is important if one is to understand this story—very little like a man of weight in the world of politics, or a critic of authority who could deal convincingly with the abuses at the national capital. He had been—as every one knows now—for two years in the Washington bureau of his Milwaukee paper, and, through the junior senator from his state (a cousin of his mother's), had been afforded an exceptionally good look behind the scenes. But nothing of this showed in his unaggressive personality.

As he came toward Thirty-fourth Street he paused. Ahead, still blazed above the theatre doors the reminders of others' achievement, his failure. At that moment his mood changed. The cruel city withdrew her magic spell as suddenly as she had cast it; coldly she looked at William Riggs, mocking at his weakness while she lit up the evening sky in honor of her god, Success. He turned away into a quiet side street, scurrying to cover, wishing to forget New York, if he could, forever.

As he passed along, with head bent down, there streamed hospitably across the sidewalk the lights of a little English chophouse. The place is old and well known; it manages somehow, in spite of a German proprietor and waiters, and the alien waves of New York life beating all about it, to keep a faint flavor of London. William Riggs paused, then turned in. He had known the place in the earlier days of a fuller pocketbook; now he was willing to pay the price for what seemed a momentary exit from the hateful island of Manhattan.

The room was crowded, and the newcomer was given a seat at a kind of general round table in the middle. Opposite him was a fat, red-faced gentleman who might have been eating chops in the Strand from Dickens's day to now. With a kind of relieved sigh William Riggs gazed upon him and upon the coaching prints which hung on the walls. The temperament of gentlemen who write is an odd thing; William Riggs, self-confessedly a failure, by virtue of imagination now ranked himself—and found pleasure in so doing—with Chatterton and all the mellow, classic tradition of unrecognized genius. He ordered his chop, and slipped into dreams.

At that moment there entered the establishment a young gentleman with the brightest of bright eyes, the smartest imaginable suit of gray tweeds, and a striped black and white silk waistcoat which had ravished his sight that very morning in the most expensive shop window in Fifth Avenue. With him also enters into our story the comic note.

To the wise reader a word should suffice. By this briefest of descriptions he ought already to recognize Johnny Fairchild, even though he may wonder why that young gentleman should be alone, at a chophouse, in morning dress (however exquisite), instead of dining at some fashionable table, by lovely

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woman's side. To the ignorant, it may be hurriedly explained that Mr. Fairchild is a well-known character in New York, to which town he came a few years ago from Akron, Ohio, and that he is much younger, much better looking, much richer and much more agreeable and fashionable than either the reader or the writer of this tale. Johnny, moreover, has always resisted efforts to catalogue and define him. One must just say that it was fated he should sit at William Riggs's table and should take William Riggs's affairs in hand.

With the preliminaries of their making acquaintance we may deal briefly. To the disconsolate, an unaffected manner and a good heart are an easy introduction. And Johnny's social instinct and his friendliness, thwarted by the combination of events which had sent him to dine alone, now found an outlet for their pent-up vivacity.

"And so you write plays!" he exclaimed, after a scant quarter of an hour. The same phrase, or its equivalent, had been thrown scornfully and mockingly at William Riggs by managers and their satellites for months. At first it almost made him wince. Then he saw Johnny's eyes wide with the wondering admiration of the non-theatrical person, and for one brief moment he glowed with the feeling that perhaps after all it was something "to write plays."

For a moment only, however. The most dignified, the most generous return for this stranger's kindliness seemed honesty. Besides, William Riggs was tired, discouraged, and very young. Soon the barriers of his reserve broke down, and he was telling the full tale of his troubles.

Johnny listened, meditatively, and twice during the narrative called for pots of creaming ale. It was a pleasant enough sight to see these two boys sharing the sorrows of one of them.

"I believe I've got it straight," said Johnny at last. "There's one manager you haven't tried yet, and he's a pretty good one."

"Oh, yes," answered William Riggs. "He's good. He'd be able to throw me down good and hard."

"Not he!" cried Johnny gaily, but explained no further. "Now the real difficulty," he went on, "seems to be that the play is not written by a person whose political views have weight."

William Riggs laughed bitterly. "Perhaps if they thought the play was written by God Almighty—" he began, but his friend interrupted him.

"I'm sure it won't be necessary to call in any such assistance. There!" he went on, with an air of cheerfulness and relief, "I think I understand. I wanted to make sure before we start to do anything about the play."

William Riggs stared. "Do anything about it?" he murmured helplessly.

"Why, yes," retorted Johnny, almost sharply. "We're going to get it produced, aren't we?"

II

The next afternoon Mr. Fairchild sat in Mr. Marc Schowman's office. Aspiring playwrights who now trudge Broadway with their manuscripts may sarcastically inquire by what magic he had penetrated thus far. They do not know perhaps that Johnny's father was a Western magnate, and that Johnny himself, as a young gentleman fashionable in Fifth Avenue and welcome in Broadway, had made almost a Sunday supplement name for himself in New York, and was a good fellow in spite of it.

"I have come about a play."

Mr. Schowman instinctively half rose from his chair as if to dismiss an intrusive and impertinent visitor. Then Johnny's bland smile and the rich simplicity of his apparel produced their effect; he sank back.

"By yourself?" he asked.

"No. By William Riggs."

"Riggs? Riggs? Don't know him." This impatiently.

"Of course you don't," said Johnny gravely. "But he is outside. He can be fetched in for you to see at any moment. He's perfectly authentic. And he wrote the play. Don't forget that."

"Why should I?" exclaimed Mr. Schowman.

Johnny paused and then slowly took the first step. As he is our hero, it would be pleasant to say that he told his first lie. Knowledge of his past career makes this impossible; yet admiration is asked for his economy in prevarication and his skill in spreading the truth (what he used of it) very thin.

"The play is called 'Blind Justice,' and it is a political one. Now Mr. Riggs's difficulty is not at all about getting the play produced. That is *too easy*. That makes the difficulty—the managers are too anxious. You don't understand?" Johnny re-

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"I SAY," CRIED JOHNNY ANGRILY, "I'M ACTING FOR MR. RIGGS."

garded Mr. Schowman, whose countenance was almost distorted with astonishment. "Of course not. I'll explain. I'll be frank with you. We've come to you because we think we can trust you."

"Go on." Mr. Schowman now leaned forward over the desk.

"The play is political, as I told you. It is an exposure of things in Washington, and it is written by a man who knows what he is talking about. Now Mr. Riggs is unknown to most people, and I suppose it's because his play embodies so completely sentiments which are known to be held in certain very

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influential quarters, that people think—that the rumor has got about somehow—that 'Blind Justice' is not by Mr. Riggs at all, but by——"

Johnny paused. "I don't like to say it," he protested.

"For Heaven's sake *do* say it," cried Mr. Schowman.

"Well, I suppose I must put myself in your hands," said Johnny solemnly. "The rumor is going about that the play comes straight from—" He bent forward and murmured something in the other gentleman's ear.

The silence that followed was highly charged with electricity—not merely of the stage-lightning kind.

"Well?" The manager's voice was hoarse. He rose quickly from his chair, and, going across the room, closed a door that stood ajar.

"The play is by William Riggs," repeated Johnny. "The manager who accepts it must bind himself by contract and by the most solemn pledges to stand by that statement."

"Of course, of course." Mr. Schowman's manner was nervous.

"I suppose," pursued Johnny, with an air of resignation to the inevitable, "I suppose the rumor is sure to get into the newspapers somehow. I can't think how such things happen," he added gloomily.

"It's pretty sure the rumor would get in," agreed the other, darkly, yet somehow not gloomily. "My press agent—" he hesitated. "Even my press agent, who is an exceptionally clever man," he continued, "wouldn't be able to prevent it."

"Of course we should deny it."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Schowman, almost ecstatically. "But denying a thing doesn't do any good, once it's been in print!"

"You think that's really so?"

"I know it. My press agent——"

"Then I suppose," interrupted Johnny, "in fact, I feel sure that Mr. Riggs will feel that he oughtn't to allow the play to be produced."

He gathered up his hat and gloves, while the gentleman behind the desk stared at him, as if fascinated.

"Of course you've told me the truth," continued the visitor. "We knew you would. That's why we decided against the other managers' offers and came to you. We knew that if the thing could possibly be done quietly and discreetly, you could do it for us. You say you can't—, I suppose that must end the matter."

He rose. But Mr. Schowman rose, too, pale and agitated. "But—" he began, "the play is by Mr. Riggs."

"Yes," said Johnny.

"And you say it's a good one."

"Oh, it's a wonder!" Mr. Fairchild started toward the door. Between it and him darted the manager. "Good by, Mr. Schowman," said Johnny, holding out a hand.

"Sit down." Our hero found himself seized by both shoulders and planted in a chair.

"Why shouldn't I produce a good play by Mr. Riggs? What right has he to withdraw the piece just because a rumor of this kind has got out? And it *has* got out, hasn't it?"

"I wish, Mr. Schowman, you could prove to me that it hadn't. That would make the whole thing quite simple."

"Well, it *is* out. And it isn't our fault that it's out. Now *is* it?"

In reply to this Mr. Fairchild laughed. "Well," he said, "you can't suppose that either Mr. Riggs or I would have done anything to circulate such a report!"

"Well, then, if it isn't Mr. Riggs's fault, why won't he go ahead? Don't he want to get known? Don't he want to get money?"

Johnny thought of William Riggs trudging along Broadway, watching from his hall-bedroom window its lights flash out mockingly against the sunset sky.

"Perhaps he'd like fame," he answered. "But money"—he thought of that last dollar that was now jingling in William Riggs's pocket, and smiled—"he has no need to think of money."

(This was true, although William Riggs did not know it. For Johnny's bank account at the moment was a fat one.)

"Of course"—to this Mr. Schowman listened attentively—"he would want a business-like contract. He would want to get the highest royalties going, for his play."

"You see—" began Mr. Schowman, rubbing his hands together.

"You see," retorted Johnny, "that he is so rich he can afford to ask them."

"Yes, I see." Mr. Schowman's hands grew quiet.

"Good by," said Johnny.

"But you're going to let me read the play!"

This is as suitable a place as any to say that Mr. Fairchild himself would seem to be fitted for the stage. He stood a moment in hesitation.

"Yes, I'll let you read it. That can't do

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any harm. We'd like your judgment. We want to know whether it would be a good play by commercial standards."

"Give me the play," cried Mr. Schowman, and tore the manuscript from Johnny's hand.

"Well, all right." It was a reluctant consent. "You'll read it at once, of course. Now Mr. Riggs and I are going up to Sherry's—he has some people lunching with him there. Then he's taking me out to Tuxedo. We can stop here on our way."

"That's pretty quick——"

"Yes," answered Johnny. "But as it doesn't look as though we could let you do the play——"

Down below in the cab William Riggs sat cold and pale.

"Well?" he gasped.

"The beggar plead so hard," said Johnny, "that I let him look at the manuscript. We will have a cocktail before lunch, playwright."

III

"Jake," said Mr. Schowman to Mr. J. Wormser Hall, his exceptionally clever press agent, "have you heard a story about a play going around which pretends to be written by a certain William Riggs but which is really by—" he hesitated. "You don't know?"

"No."

"By no less a person than—" He leaned forward, as, earlier, Johnny had done, and murmured a name. "Had you heard?" he persisted.

"No, I hadn't," retorted J. Wormser Hall almost wildly, a little red in the face. "And if any such story had been going about, I *should* have heard it."

"That's what I supposed." Mr. Schowman's voice was cutting. "That's what I pay you for. There is such a story, and you haven't heard it. But you have now, do you see?"

"Oh, yes," growled the talented press agent. "Do you want it sent out?"

"What do you think I want done with such a story? Do you think I want it kept to be buried in my coffin with me later on? Here's the play"—he smashed his fist down upon William Riggs's manuscript—"I've read it, and it's a sure-fire proposition."

"And it's really by—by *him?*" asked Mr. Hall, his voice trembling.

"Yes. But we've got to call it by this William Riggs."

"I see, Mr. Schowman. But I guess I can see that the public understands the real facts."

"Correct, Jake. Get on this job at once."

"If not sooner," was Mr. Hall's lighthearted comment as he turned to go.

"By the way"—his employer called him back, "it can't come from this office. We're to deny the story, Riggs is to deny it, and of course he himself will deny it. And you can make the denial from this office a hot one. Then you can see that the rumor goes out again, is persistent. I guess we get 'em going and coming. Eh? What?"

IV

"If you've read the manuscript, and will have it done up, we'll take it," said Johnny. "We're in rather of a hurry."

Mr. Schowman's temper got beyond his control. "You'll sit down and sign a contract that I've got ready for you," he yelled. "Look here, Mr. Riggs, I want to deal with you direct, not with your friend."

Mr. Riggs's face was pale, his knees trembled, and his eyes fairly hung out of his face with amazement. It really wouldn't have been possible to deal with him direct.

"I say," cried Johnny angrily. "I'm acting for Mr. Riggs. I've brought the thing so far, Riggs, don't you think I'd better finish it?"

"Good Heavens, I should think you had!"

"There you are, Mr. Schowman. Now you've seen the author. He can go down and wait in the car. Riggs has got his automobile outside," added Johnny.

(So he had; Johnny's own 40 H. P. car.)

"I'll take the contract away with me for him to sign, if we ever decide to make one."

Exit William Riggs—one falls somehow into the phraseology of drama—leaving Johnny again face to face with opportunity.

"You understand fully, do you not, Mr. Schowman, that if the question ever comes up in the papers, Mr. —— that is, he—well, you know who I mean—will deny it, he will be furiously angry, he'll put a lot of members into an Ananias Club. But you'll deny it, and I'll deny it, and Mr. Riggs will deny it."

"Of course," agreed the other softly.

"That ought to be enough to carry conviction. I've had a hard time with Mr. Riggs, a hard time." Poor Johnny sighed.

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IT SEEMED THAT A STRAIT-JACKET MIGHT BE NECESSARY.

"But I've persuaded him. If the contract's satisfactory, he'll sign it."

"All right." The contract was gently placed in the younger gentleman's hand. "But between you and me, just as friends"—Mr. Schowman's voice grew almost caressing—"you can assure me that the play is by—by him. You can give me some kind of proofs, some guarantee."

Johnny put the folded paper back upon the table. He surveyed his companion coldly. "Don't you understand yet?" he asked. "The only guarantee I can give is that it is by William Riggs."

Mr. Schowman slowly winked. And Johnny responded. It is to be feared that, ethically considered, a wink is as a good as a lie.

V

Thus did Johnny precipitate William Riggs, unconscious, hopeful, and innocent—as all literary men should be—into the whirlpool.

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Calmly he anticipated events. Calmly he looked forward to the coming angry volcanic eruption at Washington. If the reader did not remember actual happenings, he would perhaps make as much of a fool of himself at prophesying as did Johnny. If everything had happened as it ought to have happened, this story might never have needed to be written.

When the best-laid plans of mice and men go wrong, it is often somebody's sense of humor that has played the deuce with them. The original remark of the Great Man at Washington is not hard to understand.

Even before the first night of "Blind Justice" the story about its authorship got into the papers. At the capital the usual formally worded denial was sent out. But in a moment of expansion that same afternoon, after a cabinet meeting, the accused author permitted himself to say laughingly to the Secretary of the Treasury (whose private secretary, as it happened, was the cousin of a man who had a friend who had a friend who knew Schowman) that, if the play turned out any good, he thought he'd claim the authorship. The fat was, within twenty-four hours, in the fire. Only reference to the newspapers of that period can give an adequate idea of the public turmoil in which rehearsals proceeded.

William Riggs was of little service at them; he was mainly engaged in being interviewed. But his explanations were mere teaspoonfuls of water on the flames. At the newspaper offices imagination woke (if it ever sleeps) like a giant refreshed. Who does not remember the alleged offer from the steel trust to secure the cancellation of certain of the hero's lines? Who does not remember the alleged secret visit of Mr. Rockefeller to William Riggs—in a closed cab? Who can forget the delegation of New Jersey suffragettes who stormed the theatre at the dress rehearsal? Who can forget that first night when, with Johnny like Mephisto in the wings, William Riggs came out in response to a "call for author" which had much more the appearance of a riot?

The next day the newspaper reports reached Washington. They did not keep the usual daily denial of authorship from going forth—that happened almost automatically now. But the Great Man again unbent and, roaring with laughter, assured the Secretary of the Treasury (a Massachusetts man impervious to humor) that he was glad his play had made such a hit. To borrow a phrase of Mr. Schowman's, the rumor was again "persistent."

To describe William Riggs's emotions during this period would be to introduce an almost tragic note into an intentionally cheerful narrative. To his perturbed soul a fat weekly check was no balm. Instead of the splendid fur overcoat and other rich Broadway raiment which Johnny had planned for his friend, it seemed that a strait-jacket might be necessary. And Johnny, who had imagined a pleasant moment of relaxation, probably over creaming ale at the original chophouse, when he should tell William Riggs this whole story of his game of bluff, was now actually afraid to try any further experiments upon Mr. Riggs's tortured nerves. But he was not afraid to try them upon Mr. Schowman's.

To that gentleman he frankly acknowledged the truth, threatening that the yarn should see the light promptly in the newspapers with all the embellishments which satiric humor could suggest, if Mr. Schowman did not effectually stop the publication of all rumors as to other than Riggsian authorship. There took place, to put it baldly, a horrid scene, which, for that reason, shall not be described. It resulted in the unprecedented, for Mr. J. Wormser Hall, the talented press agent, for the first time in the history of his profession, suppressed a "story" because it was distasteful to an author. William Riggs's temperature came down to almost normal; Johnny told him; and he—well, you have seen his play and you know he has a sense of humor.

But for a thousand other reasons the truth, as far as the public is concerned, has never, until now, been revealed. At last it can be told, and should be. Should be, since you will still find an enormous number of people who fail to give William Riggs his due, who believe the play was really written by—you know who. It is in Riggs's interest, in the interests of Blind Justice, to put it that way, that this story is written. Whether it will prove to be in young Mr. Fairchild's interest or not remains with the reader. The author merely permits himself to say that, for his part, he likes a liar like Johnny.

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"DROP THAT KNIFE—AND HANDS UP!"

THE WHIPPED MAN

A Story of the Night Riders in the Tobacco War

By FORREST CRISSEY AND HARRISON L. BEACH

Illustrations by George Wright

A FOX on his moonlight patrol of the ravine paused in his trot and sniffed inquiringly—a fore foot lifted in dainty readiness for sudden flight. There was something uncommon in the soft night air—something bloody, something human. He flicked a pointed ear backward and then forward, but not a sound could he catch save those which belonged to a September night in his own Kentucky woods—the stirring branches, the plaintive note of a night bird.

With exquisite stealth the red marauder continued up the ravine, his footsteps less audible than the faint tinkle of the little stream which threaded the draw. Again he stopped short: yes; there it was! In the shallows where the branch made a turn close to the steep bank, lay a man lengthwise of the stream, his round face white and puffy in the moonlight. And the water, where it flowed from under him, was tinged with red. In a flash the fox was darting along the back track, his ruddy brush waving sinuously as he bounded through the thicket.

In the moments since the nostrils of the fox had first detected the taint of man in the sweet night air, Buxton had begun to return from oblivion; his body remained as motionless as if dead, but his mind stirred faintly. Out of a vague and vast chaos came a sense of shame—the shadow of some lonesome and repellent degradation. Where was he? And what had happened? He was lying on his back in the water—that was clear—and his back, from neck to heels, seemed to be of burning stone, so rigid and heavy that he

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could not so much as try to move or bend it, and shot through with an agony of stings which wrung groans from his lips.

Now, in a flash, it was quite clear to him: he had been whipped—*Mart Buxton whipped by Night Riders!* Whipped until he had screamed at every stinging blow and finally had fallen, wailing and blubbering, into unconsciousness, like a coward schoolboy under the master's rod! And, as the Riders had laid on blows that drove stubs of branches into his quivering back, they had taunted him with saying that he'd rather die than ask quarter at the hands of low-down Night Riders; that to be whipped by them and live through it would be disgrace worse than death on the gallows. And he had said it, too! They were right about that. Then they had given him the last twenty cuts for talking to the newspaper man from the city—for telling him that the Night Riders were a pack of cowards who would have been a disgrace to the *Ku Klux* in their most degenerate days.

It was the man with the high-pitched nasal voice who suggested that awful addition to his punishment. If he lived, he would sometime get that devil with the squeaky voice. He had heard it before; it belonged, he knew, to some one of the thousand or more men he had bought tobacco from in the years past. He could hear that voice saying: "Give the dam' Hillbilly a few more cuts for yoppin' about the Riders an' what he'd do if they ever tried to whoop him"—and then came the most biting, burning, of all the blows he had endured!

His stumbling mind went back another step to the instant when the ropes had been knotted about his wrists and his face pushed against the bole of a big black oak. How tight they had drawn the ropes as they tied them on the opposite side of the tree—so tight it had seemed his arms would be pulled from their shoulder sockets.

Another detail came back to him: the same high, squeaky voice, the leader's voice, saying: "Now cut your birches, boys, an' don't trim 'em too close. Leave a few stubs for ticklers. This Hillbilly's about the worst rock in the road of the Association in all this country. He's got rich out of we-all. Now teach him t'hold his jaws s' tight he'll run at the sight of a newspaper feller—if he ever runs at all!"

His vagrant mind took another step backward, to the moment when he had been sitting at his desk and arranging his papers preparatory to pulling down the roll-top and starting for home—that husk of a home with the old widow Calvert. Once more he heard the soft, drawling voice of the stranger, whose lean length almost filled the doorway to its top, inquiring the way to the station. The sham stupidity of the man in response to his directions, and the stranger's assertion that his eyesight was "powerful bad," came back to him, together with his own unsuspecting offer to pilot him across the vacant lot to the station, as he was going that way himself. The sudden seizure at the clump of bushes, the muffling of his head in a blanket, the hand gripping his throat, and the sensation of being dragged with trailing heels into the woods—all these pictures of the earlier night gradually revived in his groping mind.

At last, as the bright moonlight struck full into his upturned face, his thoughts veered torpidly to the present. Yes: he must do something; but what? It's such an effort to think when you have a back of burning stone! Slowly the situation cleared to him, and fumblingly his benumbed faculties worked out a plan. To return to his home in Briscoe would be death. He must, somehow, make his way to Sutton, six miles in the opposite direction. How lucky that the ravine was the shortest way there! If only he could leave his back behind he could manage it—but with that burning, crushing burden, the very thought of action was sickening; and for several moments he lay still, irresolute, the soft gurgle of the stream about his ears sounding strangely murmurous and pleasant.

At last he braced himself for the ordeal, rolled over, and, with gritted teeth, forced his shuddering, pain-shot limbs to rise. He kept his feet, in a stumbling way, until he came to a huge gum tree prostrate across the woods path. Hedged in as it was by a thicket of brambles on either side, he knew that the trunk of the big tree must be surmounted. Clutching a knot here and a limb there, he crawled slowly upward like a snail bearing a shell of pain. Almost at the top he slipped back to the ground again and lay in a groaning heap for several moments.

Once more he whipped his flagging faculties to the effort, and this time gained the top of the trunk. Painfully swinging about, he allowed himself to sprawl, feet foremost, down the other side of the fallen gum, and went struggling on.

His pilgrimage was a gantlet of thorns and brambles, of lacerations and tortures.

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Occasionally he paused to throw his arms about a second-growth tree and gather his agonized forces for another staggering plunge forward through the moonlit woods. Were any scouts of the Night Riders waiting to waylay him? He did not care—for this time it would mean death, and he almost wished for its pain-destroying touch. But while life lasted he must push on. A man must keep going while life lasts—even a whipped man!

At length, when so spent that he dropped to his knees and crawled, he noticed that the timber was thinner and the path broader and more free from obstructions. If his strength would only hold out a little longer, he might yet reach the shelter of a human habitation. He thought to husband his waning powers by resting for a moment, prone on the damp earth; but a numbing stupor warned him that he must spur himself on or he would never leave the spot. Suddenly the baying of a hound caught his ear. He had followed that peculiar doleful, resonant voice through the woods too often not to recognize it now. It was Wade Hammack's old "Jeff," the best foxhound that ever led a pack, and he must now be close to the Hammack home.

And what kind of a reception could he expect from this man with whom he had not exchanged a word for ten years? Their last words had been hot and bitter—on the night when he had deliberately given Agnes Hammack, Wade's sister, an opening for the breaking of their long engagement. But there was no choice now; he must take his chances and submit to whatever might be in store for him.

Foot by foot, inch by inch, he wriggled up the bank, clutching at bushes and occasionally letting his face drop against the cool earth. Once he slipped into unconsciousness, but the nearer baying of the hound aroused him and he reached for the leverage of a shrub a little higher up. Ah, but it was good to draw his body up over the edge of the ravine and clutch his hands into the grass! And there were the lights of the house! Would they wink out into the darkness before he could fight his way through the little grove to the door? His shaking hand again grasped the bole of a small tree, and with infinite tortures he drew himself up to a standing posture and then lunged wildly forward toward the house. Suddenly a bellow from the throat of the hound filled his ears and, as he felt the impact of the leaping dog, he saw a flood of light from the opening door—then he knew no more until he opened his eyes in the room he used to occupy as a guest.

A woman was just leaving the room, and Wade Hammack was standing at the foot of the bed.

"Well, Mart," he exclaimed, genially, "I guess you're all right now. Anyhow, we've tried to take good care of you—and we're going to keep on. All you've got to do is to keep mighty quiet and not talk. That's what the doctor says. You're going to have a home with us as long as you need it, Mart—and that's likely to be for some time. Your back was as black as my hat, and we had to use forceps to pull the wads of shirting out of your flesh—toughest job I ever did, to hold you down while the doctor pulled! But, thank God, you didn't know anything about it! How you ever had the strength and grit to make your way up the ravine after such a beating is past me."

"Whipped by Night Riders!" muttered Buxton, as he again lapsed into unconsciousness.

Nearly four weeks later the doctor stood by the bedside and was saying to Hammack: "Well, the fight is over. He can get up now and begin to move about a little. This is the most interesting case I ever had. When we got through with his back that night, I couldn't see one chance in a hundred of saving him. I regarded it as a moral certainty that blood poisoning would carry him off in a week at most. I guess I'll never be afraid again to tackle the most desperate case of that kind that comes to me. But wasn't that back a sight to freeze your blood?"

Buxton heard, but made no comment. He had been conscious for a long time of all that was going on about him; but he had not once, voluntarily, entered into a conversation. And when he made brief answers to the questions put to him, it was always in a shamed and servile way—as if a man who had been whipped by Night Riders had no right to converse with persons who had not suffered such unspeakable disgrace.

After he was able to stir out of the house he ranged the wooded portions of the place, walking among the oaks at the edge of the ravine with slinking, wary footsteps.

"Mart'll get over that hangdog air and find himself again," Hammack had remarked to his wife, "after his strength has come back.

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To be flayed to the edge of the grave could hardly help upsetting any man's nervous system. The wonder is that he doesn't act queerer. But I can't quite make out whether it's fear or shame that hounds him most. Occasionally he looks up at me with all the servility of a whipped dog—and then I'm sure it's a crazy, distorted sense of shame that's riding him. Again, when he starts at some sudden noise, I half believe he's in deadly fear the Night Riders are going to get him again. Anyhow, the spectacle of a keen, honest, substantial business man—worth forty thousand dollars if he's worth a cent—slinking and cowering from one clump of trees to another and avoiding the sight of his best friends, is horrible."

"No; it isn't fear," returned Mrs. Hammack; "it's humiliation, a kind of passion of shame. I've been thinking about it a great deal, Wade, and I believe I understand Mart Buxton better than you do. He's just about the proudest and the gentlest man I ever knew. His sense of independence amounts to a passion. There's something in him that makes it impossible for him to accept a favor, and it always was so. He was that way as a boy at school. And I made up my mind that he forced Agnes to break off their engagement because he had the notion that she had more money, finer surroundings, and a little higher social standing than he, and that for her to marry him would be in the way of granting a favor to him. Agnes has come to believe this, too; she told me so the other day.

"As to his being a coward," she went on, "he wasn't one at the poorhouse fire, was he? It took just as much nerve to do what he did as to carry himself well in a shooting scrape. So I say it isn't fear that makes him such a pitiful hunted thing; it's his pride, his independence, the crushing of the *spirit* that was him."

"Maybe," returned Hammack; "anyhow,

THE WATER, WHERE HE HAD MOVED FROM UNDER HIM, WAS TINGED WITH RED.

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whether it's fear or shame, I don't believe he's quite done for; he'll come out all right yet."

But the convalescent's wariness of human contact seemed to increase with his strength and appetite. Hammack, however, had directed: "Don't force him; just let him have his own way without hint or question. He's trying to pick up the scattered parts of a man—and it's a one-man job, and a slow one at that!" This suggestion was carefully observed by the household, and no word of question or counsel was offered him. His presence was tacitly ignored except when there was an opportunity for a delicate implication to the effect that it was both welcome and permanent.

One evening, in a family conference, Hammack said to his wife: "So he has been different to-day?"

"Yes," she responded. "He's paced back and forth in the front yard and all over. The shadows and the open have been all the same to him to-day. Something has evidently come to life in him."

"That's good—anything's better than this weird spell he's been under ever since that night," responded Hammack, and then added: "Better leave me alone to-night, dear; perhaps he'll be moved to slip in here and open up a little to me."

Mrs. Hammack had hardly left the library when Buxton appeared in the doorway and walked nervously to the seat across the table from Hammack. The muscles of his face quivered perceptibly, and the shadowy hands which grasped the edge of the table were trembling and jerking.

"Wade," he began in a splintery voice. It was the first time he had used the name since the black night of his arrival.

"Go on, Mart," Hammack urged gently.

"I'm goin' up into the country to-morrow and I want your gun—you used to have a pair of Colt's."

"What do you want of 'em, Mart?"

"I've got to kill a man. There was a fellow in that bunch that whipped me who did a lot of talking. I knew I'd heard that voice somewhere, some time, and I've been studying on it ever since. It came to me to-day that I bought tobacco three years ago from a fellow at Hell's Run, up in the northwest corner of the county, who had a voice just like that. I think it's the same voice all right, and I'm going to get the owner of it."

Hammack withdrew his pipe from his lips and slowly shook his head. "You can't kill a man on a *think*, Mart. When you *know* any man who was in that gang, then go after him and shoot him down and, by mighty, I'll stand back of you! And so will all our Independent crowd. But can't you see that there's got to be a *certainty* and no guesswork about this? You mustn't take a step in this until you know that the man you're going after was one of the Riders who helped whip you."

There was a long silence, and the eyes of Buxton were fixed on the fat, ebony tobacco bowl at the end of the table. He appeared wholly oblivious of his friend's presence, and in those moments it seemed to Hammack that he was watching the death of a soul, the shamed and ignoble darkening of the spark of manhood—for the eyes that had, just before, been bright with the light of purpose, became dull and furtive. A spirit of hopeless shame looked out of them. With only a scared glance in the direction of Hammack, the pitiful ghost of Mart Buxton slunk out of the library.

"It was worse than seeing him die," declared Hammack, in relating the experience to his wife. "I almost wish I'd let him go after the man with the squeaky voice. But of course that wouldn't do—although Mart always did remember a voice better than I could a face."

The next day Buxton was missed from the Hammack place; but the morning following, as Hammack entered his warehouse, he stopped suddenly, grasped the side of the door, and exclaimed: "My God!"

At the rough stemming table, heaped with tobacco leaves, sat Mart Buxton, the only white stemmer in the big room where scores of black hands were deftly separating the tobacco leaves from the stems.

"For a minute I didn't recognize him," explained Bradley Gaines, the superintendent, as he stepped outside the door with Hammack. "He never spoke a word, but just walked in, like a half-animated corpse, and dropped into the nearest vacant place at the bench. It dazed me so, at the start, that I couldn't say a word. Then, as I stared at him, it came to me that there sat what's left of Mart Buxton. Great God! just think of it: *Mart Buxton working with niggers!*"

"Let him alone, Brad," was Hammack's dejected comment, "and tell the help that any one who starts anything with him will get——"

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"Oh, I'll tend to any nigger that takes a fling at *him!*" interrupted the superintendent. "But there's no danger of that. They're scared stiff of him—don't know whether he's alive or dead."

"Do you?" inquired Hammack.

"It's the worst I ever saw," the superintendent answered. "If that's what a whipping by Night Riders will do for a self-respecting man, I'd rather be cut into strips than live through it—by the Eternal I would!"

"So would I," answered Hammack, "and we may both have a chance to stand by our words before long. I've got the Association's warning—and it means business, too!"

"What you goin' to do, Wade?" the superintendent asked, chewing the edge of his ragged mustache. Then, as Hammack made no answer, he added: "You know they're mighty strong, Wade, and getting stronger every day. They've already burned Buxton's warehouse and every building that belonged to him; up the Gap way they've scraped the beds of every grower who wouldn't come into the Association. You're about the only buyer left around here who hasn't knuckled to 'em. Just so long as it was left to the men close in around here, you were safe; but the leaders in the game found out that it's easier to get men to put the torch to a stranger's house than to a neighbor's. That's why the Night Riders are switched from one locality to another. The Association men in these parts hate to go up against you; they like you, in the first place, and then they know if you do fight it'll be hard with 'em. If they try to wipe you out, it will be with a gang from 'way back in the country to help 'em—to take the lead, in fact."

"I know all that, Brad," replied Hammack, "but I've had it all out with myself and Mame. She's with me. Went all over the whole thing last night. You know how I've been hounded and persecuted for a year back. About every dollar I've got, excepting the home, is right in that warehouse this minute. It belongs to my wife and my children, and it's taken me all my lifetime to get it together. Am I going to sit down and let a lot of hoe-toters burn it up? And what if I gave in? What would I be doing then? Playing traitor to the men who've stood back of me from the time I made my start, going back on every obligation I've got in the business world. That's the simple long and short of it, Brad. And then, what they did to Mart Buxton is enough to make me fight, anyway. That's worse than outright murder."

"And so you're going to stand out and fight?" questioned the superintendent.

"Sure! I couldn't be a man and do less, could I?"

"No—an' you're a man, all right, Wade! I'm with you to the finish."

Hammack, in a half-embarrassed way, grasped the hand that Gaines extended, and then his voice suddenly fell to a commonplace tone as he remarked: "The first thing is to hold 'em off a little and gain enough time to get good and ready for 'em. The boys that stand by me are going to have everything needful to make the fight with. So I'm going to slip up to the city and lay in a stock of hardware. To-day I'll write the Association men that I'll consider their demand, but want a little time to reflect on it."

"They'll give you the time, all right," commented Gaines. "You're the last man in the business they really want to fight with, if they can bring you around any other way."

"You might drop an incidental remark to the effect that I've gone up to the city to buy that housekeeping set-up for my niece"—and Hammack paused to laugh at the convenience and plausibility of the approaching marriage of his niece as a cover for shipping in a quantity of firearms and ammunition.

On his return, and as soon as the "hardware" had been safely stored away in a little corner room of the third story in the warehouse, Hammack made out a list of "Independent fellows" whom he could depend upon to stand with him in an open fight against the Association and its secret auxiliary, the Night Riders. Only unmarried men were chosen, and those who had some vital interest in the point at issue. Most of them, in fact, had already felt the lash of the Association in one way or another: the brother of one had been beaten, until crippled, by the Riders in an adjoining county; another had lost his little store by the torch; and still another had been driven from his own town at the muzzle of a dozen guns.

The day before Wade Hammack gave his final answer to the Association, he sent his children to their grandparents' home in Nashville. His wife refused to go.

"They'll not dare to touch a woman," was her reply to his entreaties. "If they lifted a finger that way, the whole town would rise up and wipe them out."

After Hammack had talked with each man

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on his list and every one of them had eagerly enlisted for the fight, he chanced to meet Mart Buxton leaving the warehouse, after the day's work, for the room in which he lived his hermit life down near the edge of the negro quarters. Already he had decided to say nothing to Buxton of the probable conflict with the Night Riders, fearing that the news would shatter the pitiful remnant of manhood which might still exist under his shame and debasement. But, yielding to a sudden impulse, Hammack turned sharply and asked: "Mart, want to do something for me?"

The averted, lifeless eyes turned to his with a faint show of something like interest. This was the only sign of anything akin to human animation Hammack had seen in the bloodless, flaccid face since Buxton had asked for the guns that night in the library.

"The Association—Night Riders—are going to try to burn me out in a day or two; I guess. I'm going to fight 'em, Mart. About a dozen good men are going to stand by me. Do you want to be one of 'em, Mart? I'd like you to—that is, if you feel right about it."

"Yes," answered Buxton. It was the first word he had spoken to his friend since he had taken his place at the stripping table along with the negroes.

The next day Hammack gave his answer to the Association—a blunt refusal to the demand that he "come in," and a statement that he should continue to run his own business, and along the same lines on which he had conducted it in the past.

"We'll see about that," was the response to his declaration. He knew that the war was on, and he at once summoned his aids. They gathered in the little corner room of the warehouse, and the boxes were opened. From one, fifteen pump shotguns of the latest model were taken—one for each man. Another box yielded three dozen automatic revolvers, each capable of shooting nine times with incredible swiftness. As Hammack handed an automatic to Buxton he saw a new light flash up for a moment into his fishy eyes—and knew that he had made no mistake in enlisting the whipped man.

The other boxes contained a store of ammunition for these rapid-fire arms. Corn baskets, heaped with cartridges for the guns and revolvers, were placed under each window, with the weapons ready for instant use.

"Let 'em come," exclaimed Buck Morrow, as he brought the stock of a pump gun to his shoulder. "I hope t' God they do! It's my chance t' get even with th' d—— hoe-toters for what they did to Brother Bill."

"Here, too!" echoed Rufe Baso, as he smilingly surveyed the arms and ammunition. "With this layout we can stop three hundred of 'em before they cross the open out yonder."

There were three days of quiet waiting for the Independents inside the warehouse without a sign of change in the established order of things except that, morning and night, white women brought dinner pails and left them on the platform at the rear of the building—where they were taken in by waiting men.

But on the morning of the fourth day, the town became suddenly alive. The early trains from each direction emptied out scores of men; every wagon road was thronged with mounted men and wagons and buggies loaded with men.

"This don't look exactly like *ladies'* day in Sutton, does it, Wade?" observed Rufe Baso as he and Hammack peered from their lookout window at the crowd which was fast filling the freight house.

"I should say not!" laughed Stuart Rhea. "Guess some one must have hung a sign in the town, 'For Men Only.' But they've got to come stronger than that if they get where they c'n make a bonfire of us."

Hammack said little beyond repeating the orders which he had already given his helpers. Every window was manned and every door barred and bolted. He had done his thinking, his planning beforehand, and it only remained for him quietly to await the attack. The crowd steadily increased until it overflowed the sprawling freight house and its wide platform and then strung up the street beyond the livery stable to the post office. As he watched the gathering Hammack remarked: "It's a good thing we've got two hundred feet of clear open space all around the warehouse. We c'n watch every move they make, and they can't steal a march on us."

"There comes the newspaper man from the city," suddenly remarked one of the watchers. "Goin' to let him in, Wade?"

For answer Hammack descended to the ground floor and was ready to open the door when the stocky, blue-eyed young man knocked. He was evidently astonished at the readiness of his admission. Before he could begin his question Hammack asked: "How many have they got over there?"

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THE SUDDEN SEIZURE AT THE CLUMP OF BUSHES, THE MUFFLING OF HIS HEAD IN A BLANKET.

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"Oh, 'bout four hundred."

"What are they going to do?"

The newspaper man laughed: "There's one fellow that says they're going to walk right across the common in a few minutes, fire the warehouse, an' pick your men off as they rattle out of the doors and windows. About a dozen more appear to see it his way, too—while the other three hundred and eighty-seven seem inclined to take it out in talk and resolutions. But the fellow who wants to burn you out is certainly fierce—all but his voice, and that squeaks like a boy's."

Hammack, at this moment, glanced into the face of Mart Buxton, who had been listlessly slouching upon a bench beside the door which he was tending. The dead, fishy eyes had become suddenly alive and gleaming, and the white, unshaven lips were tightened into a line of firmness. The whipped man had suddenly become alive.

With few words Wade Hammack led the newspaper man from floor to floor, from window to window, and showed him the baskets of ammunition. "There are twelve buckshot in every one of those gun shells, and you know how fast a good man can work a pump gun. All the boys you see here have been brought up with guns in their hands. Then, when it comes to a hand-to-hand fight, there are the automatic revolvers—nine shots in every one and quickly reloaded. I tell you, young man, that if four hundred men start across the open, three hundred of them will be dead before they get to where they can use a torch. Do you believe it?"

"I most certainly do, and if I had any friends in that crowd I'd head 'em off somehow."

At the door Hammack paused and, with his hand on the young man's shoulder, said: "You understand, I think, that I don't want to use any of these guns; that this is a last recourse—a stand against barbarism when all else has failed. I've stood almost everything in the way of insult and persecution—but I can't let 'em burn to ashes the little fortune that I've worked all my years to save for my wife and children. A *man* couldn't do that, could he?"

"No, sir," answered the reporter. "I see your side of it clearly—and, whatever happens, I'll give you a square deal in my story. Good-by."

"Look," exclaimed Baso, without taking his eye from the little window. "They're surrounding that newspaper fellow and putting questions to him. I hope he doesn't tell 'em how we're fixed to receive 'em. They might back out—th' hounds!"

"Now, boys, watch every foot of the ground—and keep watching it," exclaimed Hammack, settling upon a bench which had been drawn up before a window from which he could see across the open to the crowd. The order for especial vigilance passed from one lookout to another, and a strange silence settled upon the big warehouse. As he leaned intently forward, his gray eyes peering fixedly out of the little window and a gun resting across his knees, the face of Hammack underwent a change. A peculiar, penetrating alertness was, perhaps, its most obvious expression; but beyond, beneath this was a suggestion of deep sadness. The light fell full into his eyes and brought out every line of his heavy countenance with illuminating distinctness; even the curious network of "crowfeet" wrinkles about the eyes were as sharply defined as if etched in steel. If his wife could have stolen up the stairway as softly as Mart Buxton was stealing at that moment and studied the face at the window with all the devouring intenseness that showed in the eyes of the whipped man, she would have seen something new in that face,—an unfamiliar strength, a suggestion almost of greatness, which she had never seen before.

And if Hammack had, without changing his own position, been able to study the face which was regarding him from the stairway, just above the floor level, he would have been more startled, perhaps, than if the crowd about the freight house had suddenly begun to move toward him across the open. There was life in those searching eyes. For weeks they had reflected only despair and shame; but now they kindled with a look of devotion, almost of adoration. But the grim face of Hammack did not turn, and the whipped man stole down the stairway to his post at the main door so silently that not a man of all the watchers knew he had moved from his station. Other men at other windows began to stir nervously under the tension, but not a muscle of Hammack's body moved for a full half hour. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Why don't they come on?—th' devils. They're bigger cowards than I thought. I could face the whole crowd of 'em single-handed easier than keep up this eternal waiting, waiting! This fight has *got* to be settled to-day, somehow. I wouldn't stand this kind

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of thing for another day—just waiting, watching!—for ten thousand dollars. Here, Brad," he called, "take my lookout for a while—and be sure not to take your eyes off the open for a second. I've got to move around a little."

While the next half hour was dragging tensely by, Hammack was moving with increasing restlessness from one lookout to another, like a phantom roundsman. At last, after he had repeatedly paced each floor and the watchers had become so accustomed to his flittings that they no longer turned their heads from the windows or expected him to speak, he suddenly halted before the main door, slipped an automatic into either coat pocket, and in low tone said:

"Mart, they're a pack of cowards over there. I'm going to face 'em. Don't let the boys know I've gone out until it's too late for 'em to stop me. And tell Gaines to take charge and say that they mustn't follow. Anyhow, I've got a dozen Night Riders right here in my coat pockets before they can get me. I just can't stand this waiting, Mart."

Buxton softly withdrew the bolts, lifted the bars, and let Hammack out. Then, replacing the fastenings, he delivered his message and returned to his post. One instant only he hesitated, then motioned to Rhea and whispered: "Bar the door after me. They won't notice me—once they see him. I've *got to stick by him*," and before he could hear a reply he slipped out of the door.

The sight of Wade Hammack walking quietly across the open space directly toward the waiting crowd of Night Riders sent a shock through every sentry peering out of the warehouse, and its effect was instantly visible upon the freight-house crowd. He neither hastened nor delayed; there was a fearless dignity in his step, his carriage, which made the unorganized mob catch its breath and open up a way for him as he reached its edge.

Meantime Mart Buxton had crossed the street at another angle, and was part of the crowd of town spectators before his presence had been noticed. He swiftly moved on toward the livery stable and, by the time Hammack had reached the sidewalk and backed up against the high, tight board fence, he had slipped inside the stable, out the side door into the yard, and had taken his place in the box of an idle wagon. "They won't get him in the back—not this time," he half muttered to himself as he drew his automatic and noticed that he could plainly see the blue of Hammack's coat through a knot hole almost as large as a horseshoe.

He could distinctly hear Hammack's low, tense voice saying: "That warehouse is mine. You don't dare to try to burn it. Every man of you knows I've always done business on the square; most of you have had some of my money at one time or another, and it's kept a good many of you going. You don't have to sell to me; I've never attempted to tell one of you whom you should sell to. From first to last I've minded my own business. But you, you've done everything that cowards could do, excepting to burn my property. I've stood everything up to now—but now I've come out to face you and say that there isn't a gang of robbers in the country that isn't respectable alongside of you. I'd rather be hanged in the county jail and buried in the potter's field than belong to your Association. If you want anything of Wade Hammack's, now's the time to come on. Why don't you do it—*now?* Why don't you burn the warehouse?—you pack of hellions! You don't——"

But Buxton suddenly ceased to hear Hammack. Instead he caught the sound of a voice—a squeaky one—in the door of the stable, explaining to the stable boy: "I reckon I lost my jack-knife out'n the ya'd here—goin' to look for it. Why don't you take a peep out front, sonny? They's goin' to be some shootin' there d'rectly."

It was all clear to Buxton as he lay there in the wagon,—this was the voice that had jeered at him when the whips were laid upon his back. His identification of this man was as distinct as if a photograph had been taken of the whipping scene. *His* time had come now, and he would get the devil with the squeaky voice. Then he could hold up his head again—be a man among men as he had been, feel the blood of life anew in his veins, and be able to look Wade Hammack in the eye.

With a gliding, noiseless step the man was passing in front of the wagon and toward the knot hole through which Hammack's coat was visible. In his hand was a slender knife ready to be driven into that disc of blue—into the small of Hammack's back. Buxton's automatic was already aimed, and the trigger finger about to contract when the thought flashed through his exultant, resurrected mind:

"*Your shot will start the fight*—and Wade Hammack will be dead before you can leap from the wagon." The finger that itched to

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draw the trigger hesitated a moment. He must think quickly. A pressure of the finger and the fiend who had tortured him as the old Apaches tortured their victims, would be done for—and men would say that "the whipped man" had done well, had restored himself; they would shake his hand and think of him as a man. But Wade Hammack—his friend, the man to whom he was under eternal obligations for his very life——?

With a groan of renunciation Buxton rose to his knees and spoke in a low voice: "Drop that knife—and hands up!"

The man started back, hesitated an instant, and then let the knife fall from his fingers into the litter of the stable yard. Very softly Buxton stepped upon the tongue of the wagon and then to the ground; the automatic's aim never for a moment deflected as he touched the clothes of the man with the squeaky voice to see that he had no other weapons except the knife. For an instant the thought flashed through his mind that if he were quick enough he could fasten his fingers about the fellow's throat and shut off that squeaky voice forever. But no! there would be a struggle, and then the savage crowd on the other side of the high board fence would instantly be turned into a mob that would tear Hammack into pieces. He must give it all up and wait —wait until the crowd was conquered by Hammack's audacity or until the storm broke loose. And if it *did* break—ah, then the man with the squeaky voice would never stir from where he stood! Picking up the fallen knife and seating himself on the tongue, Buxton again spoke in the firm, quiet tone of his old-time voice and said: "If you make a peep or stir an inch I'll put nine bullets into you in less time than you can breathe."

He could hear Hammack still defying, still berating the crowd, but he no longer followed his words. Here, directly in line with the blue, shining barrel of his automatic was the man who stood for the wreck, the shame of his life. And fate had conspired to make him —"the whipped man"—withhold from this fiend, with his close-set and flickering eyes, the justice that was his due. All the savagery of Buxton's being massed itself into those moments, in which his eyes never left the figure before him. Often he had to set his teeth and say to himself: "But if you do it you'll never hear Wade Hammack's voice again—and his wife and children, they'll never hear it."

Gradually the fires of hatred cooled; he thought of the ignorance betrayed by every line of the ashen face beyond the automatic revolver—the generations of primitive savagery. Then he remembered, suddenly, the cabin up at Hell's Run where he had bought the man's crop of tobacco—the blue-eyed, dejected wife and the brood of children that clung to her skirts, peering out at him like wild things. How strange that this picture should appear out of the past where it had remained completely hidden during all those days when he had struggled so hard to identify the man with the squeaky voice! And now, when he could do nothing, when his hands were tied, he could see the whole scene, recall the name—Judd Gayle—and the exact amount of payment for his little crop. He could even remember giving the curly-headed little girl a dime and telling her to buy a doll with it. Almost every word and incident of that particular day's drive to the Run came back to him with incredible clearness. On the homeward drive his mind had been full of Agnes Hammack and the home they had planned together.

Buxton was aroused from these recollections by hearing Wade Hammack's voice saying: "I'd like to live at peace with every man and I've tried hard to do it. There are some among you that would be glad to—I know that—and I believe most of you would. However, that's for you-all to decide. I'm ready for you either way. But, understand —it's a case of come on right now or else you throw down the fight. If you fail to make a rush for the warehouse before the trains leave to-night, I'm to understand that you quit—and that every decent man among you agrees to see that this warfare of raids and persecutions and whippings and arson shall be at an end in this town."

Then Buxton heard a slight movement of the crowd—and the patch of blue vanished from the knot hole. They were standing aside to let Wade Hammack walk back to his warehouse.

After the crowd had begun to move, Buxton said: "I ought to kill you where you stand. But I've just recalled that you've a wife and a pack of children—so I'm going to let you off this time. You stand there for a while and keep perfectly still. Then, when you go on the street, you keep your mouth shut and clear out for home. If you don't, you'll be torn to pieces. The very men that you're with 'll help to do it—if they come to know that you tried to stab Wade Hammack in the back. And, anyhow, I'll get even with

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you if you ever lift a finger in this kind of business again—if it's my last act on earth!"

And Buxton walked to the side door of the stable by which he had entered the yard. He held himself erect, his head back, his eyes bright! The "whipped man" had vanished, save for his pallor and his emaciation.

When he was admitted to the warehouse, Hammack was telling to the eager, excited group his side of the story of his experience. Buxton, however, avoided them and went upstairs, walking from window to window with the same tread that had come to him with the triumph in the stable yard. It was almost dusk before Hammack chanced to meet him moving about. The proprietor of the warehouse stopped in astonishment, then quickly stepped to Buxton and, laying a hand on each shoulder, looked into the unflinching eyes and said: "Mart Buxton, something has happened—you're not the same man."

"Yes, something has"—the voice was not that of the "whipped man"; it belonged to the Mart Buxton of old—"a good deal! I feel different."

"Tell me, Mart—sit down here by the window—I have a right to know."

"Once you made me give up—going after a certain man. You told me that I couldn't do it—*mustn't* do it. Maybe, Wade, I'll have to say the same thing to you before I get through talking."

"All right, Mart; I'll listen if you say it."

Then simply, eagerly, Buxton related the incident of the stable yard, and ended:

"Somehow I feel as if I'd found myself—come to life again, Wade. Maybe it would have been the same if I'd killed him. But if *I* could pass him up, you can, can't you?"

Hammock choked, nodded, and stood staring out of the window upon the back platform just below. When he spoke it was to say: "Here comes a woman with a pail. I guess it's your dinner, Mart."

Buxton went leisurely down the stairs and opened the door. There was a pail, but there was nothing in it, and the woman who was hurrying away in the direction of the empty water barrel out in the open was not the slattern with whom he boarded. Her walk was queer. Suddenly he heard a splutter—saw a tiny spark close to the building, almost under the end of the platform.

Then he understood the dastardly plot—and in an instant he had seized the bomb, which spluttered again as he lifted it.

"*Throw it—at the barrel! Quick, quick!*"

It was Hammack's voice behind him, and there was in it a wild note of command. He obeyed; his arm straightened, and the thing went flying and sizzling through the air. He was watching to see if it would land near the barrel and wondering why Hammack had said "at the barrel."

There was a deafening crash, a blinding light—and then Mart felt himself being lifted and carried into the warehouse. Gaines and Hammack were cutting open his clothing and Gaines was saying: "All right, excepting the left leg—that's badly torn. But the "whipped man" did the job all right. He saved the whole of us."

Later, when Hammack told Buxton that in the wreck of the barrel they had found the body of the man with the squeaky voice, dressed in woman's clothing, he understood the meaning of Hammack's command.

"After you went downstairs," Hammack explained, "I kept my eye on that—woman. I had my suspicions. When she got close to the building she stopped, looked around sharply, and lit something in that pail. Then she made a dash for the platform. In a flash I realized what was doing, and I tore downstairs. Just as I reached the door, I saw that devil slide into the barrel; but it was you, with that bomb in your hand, that I was thinking about, and——"

"Well, I'm glad I didn't know *he* was hiding in the barrel, Wade. I'd fought that part of it clean out alone, before. Now I can see how much better it was I didn't take it into my own hands to even up the score."

"But there's another score, Mart, that'll take me a long time to even," said Hammack. "And Mame and—and Agnes—understand it, too. They're here. We're going to take you to the house, and when your leg's all right we'll talk—about business."

"Yes," smiled Buxton, "I'm going to *do* something now."

As Hammack started to leave the bench on which his friend lay, to admit the surgeon. Buxton called him back. "Wade," he asked, "don't you reckon they'll quit pointing me out as the 'whipped man' after this?"

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AN APRIL WIND

By EDITH WYATT

OH, once I heard an April wind
On hilltop, plain, and lea:
"Drop all that ties your foot, behind,
And follow, follow me.

"I breathe the breath of vanished snows.
The combing clouds I ride.
In wild-flower woods my spirit blows.
Oh, follow swift beside!"

By flood-lapped bluff and dipping boom
I walked the upland plain;
And fresh arose the earth's perfume
And cool dropped down the rain.

And happy, happy, happy, I
Beyond my thought or guess
Who chased beneath the changing sky
My unfound happiness.

For veiled and far the early star,
And scattered far and pale
Hepatica and dogtooth are
On April shore and trail.

By black-turned loam, by white-flocked foam
Where winds and waters streamed
I never found to carry home
The very flowers I dreamed.

More, more than what I missed or found
The open-vaulted day,
The river chords, the fragrant ground,
The wind's wide voice and way—

"Oh, follow, follow, follow me—
My pulses run and leap
By valley, plain, and upland lea,
By foam-lapped bluff and steep."

"I breathe the breath of vanished snows
And wild-rose sprays unborn.
Through cloud-racks cool my footstep goes
Where high-swung mists are torn."

Down April roads the rain-dropped wind
Ran coursing fresh and free:
"Oh, reck not what you lose or find;
But follow, follow me."

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ELEANOR ROBSON AND AUBREY BOUCICAULT IN "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW."

THE PLAYERS

The Slum Invades the Theatre

By HARTLEY DAVIS

THE slum has invaded the theatre with the calm air of superiority displayed by real people who invade the real slum. It intrudes, with all its hideous reality, into the consecrated Make-Believe. And we, who would think nothing of forcing ourselves into the home of poverty and misfortune, with rude personal questions, excused in our own mind by a hazy notion of wanting to help, are astonished to have the slum come to us, even in the theatre.

Not that the slum is strange to the drama. The playwright has always made use of it for his contrasts. It has never been the real slum, however, but just one of the many theatric conventions, like the French dialect with "ze" and "zis," which no Frenchman ever spoke, and the putty characters, manufactured to say and do things no human being ever said or did since the beginning of time.

Then, without the slightest warning, the real slum marched, impudently, triumphantly, on to the New York stage, where it now occupies a commanding place. "The Regeneration" might have been recognized as a warning signal, but it wasn't, because the play was a sort of compromise between stage conventions and the verities. It had some real people who belonged to the life they portrayed, but, on the whole, it didn't ring true—and so it failed.

Followed in quick succession other slum plays that had truth in them, and they have succeeded brilliantly—"Salvation Nell," "The Battle," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," and "The Easiest Way," although the inclusion of this last demands some explanation.

The practically simultaneous production of these slum plays was not the result of planning. Everybody knows that of late years the slum has been made the subject of careful study. Much has been written about it.

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College professors have taken classes on tours of personal investigation. Young people, inoculated with the altruistic bacillus, have rushed into settlement work, bent upon reforming the slum while you wait. It is not strange, then, that different minds, working over the problem, should have come to individual solutions at practically the same time, and that some of these should be presented in plays; for whatever is dominant in the thought of people finds its way to the stage sooner or later.

Cleveland Moffett began working on the idea of "The Battle" three years ago. He could not persuade any one to produce it, so he turned it into a novel, which convinced a manager that it ought to make a good play. Edward Sheldon struggled over "Salvation Nell" for more than a year. Eugene Walter practically finished "The Easiest Way" a twelvemonth since. Yet these plays were all produced at about the same time, so that the success of one did not influence the managers of the others.

Each of the authors of these slum plays has a different theme and so treats of the under life from an individual angle. Readers of this department were told last month of "Salvation Nell," which was described as the most marvelously faithful and effective picture of the New York slum that the stage has ever known. As Frederic Thompson characterized it, this series of moving pictures consisted of photographs taken by flashlight because the scenes portrayed could not exist in the sunlight. Yet, for all the wickedness, earnestly presented, "Salvation Nell" is dominated by the powerful idea of regeneration through the simple, old-fashioned gospel preached by the Salvation Army and through woman's love, which, in the end, are triumphant.

Mr. Moffett started his play, "The Battle," with a purely emotional theme—the idea of a son being separated in his childhood from a rich father and growing up in poverty, but it swiftly developed into an economic idea, because therein was the real drama. The action of three of the acts takes place in the worst of New York tenements, known as "Lung Block," because of its many cases of tuberculosis. This block is owned by *John J. Haggleton*—made to suggest John D. Rockefeller, in financial position only—who is decoyed to "Lung Block" by the hope of effecting reforms. He consents to remain on the promise that he shall see his son, who has been reared by a lovable Socialist called *Gentle* and has accepted the Socialistic tenets.

Haggleton sets about solving the particular problem with which he is confronted—improving the condition of the family in which he is living. He brings to bear the same energy, foresight, and shrewdness that made him rich, and in a very little time has them all prosperous and comfortable. The son does not know that *Haggleton* is his father, but he is impressed by the capacity of the man and his terse, epigrammatic arguments. The people with whom the son, known as *Philip Ames*, has lived all his life, and his sweetheart, a settlement worker whose father has been ruined by *Haggleton*, fight to keep the youth true to their teachings, and this makes the fine dramatic clash. But it is the fact that *Haggleton* has rather the better of the economic argument that stirred up popular interest in the play. Heretofore, what the Socialists call the capitalistic class has always been defeated by the proletariat in the drama, and the Socialists naturally resent the innovation.

Wilton Lackaye plays the millionaire with a power and a suppressed energy that seem physical rather than mental. Henry B. Warner, in the difficult part of the son, has sincerity and conviction, with delicate shades of meaning that stamp him as perhaps the best leading man playing on our stage—and he is not yet thirty.

"The Dawn of a To-morrow" shows the London slum, infinitely more sordid, hopeless, and miserable, though less wicked, than that of New York, but it is treated in a way more conventionally theatric than is the slum in the other plays, more poetically, perhaps. As much of the wickedness as possible is eliminated, and only the suffering is emphasized.

While one object of the play was to provide a rôle for Eleanor Robson—her biggest hit was as *Merely Mary Ann*, a London slavey—its real purpose is to exploit Christian Science, although that belief is never referred to by name. The first act is moving, interesting drama. The second act is also interesting, but not nearly so good. The third act may be best of all as a tract in dialogue form, but as the culmination of a play it is wobbly and weak. Instead of the strong situations for which there is ample foundation, it is only talk.

Miss Robson plays the part of *Glad*, a sort of feminized and spiritualized Mark Tapley

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Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

ELSIE JANIS AS *CYNTHIA BRIGHT* IN "THE FAIR CO-ED."

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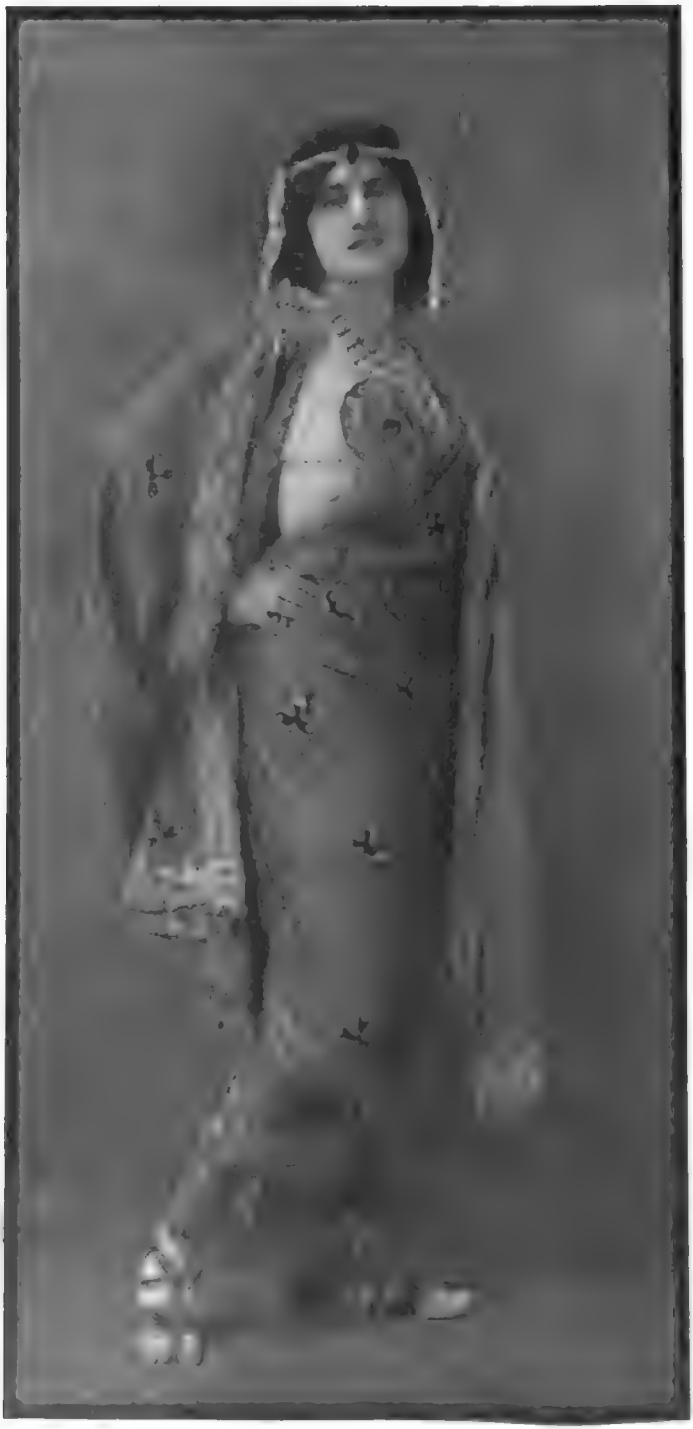

Photograph by C. M. Brooks.

HEDWIG REICHER AS *SALOME* IN THE PRODUCTION AT THE GERMAN THEATRE.

of the slum, whose cheerfulness and belief in a better to-morrow are proof against hunger and the sufferings of abject poverty. Somewhere *Glad* has heard that if you want anything and ask for it hard, you will gain your desire, and she applies the idea, saying with each experiment that it may be a fake but it's worth trying. Next to *Mary Ann* it is the best rôle Miss Robson has had. Curiously enough, she doesn't seem to belong to the slum at all and yet she is never unreal.

Very wonderful things do *Glad* and her Idea accomplish. She saves a millionaire who, on the verge of insanity, goes to the slum to kill himself; she saves her sweetheart from being a murderer. She even reclaims the degenerate nephew of the rich man; and it is all convincing—until the last act.

It may seem far-fetched to include "The Easiest Way" among the dramas of the slum. But if, like poverty, wealth has its slum that is a product of weakness, misfortune, and animal instincts, then this latest play by Eugene Walter is a drama of the slum of riches. It presents, with a fidelity that takes away one's breath, a phase of New York life that revolves about a famous and expensive restaurant in the Great White Way, whose activities do not begin until nearly midnight. The women who are the spectacular part of this life have youth, beauty, the art of wearing expensive clothes—and they love luxury more than anything else in the world.

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GERTRUDE COGHLAN AND THE FULLER CHILDREN IN "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

PERCY AMES AS *REGINALD BROWN*, EDITH KELLY AS *GLADYS*, AND THE NEWSPAPER BEAUTIES IN "HAVANA."

The men have much money which they are willing to spend; that is the only really necessary qualification.

There has developed in New York a class of men—of "the Street," for the most part—who are a powerful, but publicly unknown, factor in the theatrical game, through the fact that certain managers depend upon them to furnish money for productions. There is always a possibility that the show may succeed, and bring them a profit, but the chief consideration with the backer, called by satanic irony the "angel," is his power to rule over the company, to dictate as to who shall and who shall not be employed.

Willard Brockton, in "The Easiest Way," is one of these "angels," who are far more common than is generally known. Eugene Walter has drawn the character with such truthfulness that men of *Brockton*'s kind, who are always to be seen in the front rows of the theatre during the first performances, fairly squirmed with apprehension. They even recognized themselves, which was a mighty triumph for playwright and actor.

The "angel" in "The Easiest Way" has

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

MAXINE ELLIOTT IN HER DRESSING ROOM IN THE NEW THEATRE THAT BEARS HER NAME.

his own code, and he is very careful to live up to it. He believes in playing fair with men. But with women—well, he deliberately starves *Laura Murdock* into submission. But he doesn't make any pretense about it.

Laura has scores of prototypes in New York, as young and pretty as she. Perhaps she has a little more refinement, a little more delicacy, a little higher ambition than most of those who come to New York from homes of comparative poverty to make their way on the stage, but also she has less capacity, less will power than a majority of those in the sisterhood. As with them, the love of show, of luxury, is more powerful in her than anything else. She enters an atmosphere where it is the recognized rule to accept from a man any present that has intrinsic value, on the fiction that it is a "tribute to the artist, not the woman." Perhaps that is why so many show girls call themselves artists.

There are many waiting to make these presents. Always the plan is the same—to surround the victim with luxuries until they seem necessities, and then to withdraw them, if she proves obdurate. We hear nothing of

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the many who refuse, but those who choose the easiest way to get along, swiftly become conspicuous. And their number seems very large.

In *Laura*, there is no real badness, only helpless weakness. Even the greatest love of which she is capable is not strong enough to hold her. But it is a hard fight—there is no doubt of that. She is shown in a cheap and sordid furnished-room house in New York, so realistically staged that it made those who know such places gasp. Never have I seen anything finer, more convincingly truthful on the stage than the way in which Frances Starr shows how weakness permeates the whole nature of this girl. It is so patent that she would much rather be good if it wasn't so hard. From her viewpoint her position is hopeless. Yet a better, bigger woman would have found a way.

But Miss Starr's performance is no more remarkable than that of Joseph Kilgour as *Brockton*. Then there is Laura Nelson Hall, as *Elfie St. Clair*, the show girl, with her cold worldliness, her mercenary unscrupulousness. She has lines franker than any I have ever heard spoken on the stage, but their shock comes from their truth. Of the six characters in the play only one is fine and lovable—*Jim Weston*, an old showman, beautifully played by William Sampson, who made such a hit last season as *Lew Ellinger* in "The Witching Hour."

Photograph by Terkelson & Henry, San Francisco.

MADELINE TRAVERSE IN "THE CHORUS LADY."

It is powerful, absorbing drama, but it leaves a profound depression by its utter hopelessness. Yet this play holds one, despite the repulsion of the life it depicts. There is not a line of preaching in it, but the facts stand like open wounds eloquent of the wages of sin. I could finish the story, I think, beyond the point where the play leaves it, but I will not. For only *Brockton* is there no hope—and he knows it. He must live on, knowing only monotonous pleasure of the senses, fast becoming dulled—a helpless derelict, fit neither to live nor to die.

It is not a play for "the young person," but for the sophisticated. It is too true, too brutally frank for those who have not the preparatory knowledge of the slum of riches. And so one is confronted with the question: "Should these dramas of the slum be staged at all?"

In three of them, at least, are scenes and dialogue that the average parent would not want his

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young daughter to see and hear. If that be the sole test, then there can be only condemnation. Yet one may not judge the value of a play by individual scenes, but by its purpose, the impression that remains when one has left the theatre. So long as plays are truthful, so long as they present realities in all their hideousness, to show the horrible consequences of evil, they must do more good than harm. The greatest enemy of vice is publicity. It can't stand the light of day, nor even the light of the theatre, if that light be turned on to expose it and not to soften its ugliness.

Perhaps I would subscribe to the opinion of the majority that the best safeguard against evil is to keep the young mind in ignorance of it, if it could be demonstrated that evil will never be encountered. But as things are, it seems to me that the best safeguard against temptation is a little knowledge of the forms in which evil may appear and a clear view of the consequences of yielding.

Further, it seems to me that those who believe in the theory of ignorance as a safeguard, have no thought of the thousands of girls who are denied the protection of a pure home life, and who have the constant temptation to choose the easiest way without realizing what it means. The story and the play can bring it home to them as nothing else can, by giving them the knowledge that most good parents so anxiously withhold from their children.

OTHER PLAYS AND PLAYERS

The Public That Pays feels as does one who writes of the stage—joyously grateful to be able to turn from the slum play to "What Every Woman Knows," one of the most delicious and altogether delightful comedies ever written. When James M. Barrie writes a play and Maude Adams acts in it, the combination is usually irresistible.

Mr. Barrie, who knows his own countrymen better than any modern who has ever written about them, reveals the true Scot in his own whimsical, satirical way. It is a most marvelous achievement, for not only does he do full justice to his subject, but he keeps the audience bubbling with laughter all the time.

From the time when *John Shand*, the laborer, breaks into the Wylie home to make use of the library, and the canny brothers of *Maggie*, who is getting along in years and has no suitors, arrange to have *Shand* marry her upon condition that they pay for the completion of his education—from that first scene until the last, which is the most charming that Mr. Barrie ever wrote or Maude Adams ever played, the comedy sails through waves of merriment. There is substance in it, too, as there always is in anything he writes.

In this comedy he makes one feel intimately acquainted with the Scotch character. And the canniest, the most resourceful, the best of all is *Maggie*, who makes *John Shand* a distinguished statesman without his knowing it. It is she who decides on the course he shall take at the critical moment, who puts in his speeches the turns that give them distinction. And, when he falls in love with another woman, or thinks he does, it is *Maggie* who throws them together until they are heartily sick of each other.

Of course, one expects Maude Adams to be —well, Maude Adams—in such a rôle, but nobody dreamed that Richard Bennett had it in him to give such a remarkable performance of *John Shand*, which is one of the finest, most convincing character studies I have seen in a long time. *Shand* takes himself with such profound seriousness, he has such dogged honesty, such deadly, but not highly intelligent determination, and he is so utterly lacking in a sense of humor, until, in that very last, delicious scene, *Maggie* accomplishes her great ambition to make him laugh by answering the question implied in the title of the play. What every woman knows is that woman wasn't made from man's rib but from his funny bone!

Maxine Elliott has reached the distinction of having a New York theatre as beautiful as herself. It is probably the most artistic playhouse in the country. She opened it with "The Chaperon," a new comedy by Marion Fairfax, herself an actress and the wife of Tully Marshall, who made a notable hit in "Paid in Full." It is a cheerful, innocuous little play, with a deal of humor, amusing characterization, and a few situations. It is very light and frothy, of course. Miss Elliott looks as lovely as ever, and she acts with that naturalness and charm which the critics for the most part resent, saying that she always seems to be just herself. Her personality is so delightful that they should be grateful. Miss Elliott has a theory that the way to keep young is to avoid the unpleasant and the strong emotions, and that may be why the plays of her choosing have little weight, and the characters she plays are so much alike.

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Little Stories of Real Life

SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY*

By Paul West

BROOKDALE MASS, Oct. 10, 1880

DERE COUS. GORGE

wel hear we are in the new plaice where we liv, it is naimed Brookdale and it is all rite. They is a lot of country all around and all the yards are most as big as the common in Boston, or they are pritty big annyway. If yore farther wood of let you come we cood of had a bully time riding on the furnichoor waggon. I did and it was ellegant. A dog follered the waggon all the way and now he is ours, his naim is Jocko and he looks a littel like some kind of a hound or something.

"I SED HELLO AND HE SED DO YOU WANT A GINNY PIG."

we dident get here til most 11 oclock at nite and they wasent anny gas on, uncle Walter was going to hav it terned on but he forgot it, just like him, my mother sed. It was fine, we had to borow some lanterns and candels from Fred Strong's farther, he is the man that livs nex door, and Anny, she is our cook you kno Gorge, she fel down celler and most broak her neck and sed I am going to leve, but she dident becawse my mother cride and sed you ungreatful girl to leve me.

say Gorge our howse is fine, all would, not brick like our old howse in Boston, and I dont hav to slepe with my brother anny moar. I hav my own room it is on the top flore and they is a tin roof outside my windoe and I hav found a plaice where I can hide my dime novels. Plese send me some George, I had some, Jessie James and Buffalo Bill and Dedwould Dick but I cant find them, I bet someone found them and hooked them, maybe it was the moving man, so plese send me some, Jessie James and the Grate Trane Robbry, no I mene Jessie James and Timberlake the detective and Frank Reade and His Steme horse.

you ought to see our yard, it is full of trees pares and appels and a mulbury tree and a barn where we are going to hav a horse that is naimed Christmus, only we havent got him yet. His naim is Christmus my uncle Walter sez, becawse he is sure to come if we wate long enuff.

I like Fred Strong, he is the boy that livs next door. He came to our fense and sed hello, I sed hello and he sed do you want a ginny pig and I sed yes. He sed all rite hav

* This is the first letter. There are others which we shall print in future numbers.

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you got five sents, and I sed no, but my uncle Walter he gave me five cents and I hav the ginny pig. They are not regular pigs, Gorge, more like rabbits and all white except this one isent becawse he fell in the pot of red stane that the man was staning our shingles with, but it wil ware off if he dont die furst, the ginny pig not the man.

And I kno annuther boy his naim is Dwite Lewis, he is the minnisters son, but just the saim he is all rite, not sissy. His farther caim to call on my farther and while he was talking to him Dwite and me went out in our back yard and Dwite showed me how to get old Brooksey mad. He is the man that livs rite back of our yard, his yard is the biggest in Brookdale and it is all full of statoos and fountains and things, and grapes and frute trees. We hav grapes too, but Dwite sez it's moar fun to hook old Brooksey's becawse it maikes him mad. He gets mad esey. Dwite showed me how. You put an appel on a stick and swing it around yore hed and let her go, and say Gorge its fine, I broak a windoe in old Brooksey's grene howse the furst shot and dident he get mad wel say.

"I BROAK A WINDOE AND DIDENT HE GET MAD WEL SAY."

So he chaised us, but they is a high fense betwene our yards and he is old and he coodent run fast enuf. And Dwite told me what to say to him then, you say

"Brooksey, Brooksey, shaik your fist,
If you die you wont be missed!"

And he gets madder still. Wel old Brooksey told fatty Dereborn, he's the cop, and fatty caim around to see my farther, and Mister Lewis, he's the minnister, he sed to my farther Mister Torrey I am sorrey to see that yore littel boy is inklined to be misscheevous, I had hoaped he wood be a nice companion for my littel boy, as they are so manny bad boys in Brookdale, but reely——

And my farther got mad and he sed dont you fret about my son Mister Lewis I can taik care of him I guess, and you kno what they say about minnisters sons!

And Mister Lewis was just going away mad but my uncle Walter he sed O I gues the boys are all rite, and Sammy aint going to corrup young Lewis, he ment Dwite, and so we are going to Mister Lewises churtch, it is the furst presbytarriers, Dwite ses.

Wel you kno Jocko, the dog I told you about, wel do you want him, ask yore mother.

He is a good dog all rite but he cant resist temptation my uncle Walter ses, and they are too manny cats hear for him, mostly big ones with long fur, they are naimed angorrys, and he caught one the furst thing and it cost my farther two dollars he had to pay a doctor for fixing the cats ears where Jocko chewed them. So you can hav him.

wel I am going to school to-morrow, I dont kno what school but I kno I wil not like it. I hoap they is no girls in it like the one in Boston, you cant hav mutch fun.

So no moar for this time, yore aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

p. s. Frank Reade and his steme horse, you kno

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Gorge, and anny novvels about Jessie James.

MONDAY.

HELLO GORGE.

wel I dident send the letter I rote sunday becawse I coodent get a stamp and to-day I went to school so I wil tell you about it. I sed I woodent like it and I dident. The teecher's naim is old Mitchell and she has read hare. Wel she sed the minnit she saw me, so you are the littel boy I hav herd so mutch about. Hum. wel you had better taik a seat rite hear on my platform untill I can find out if you are as black as you hav bin painted. I wood like to kno who told her about that, you kno Gorge the day we plaid minstrulls and I blacked up with that stuff in the bottel and it was paint and I coodent go out for a weke. I dont see what that had got to do with whare I sat, but old Mitchell is the mene thing all rite.

"AND MY FARTHER GOT MAD, AND SED YOU KNO WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MINNISTERS SONS!"

So I sat on the platform and you coodent hav anny fun up thare becawse Myrtle Miller she is the monnitor she can see evverything you do and tells. You will see by this that they are girls in this school, darn them.

But I was all rite excep when Jocko, you kno Gorge he's my dog, did you ask yore mother if you cood hav him, O no, of coarse not, you dident get that letter yet. Wel annyway, Jocko must of missed me becawse he came to the school howse dore and Dwite was looking out of the windoe and saw him, and Jocko began scratching at the dore and old Mitchell sed who is thare, and Dwite sed plese I think it is someboddy for Sammy Torrey and old Mitchell opened the dore and Jocko came rite in and nocked old Mitchell down and ran up on the platform and licked my faice he was so glad to see me.

Wel old Mitchell blaimed me of coarse when it was Dwite that let him in, but I dont care, becawse Dwite is all rite. he dident mene to do annything mene, and he showed me how to get cent home from school. Say Gorge you want to try it, it is esey. All you do is taik a peace of sope, anny sope wil do, and ete a littel and it maiks you sick and the teecher sez mercifull hevvens how pail that boy is, perhaps he is catching something go hoam at onse and tel yore mother to get the doctor immedutly. so I did, and she cent Dwite to see that I got hoam all rite.

wel I wasent sick verry long and my mother let me play in the yard and Dwite came over to see how I was, and just then a man came along our strete and he was giving out handbills, they sed, Uncle Tom's Cabbin, town hall to-nite, come one come all 10 sents children free, and Dwite sed are we children, and the man sed, no you are boys and must pay, but if you wil march in the strete parade you can go in free.

so we went with him, and he gave us too ellegint red cotes, they must of cost a lot of monney, they was all trimed with gold only it was kind of old, but Dwite sed that was becawse they was battle cotes and probly they had bin in some war, I gues it was injuns, becawse they had a nawful funny smel. They was a littel too big for us, but the man roled up our sleves and then he gave each of us a blood hound to lede.

The man sed they was reel bloodhounds and wood of et us up only we had the red cotes on so they knew we was part of the parade. Wel, Gorge, it was beautifull. They was a cullurd lady, she was the silliest thing you evver saw, her naim was Topsy, and they was a funny man his naim was Marx, you wood of died laffing to see him, and a nold cullurd man naimed Uncle Tom. Dwite sed he wood die in the show but he didn't look verry sick. But the prittiest part

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was a littel girl naimed littel Eva, she rode on a waggon and they was a brass bed on the waggon and it sed on it THIS ELLEGINT BRASS BED THAT LITTEL EVA WILL DIE ON IN THE SHOW IS FURNISHED BY PRINGLE'S FURNICHOOR STOAR. And Mister Pringle he wanted to walk longside the waggon to see he got his bed back all right, so the man sed he cood if he wood put on a red cote, so Mister Pringle did and he looked fine.

Wel, the band came furst, then littel Eva and uncle Tom and the rest and then us, thay was Eddie Rooney and some of his brothers, he has ten, and Dwite and me, and we all had blood-hounds, and say Gorge, it was grand. We went all over towne and evveryboddy cheered us and the other boys dident dare fire rocks at us or we wood of set the bloodhounds on them, and Uncle Walter he saw us and yelled three cheers for the heroes, and it was like going to war.

But all of a sudden Dwite sed darn it Sam, they are going to tern down our strete, Park strete you kno Gorge. And they did, and my mother came out on our piazza to see what it was, and I tried to sneek down inside my red cote, but she saw me, and she yelled Sam you taik off that filthy red cote and come rite in hear this minnit, how do you kno who's bin waring it? So I did.

And my mother maid me taik a bath, even if it was only Monday, and I cant go out to the show. Dwite is going, he just went by our howse and whistled.

But I am going to get even, I am not going to do my lessons to-nite only maik beleeve and rede Jessie James and the Younger Boys, and you bet if they aint better to me I am going to run away, Fred Strong is too, and we are going to the yossemity vally, or join Jessie James gang, they need all good men and true. I gues I wil wate till I get my flobert riffle 22. You can come Gorge.

so no moar for this time, yore aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

p. s. Dont forget to ask yore mother if you can kepe a dog, Jocko you kno Gorge.

NALA, THE RAJA

By Chris Healy

LONG, long ago, when the world was young, O King, and time was at its beginning, there lived in India Nala, the Raja. He was so noble, and handsome, and brave, that every one loved him but his enemies, and they feared him. In battle his sword glittered like a comet in the gloom, the end of its flight being death, for naught could stay it save a cry for pity. In peace his face was splendid as the noonday sun, which gives light to the darkness and the sea, life to the fields, and glory to the trees. His heart was as tender as the first green of spring, and, whenever his feet touched a threshold, sorrow spread her black, heavy wings, and gave way to gladness and rest. Yet the depths of his soul were known only to the Immortal Three before whose every altar rose each day a ten-thousand-throated prayer, "O Lords of Life and Death, in whose hands lie human destiny, make ever sweet and gracious the life of Nala, our Raja!"

Now in those days, O King, all things had life, and soul, and even the things which now are hostile to or careless of men's lives, brought the love of their life to the life of Nala, the Raja. The rivers watered the fields and made them fertile; the cool winds of the south and the west, and the heaven-kissing clouds screened him from the fierce heat of the day; the winding river bore on its broad bosom a wealth of ships to increase his riches. And when they saw that this great raja, in spite of his glory, his piety, and his power, was lonely and unwed, the winds, the river, and the clouds carried the story of his greatness over thousands of miles of valley and hill, till they came to a garden in a southern kingdom in which lived the most beautiful princess in the world.

For, O King, there was none like her, none! She was a princess fit even to make a king forget life's long dream of sorrow. Her eyes were black pearls in which were mirrored all truth and all beauty; her mouth was a rose-bud in whose perfume was mingled a jasmine, a lily, and a rose; and her forehead shone as glorious as the day-star. But her heart was the heart of a lioness. Yea, the gods saw that were she the bride of a king, she would be the mother of lions. Yet for the present she dwelt alone with her women in this beauteous garden, dressed in folds of woven gold, and crowned with forest flowers. But now she heard in the voice of the wind, in the majestic song of the river, in the soft call of the clouds as they melted to rain and scattered over the grass a myriad diamonds, the story of Nala, the Raja, and her heart became tender with the first love of a maiden for a brave, noble man. Then the winds and the

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river returned to the land of the raja with the story, and he likewise loved her.

For a while he loved to dream of her, pure, perfect, proud as a queen who is the bride of a great king, with her fragrant hair,. her stately neck, her dark eyelids like the drooping lotus, her breasts like cups of jasper, her soft, small feet which gladdened even the gentle flowers over which they passed, her voice surpassing in music the song of the nightingale. But he could not leave his kingdom until he had seen that all men in his realm had three things, the only things the heart of a brave man craves for—a roof to cover his head, a labor that he might love, and the love of a true woman. For the raja in his first prayer before the altar of the Immortal Three, when he first came into his kingdom, had sworn that he would be the last man in his own land to be happy. Each night, when all other men slept in peace, the raja stood before the high altar of holy Brahma, of dread Siva, and gentle Vishnu, and prayed, "O Immortal Three, aid me in my labor that I may seek her I love!" And ever Brahma looked thoughtful, for he sees all things hidden of men; Siva fierce and threatening, for he knows the inborn hate which lies in all things; and Vishnu gentle, for he loves the love underlying all things. Yet they gave no other sign.

And now, O King, the heart of the princess grew sad when her lover came not. Kings came from afar to seek her hand in marriage, threatening that a denial would spread ravening death over her land, where the only things left that would rejoice would be the vultures and the dead. And still Nala came not. Then these kings from afar gave the maharaja, father of the princess, ten days of grace ere an answer must be given, and the princess made ready for death. For without the love of Nala she would not live.

THERE WAS NONE LIKE HER.

Now one night, as the heart of Nala the Raja, craved for a sign, the dim altar flamed into light amid which gleamed a lotus whose beauty exceeded all other flowers on earth. And the voice of Vishnu, the Preserver, murmured: "Take courage, O King! For if thou art not afraid of suffering, stand on the roof of thy palace at dawn; then if thou art satisfied, call thy counselors, and go!" Now Nala was afraid to hide his eyes in sleep, and all night long he stood before the altar, his soul crying a gratitude which his lips might not utter. And as the stars paled, and the glory of jasper and crimson and gold swept across the heavens, he stood on his palace roof, and saw the splendor and riches of the cities glittering in the plain. Beyond them were the fields shining with the yellow corn, the silver barley gleaming like an endless array of silver spears, and men rising gladly from their sleep to gather the riches of the soil. There were many young mothers, with laughing babes, playing on the banks of the holy river, and, as in a vision, the raja saw that all men and women in his kingdom were happy, the young in the present, the old in happy dreams of the past.

"Now, surely, may I seek my beloved," cried Nala, the King, "for, may the Holy and Immortal Three be ever praised! there is no sorrow in all this my land."

So he called his counselors about him, and told them that he was going alone to a distant land, and knew not when he would return.

"And what shall we, thy children do, who live in thy shadow, if thou art lost to us, O favored of the gods?" they said sorrowfully. "Is it the love of pleasure which drives thee from us? Lo, we have here all that the heart of man might desire—women whose fairness might win even the heart of a king."

"Nay," commanded Nala, "tempt not the heart of a king! I seek not women, but a woman. Why should my absence make you

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fear? Live truly, deny justice and charity to no man and, above all, to no woman. Deal justly and cleanly, not for hope of reward, but because ye would not have it otherwise. If ever doubt befall ye, seek wisdom and the law in the hearts of little children, for they are nearer Heaven than we, and thus only may we know Heaven's will. Live each day as if the gods were to demand from you each evening an account of your works, and oh, my brothers, be not afraid of life, or of death!"

And then, O King, alone save for his sword, he plunged into a depthless forest where the tall bamboos bristled like spears and the silence made men afraid, for they said the forest was the abode of evil genii, and of fierce wild beasts, and any man who was lost in its depths would be seized by a loneliness so terrible that it would make even the Holy Three seem far away. Yet Nala's heart sang light as a bird's, and his soul dreamed dreams that were turned to visions of the bright paradise which awaits the wise in love. For they showed him a life of labor which was a life of love, and of service, in which every good deed shone as a star in the night in that it was done for another—and for her. The visions showed him his queen at his side, and men-children at their feet, and it made his heart almost swoon for very delight. It made the light break through the tall, threatening trees, the sunlight leap into the deep, green wood, and the path shine before him like the broad breast of the river in the early dawn.

But as he gazed before him, three men came toward him out of the darkening wood, and, as he looked, he began to tremble and grow afraid: for they were not men, but the Immortal Three—Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu; and his soul became heavy with fear as he bethought him that the man who comes face to face with the gods is destined to either a greater happiness or a greater suffering than befalls the other children of men. But he was not long left in doubt. They spoke in the terrible voice of Siva, the Destroyer.

"Thou shalt go on this errand, Nala, the Raja, yet not for thyself. The gods have seen this maiden, and love her, and they have appointed thee to be the messenger of their love. Tell Neila, the Ranee, that she may share either the greatness of Brahma, the strength and power of Siva, or the splendor of Vishnu. Tell her that, should she refuse, her woe shall be vaster than earth, and deeper than the sea."

Now Nala was a religious man, O King, who loved the gods even more than his own mother; and though his heart and soul fell dead at their words, he bent his will to their will, in sorrow but without fear. He fell on his knees, and his forehead kissed the dust at their golden feet.

"I bow before your will, O Gods," he cried. "The earth is of you, and so are all men.

HE SAW SPLENDOR AND RICHES.

Yet, O my Lords, I beseech you not to send me to Neila, the Ranee, on this errand, for my soul is dead within me. Have mercy, ye Holy Three; yet not my will, but yours!"

But the impassive voice of Brahma answered: "Go, Nala! When Brahma speaks, gods and men must obey. Follow thy destiny, and it may be that this sorrow shall lead thee to a greater happiness."

And Nala, loving the gods even above his own mother, bowed his head, and went on his way, his mind and body heavy with sorrow almost unto death. Gone were the bright dreams of his heart, the splendid visions of his soul. Then he heard a voice which made him turn, and he saw Vishnu, the gentle, stand before him.

"The road is long and weary," said the god, "and many robbers lurk in the byways whose swords are as cruel and pitiless as their hearts. Take thou my cloak, which shall be

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unto thee as a spear and a shield. So shalt thou travel, swift as the passing of a cloud, until thou reach the presence of thy heart's desire."

So the raja took the cloak of Vishnu, and swiftly passed over mountain, plain, and sea, escaping robbers and murderers, for they saw him not. Yet every moment of his day was heavy with sorrow, for it was laden with bitter thought. "The song ceases not, though the music is gone," murmured the raja. "The flowers fade, and the sun hides his face. 'Tis a night of never-ending darkness, for there is no dawn can ever come to me. Sorrow and I have become brothers, wanderers in a land where the light shall shine never more on the faces of happy men."

Once he thought it were best to fall on his own sword, and die, until a new, sweet comfort came to his heart—though the gods denied him the splendor of her possession, her love was his, and her heart; and his life was hers, and its service, and not even the Holy Three could rob him of the thought that he loved her. So, somewhat gladdened by this mood, he came to the garden in which lived Neila, the Ranee, the most beautiful princess in all the world. She was arrayed in folds of woven gold, and as she bent her perfect head to a tree the leaves of which were rustling a story of her lover's goodness, the wind, which now knew the sorrow of Nala, sighed as it stirred the leaves, and her heart felt the measure of its pain. Then, looking up, she saw that there was but one man in all the world, and he stood before her. But Nala turned his head aside, for he would not see the sorrow in her eyes when he gave his message.

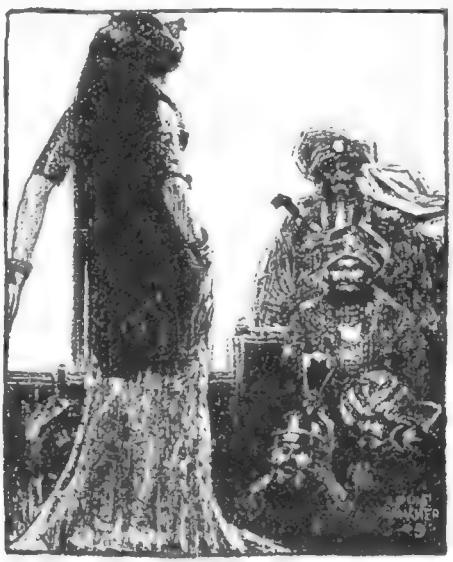
"Lady," he said, "I had thought to come here as mine own ambassador, yet that may not be. I come as the messenger of the Holy Three. Wilt thou be the bride of Brahma, the spouse of Siva, the queen of Vishnu? They love thee, and have appointed me to bear the message of their love, and bring back the news of thy choice."

Then the princess looked at him, and saw the grief in his eyes. For a moment her own eyes melted into tears; then her lion-heart leaped with wrath, and her bosom rose and fell like a cluster of silver lilies before the breath of a storm. But her words came low and clear from her leaf-soft lips.

"And what sayest thou, Nala, the King?"

"I may not say aught for myself, and cannot say aught for others. Lady, come what may, all day long in my deep heart shall I woo thee, yet never aloud, and all night long my dreams with thee shall be sweet, though by day I shall know thee possessed of the splendor of Brahma, the majesty of Siva, or the greatness of Vishnu."

The ranee turned toward him, and her divine eyes, dark and tender, shone with the light of undying love. "Go to the gods, O



"I HAVE CHOSEN! LET THE GODS DO AS THEY WILL!"

my King!" she cried, as she threw her arms round his neck. "Tell them that a weak woman defies them, for her love has driven away all fear."

"Lady," he murmured gently, "I love you too well to say you yea. For, oh, light of my heart, they threaten, if thou shouldst refuse, that thou shalt suffer a sorrow vaster than the earth, and deeper than the sea."

"And what care I, if thou love me!"

Then Nala saw that no words of his could make her change the purpose of her heart. His soul was born anew within him at the assurance that she loved him, yet it grew heavy when he bethought him of the woe which should befall her in opposing the will of the Immortal Three. Tears dimmed his eyes, and when he raised his head she had gone. So he turned into a path as dark and lonely as his own heart, and ere he had gone many steps he saw Vishnu coming toward him, the light of pity shining in his face.

"Didst thou give thy message, O King?" he asked.

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"Yea, Lord."

"And what sayeth the maiden?"

Nala knelt at the feet of Vishnu. "Lord, be gentle with her! She is a woman, and weak——"

"Thou needst say no more. Go, and on the third afternoon after the rising of the new moon, do thou be at the durbar of the maharaja, her father; then thou shalt know our will."

Then Nala returned Vishnu his cloak, and, being a man who loved the gods even more than his own mother, he went to a wayside temple to pray, and for three days and nights he stood before the altar. And this was the burden of his only prayer: "O Lords of Life and Death, I beseech you that, no matter what may happen, she shall be happy! Take my life as ye have taken my happiness, but O Lords, not hers!" For he loved with the true love of a lover who seeks only the happiness of his beloved.

And now, O King, came the third afternoon after the rising of the new moon, when Nala remembered that he was a ruler among men and took his place in the durbar of the maharaja. Yet its treasures of gold, of silver, of ivory, and of sandalwood seemed barren, as if a dark cloud had gathered in the heavens and covered the broad earth with its gloom. The kings and princes with their silvern armor; the soldiers whose spears clustered round the ivory throne of the maharaja; the sacred images of the Holy Three graved by the cunning hands of artists the like of which there were not in the whole earth; the walls of the throne room, which were of crystal, of coral, and of gold; the splendor of the courtiers at the footsteps of the maharaja's throne; and the strength and dignity of the maharaja himself, seemed as naught, until the ranee entered the great hall like the silver-disked moon bursting through the thick-arched, black clouds in the darkening heavens. This time she was arrayed in purple and gold, and adorned with gems each of which was worth an empire; yet no jewel of them all so glorious as her own self.

The maharaja rose, and his words were brief: "Princes and lords, my daughter will this day choose unto herself a husband." Then the ranee gazed round the great hall so that her eyes might feast on her lover, and behold, O King, there were four men like him, all Nalas, rajas, lovers, and kings. All who were present felt the holy presence of Brahma, of Siva, and of Vishnu, and the princes from afar who had come for the ranee's answer now trembled and grew afraid, and stammered to the maharaja on his throne that they willingly renounced a maiden who was so favored of the gods. But the princess turned to the four Nalas, and said, "I beseech my lords, the gods, to show themselves in all their glory, that I may know and worship them!"

Then all in the durbar, save one, grew afraid. For a bright light stole over the faces of the gods. Their eyes gleamed with the fire of immortality, their bodies glittered with the glory of the heavens, and their feet disdained the ground so that they rose before all men's eyes, masters of life, of death, and of men.

But a dark cloud stole over the face of Nala. His eyes were sad, for Fate has decreed that all men shall weep tears; his hands were rough and discolored, for Nature has ordained that all men shall earn their living by the sweat of their hands and of their brow; and his body was bowed as if for rest, because the gods have decreed that all men shall lie down some day in the last rest of death.

And when the ranee saw the gods with their eternal youth and happiness, towering above this man who had to live, and suffer, and then die, her soul was moved within her. She went forward and would have kissed her lover's feet; but he caught her in his arms.

"I have chosen!" she cried defiantly. "Let the gods do as they will." But, turning to Nala, she whispered, "Kiss me, O my King, ere we die!"

Then the gods saw that to oppose a woman's wish even the gods were powerless—and ever since has it been thus, O King! For the gods vanished, and, even to the end of Time, not even may the gods stand between a woman and her will. But Nala and his ranee lived many happy years, and though they long have been dust, yet does their love live in this story, O Protector of the People!

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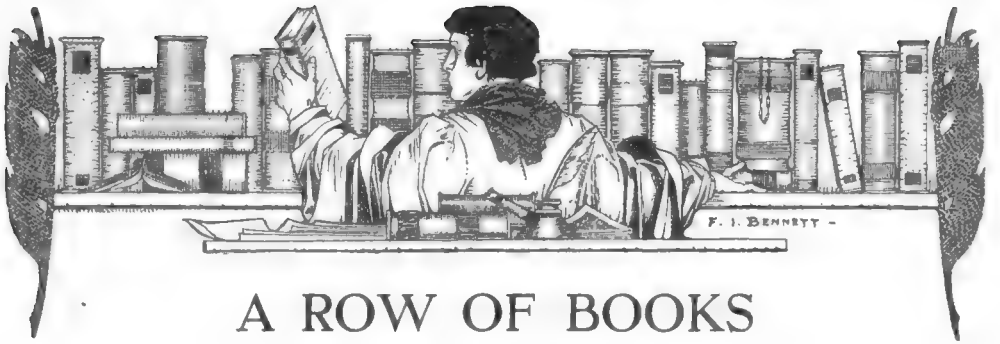

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

In the recent almost simultaneous appearance of Gertrude Atherton's "The Gorgeous Isle" (Doubleday, Page) and Edith Wharton's "The Hermit and the Wild Woman" (Scribner), two of the more brilliant bodies in our literary firmament have appeared for the first time in some years in conjunction. The event has afforded us the opportunity (one may almost say has forced upon us the necessity) of looking at them both at the same time through the same telescope; and it is interesting to note how saliently the juxtaposition has thrown into relief their contrasted attitudes toward life and their divergent impulses in art. Mrs. Atherton, in pursuit of an idea or an ideal, instinctively carries us from the center of a simple situation farther and faster toward its nebulous periphery. Mrs. Wharton, having, as it were, met us on the outer edge of an episode, draws us inward with imperceptible precision and leaves us poised for a moment upon its pivot. The imagination of neither is static. One can not well read anything by either without being aware of an intellectual force consistently impelling us in a conscious direction. Only, the force that is Mrs. Atherton is a centrifugal force; and the force that is Mrs. Wharton is centripetal.

Mrs. Atherton's "The Gorgeous Isle" is a tale of Nevis in the 1840's; a romantic tale in a setting of romance. There is a spell of necromancy in its pages. It does not bring far places and past days to us in imagination; it transports us into past days and far places. We have not finished the first chapters before we are steeped in tropic air, lazily alive in the luxury of idleness, consciously at one with the early Victorian company of Bath House, agape with them over gossip, curious and credulous in regard to the Byronic figure of the coming hero. And then we are caught up into the idealism of Anne Percy and (wondering now a little as to whither and to what possible *dénouement* we are being led) are hurried along the path of her emotions. And then, quite suddenly, face to face with a grandiose dilemma and a quixotic decision well beyond the confines of workaday life, we are, as it were, left to argue with ourselves over nothing in the outer void. Mrs. Wharton's "The Hermit and the Wild Woman" contains seven of her more recent stories and several of the best among any recent stories. Here, notably in "The Last Asset" and "The Pretext," she leads us by insensible approaches, finger on lips, to where, standing near the heart of things, seeing but unseen, we glimpse elusive ironies. Impressionism in modern writing has seldom moved toward its implications with a more complete foreknowledge and intention. Pitiless, but never brutal; subtle, but never self-perplexed, Mrs. Wharton has here brought her own art near to perfection.

Once, at a friend's house in the far East, I ventured to praise the flavor of the soup and asked to be enlightened as to its ingredients. "I am afraid," my host said, looking at me with an amused hesitancy, "that it might be wiser if I sent you the recipe to-morrow." And it is with very much the same confidence in the dish and a very similar hesitation as to explanations, that one offers W. H. Mallock's novel, "An Immortal Soul" (Harper) to the readers of "A Row of Books." For the truth is that, while constituting an engrossing story, this tale is compounded of ingredients seldom successfully used in fiction, and not, in the cataloguing, likely to whet the appetite. Mr. Mallock, in the varied writing of many years, has proved himself to be, in the least academic and most humanly relevant meaning of the much abused word, a philosopher. He is, if one may so phrase it, neither a theorist nor a metaphysician, but a lover of wisdom and a seeker after understanding. He is also, and in no slight degree, endowed with the creative impulse and imagination. And with whatever abstract problems he may deal, he never allows either himself or his readers to lose touch with those sanctions of human temperament that stand for ultimate validity alike to the mystic

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and the materialist. "An Immortal Soul" would, I imagine, be most succinctly described as a philosophical novel. Certainly, there are chapters where the characters discuss at considerable length the questions of faith and of fact that the grim tragedy of events has made vital to their lives and, through them, to the story. But the story, after all, is a drama, not a disquisition. Mysticism and materialism, religion and science, faith and nescience, come to grips in its pages, but the clash is between temperaments, not theories, and the men and women into whose lives the author allows us for a time so eagerly to step are struggling with their own problems, not acting as mouthpieces for his.

When History and Romance stand up to be married before the high altar of Literature, Romance bows her head in maidenly submissiveness and promises to honor and obey. But History is like many another old fellow who marries a young wife. He thinks (you can see it in his face as he comes down the aisle) that she loves him for himself alone; whereas, in nine cases out of ten, it is his possessions she is enamoured of, and if we could have peeked under her white veil as she spoke her vows we should have seen that she had her fingers crossed. The sequel proves it. Sometimes History is openly henpecked, follows at his wife's heels, and jumps when he is spoken to. But more frequently the demure minx coddles him in his self-delusion, twists him round her slender fingers, makes him parade his infatuation in the houses of his friends, and, like as not, induces him to make a will leaving his entire estate to her relations. Something of this kind has happened in "54—40 or Fight" (Bobbs-Merrill), the fashionable match recently arranged by Emerson Hough between American History and Picturesque Romance. Mr. Hough is an old and intimate friend of the groom's. He has hobnobbed with him for years, has been a great admirer of his and, in acting as matchmaker in the present instance, must, we imagine, have had the husband's interests primarily in mind. It therefore only goes to show what a sly baggage the bride is, that when, on occasion, we stop in the most exciting portions of the very interesting story to exclaim, "Surely *this* is not History!" Even Mr. Hough seems to answer "Yes, and doesn't he look perky?"

During William J. Locke's recent visit to this country, he had promised to lunch one day with a little coterie of writers and editors in New York. As one of the latter was leaving home that morning, he mentioned his expectation of meeting Mr. Locke. "Locke?" said the eldest little Miss Editor, aged fourteen, "Locke? That's the man that wrote 'The Belovéd Vagabond.'" "Why, yes," said the editor. "Have you read it? And what do you think of it?" "Well," said the young lady, "it's not so good as 'Little Women' but it's better than 'Ivanhoe.'" Now, while few of us have so charmingly proven the courage of our *naïveté*, most of us, I take it, have given to the history of that delightful good-for-nought a niche thus chosen among our enthusiasms. And I wonder how many of us will be able to make acquaintance with the Vagabond's younger brother "Septimus" (Lane) without a covert impulse of comparison. For there subsists between the two books a similarity of type that at first overshadows the differentiation of subject. The Vagabond, as a human atom, is marked with the plus sign of a positive personality. Septimus carries with him the minus mark of a negative magnetization. But both belong to the order of round pegs fallen into square holes. Septimus is a dear. He is one of those blessed incompetents whom it is our habit to love when we have lost them, and our privilege to impose upon while they are with us. Some time before we come to leave him we fall, through Mr. Locke's guidance, under the spell of his attractiveness, but in the beginning both we and Mr. Locke labor under a disadvantage. We, in beginning the new book, are conscious of expectations raised by its predecessor. Mr. Locke, in beginning to write it, seems to have been conscious of requirements similarly imposed. It is not until we have both shaken off this embarrassment that we are made free of his kingdom of imagination.

One evening some twenty-five years ago two college mates and myself were wandering about the aisles of an industrial exhibition. As we stopped before a large stationary engine, one of my friends, who was playing showman, pointed to the familiar, rotating safety-valve device and said, "Do you see that? It is a 'governor.' It shows two balls and makes forty revolutions a minute. If it showed three balls it would be a pawn shop. If it made eighty revolutions a minute, it would be a South American republic." We laughed and passed on. He had summed up our knowledge of half a hemisphere. Since that night the ends of the earth have drawn near to the man in the street. Egypt has become a winter resort. "Cairo to Capetown" has supplanted "Darkest Africa." We bicker with Japan over the back fence, and "The Mikado" no longer connotes a comic opera. But that poor little joke still sums up our impressions of South America, still indicates our unconcern in its relations to our own and the world's future. It is from this slumberous inattention and phlegmatic ignorance that George W. Crichfield has undertaken to arouse us in his "American Supremacy, the Rise and Progress of the Latin American Republics and their Relation to the United States under the Monroe Doctrine" (Brentano). This begins by

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burying our hazy historical superstitions under pages and chapters of hard, broken facts, flung at our heads like rocks. It goes on to draw the portraits of Spanish-Indian-Negro patriots and liberators with a relentless realism that forces us, for pure contrariness, to take sides with them. And then upon a whole volume of premises it lays down a volume of inferences and conclusions that force, first our attention, and then our acquiescence. It is a voluminous, inchoate, cumulatively interesting work. It is full of information, indignation, and purpose. It is unrestrained, unliterary, undiplomatic, and convincing.

There is an ancient and honorable school of moralists who hold that to put oneself in the way of understanding human folly is to put oneself in the way of condoning it. Especially in fiction. The question, of course, is debatable. Its pros and cons root deep in fundamentals; in the meanings of life, the means of grace, and the ends of art. And there are points—yes, and books—over which the adherents of the pros and the believers in the cons can not but take issue. But there are other points, and especially other books, in regard to which it is only needful that they should agree to differ. One of these is "The Passerby" (Doubleday, Page), by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, a little study of the psychology of folly that refurbishes a situation long since shiny at the seams, by frankly turning it inside out and trimming it with an individual freshness of observation. The story is clever in construction, entertaining in the telling, and, light as it appears, is a better diagnosis of "Society" than many a more pretentious and loudly heralded volume. One more comment in passing. Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy is a painter. The Princess Troubetzkoy was Amélie Rives. "The Passerby" is illustrated by an attractive portrait of the heroine done in color by the author's wife. The book thus, interestingly enough, stands as the evidence of an artistic game of Pussy-wants-a-corner successfully played by a talented couple.

OTHER BOOKS

"Science and Immortality" (Moffat, Yard). An open-minded and comprehending treatise by Sir Oliver Lodge, dealing with the mutual misunderstandings between dogmatic theology and dogmatic science; with the community of objective and of outlook between faith and research; with the relations between the Church of to-day and the life of to-day; and with the bearing of contemporary thought upon the question of immortality. It is a valuable book because, while it solves no mysteries, it helps us to see where they really lie.

"Banzai!" (Baker and Taylor). An account, by "Parabellum," of an imaginary war between the United States and Japan, in which we receive an effective and ingeniously devised walloping. The book, which is an agglomeration of graphic descriptions rather than a novel, is said to have been a "best seller" in its native Germany, where one imagines it stood for "the vision of fulfilled desire."

"G. K. Chesterton" (John Lane). A critique, by a brilliant anonymous writer, of the infant prodigy of contemporary letters. Most of us are, in a way, familiar with Mr. Chesterton. We have met him—sporadically; met him as critic, controversialist, essayist, teller of tales; met him, appearing unexpectedly around unlooked-for corners, headed in unlikely directions. This very interesting volume coördinates our impressions.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (Scribner). John Fox, Jr.'s, latest tale of the meeting, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, between modernity and moonshine. It is written, with unmistakable gusto, in the author's most characteristic vein; deals lovingly with a region and a people beloved; and, in its own field of idealized realism, makes charming reading.

"The Bishop and the Boogerman" (Doubleday, Page). A whimsically attractive story, for children and others, by Joel Chandler Harris, in which, through childish eyes and the spectacles of make-believe, we follow the everyday events in a prosaic world.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

FREDERICK REMINGTON, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then:

"Like e'm? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can *knit* better pictures than those!"

"All the latest popular novels!" sang out the train boy. Then, holding out a copy of "The Guest of Quesnay" to a prosperous looking passenger, he urged: "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?"

The man looked annoyed.

"No! I am Booth Tarkington himself."

"Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn too, are you?"

At one time both Montague Matthews and Matthew Montague were members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Matthews was a big, powerful giant of a man. Mr. Montague was thin and emaciated. The speaker frequently confused the two.

"I can't understand it," said Montague Matthews. "There's as much difference between us as there is between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."

"Jed Blake to the bar," ordered the judge in a rural Alabama court.

A big, hulking negro ambled up to be arraigned for murder.

"Jed," began the judge, "you are charged with the gravest crime known to the law, that of taking the life of a fellow man. One of the forms of punishment for murder is death. Have you made any arrangements for your defense in this case, Jed?"

"No, suh, Jedge. I ain' done nuthin'."

"Have you a lawyer, Jed?"

"No, suh, Jedge. I ain' got no lawyer. I ain' got nuthin', Jedge.'"

"Well, Jed," said the Judge, showing a little impatience, "have you talked to anybody about this case?"

"I talked to de sheriff some dat night when he come after me, Jedge, but you knows dat didn't do no good."

"For your information, Jed, I will state that it is within the province of this court to appoint counsel to any defendant who has none. I am now ready to appoint you a lawyer. Do you want one?"

"No, suh, Jedge. I don' want nuthin'," replied Jed rather dolefully.

"See here," snapped the judge, "I won't have any more of this foolishness. You say you don't want any lawyer. Well, then, what do you intend to do about this case?"

"Well, I tells you, Jedge, I ain' 'tendin' to do

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nuthin'. Ef it's jes' de same to you, Jedge, as far as I's concerned I's willin' to let de whole matter drap right here."

GIRAFFES FOR SALE

In last month's EVERYBODY'S appeared a photograph of a recumbent freckled giraffe purporting to be dead. We became its possessors through the indefatigable enterprise and tireless industry of a firm of expert professional photographers. We printed it in a hunting article over a discreet caption, and the two together looked something like this:

"ROYAL AFRICAN GAME LIKE THIS MAY BE HUNTED ONLY AFTER PAYMENT FOR A SPORTSMAN'S LICENSE WHICH IS $250.00 FOR ONE YEAR."

On picking up a copy of Colonel McClure's magazine for the same month, we found the same view of the animal, which we had come to know and love as our giraffe—printed over a caption which seemed to shed new light on the circumstances and made us feel that, perhaps, we had not looked deeply enough into the matter. The picture and caption in *McClure's Magazine* appeared like this:

"FEMALE GIRAFFE SHOT NEAR JU-JA FARM."

While we were still fretting over this and wondering whether we had taken enough pains in looking up the habits and lineage of our giraffe, we ran across another photograph of our pet in Colonel Hampton's magazine. Colonel Hampton referred to our deceased darling touchingly as follows:

"A BULL GIRAFFE SHOT ON THE GERMAN EAST AFRICAN VELD WEST OF DAI ES SALAAM."

This third giraffe frankly worried us. It began to look as though we had a giraffe that was obtaining photographs of itself under false pretenses, and the burden of worry was not lightened when somebody called our attention to the fact that the *Pacific Coast Magazine* had printed in 1903 a photograph which looked like this:

"GIRAFFE KILLED BY THE AUTHOR IN SOMALILAND."

What we are wondering now is—Whose giraffe was it that we printed? Where was it born? Was it a gentleman or a lady? And who shot it, anyhow? In the present shattered state of our nerves we shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn that this particular giraffe was a fellow passenger with Noah, and that the original photographs had been made and syndicated by either Shem, Ham, or Japheth.

Little Davey Sloan is forever asking questions.

"You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, Mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

"Yes, sir," boasted the hotel proprietor, "that dog's the best rat-catchin' dog in the state."

Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the office floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose.

"Rat dog!" scoffed the traveling man. "Look at that, will you?"

"Huh!" snorted the landlord. "He knows *them*. But just you let a strange rat come in here once!"

The sages of the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in.

"What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

WE shouldn't care to publish a magazine if we couldn't feel that, by ever so little, we were making the world's load easier on the shoulders of our fellows. There is so much misery and pain and hunger and hopelessness in life that any one who can ought to be cheerful and hopeful. Nothing helps like that.. But sometimes it seems absolutely necessary to call especial attention to misery and wrongs:—when they are of the kind that can be stopped, but haven't been because men have not realized them. We have done a good deal of this sort of work.

It is not enjoyable, we can assure you. There was no pleasure in realizing that the Beef Trust was risking the lives of our fellows, and less in telling you about it, as we did four years ago. We got no thrills, except mighty uncomfortable ones, in abetting Mr. Lawson's attacks on the big men of Wall Street. None of our crusades is agreeable. We try to make you wretched over the ills of your fellows, and we are sure to make the men attacked more or less wretched; men, some of them, who with one hand are doing more good than we could ever hope to do, all hands of us, but who with the other hand are doing heaps of deviltry.

Look what some of them are up to now: Threatening a little panic for the effect on Congress and the tariff. To what end? That they may secure a combination of the various kinds of protection they have enjoyed and have not needed for years. Any little outsider playing the market these days will have his own troubles. The big fellows will make any old price they require in their business.

A MANAGER REPENTS

Our story this month continuing the fight on margin gambling is especially strong. It is called "The Game Gets You," and shows very clearly from actual statistics how greatly the chances are against any one's winning. When a man, speculating on margins, has paid his interest and brokerage, his account is often a losing one, though it looks on the face of it like a winner. The story closes with a brief business autobiography of a branch manager of one of the big Stock Exchange houses who is disgusted with the unfairness of the game. You will want to read what he has to say. We are hearing from this series and, what is better, men are heeding it. We are told on high authority that the public is not in Wall Street in any great numbers; that the big fellows are considerably worried about it; that most of the trading is by professionals. It seems almost too good to be true. But if it is true, and if it continues true, the end of margin gambling is in sight. Professionals will soon tire of robbing each other. There is no fun in it, and less profit.

HOME FLAVOR

But crusades fill only a relatively small section of our magazine—about twenty per cent. With the eighty per cent. we are trying to make a magazine so good that even those of our readers who don't like our crusading can't afford to be without it. In every number there is likely to be something that somebody will take exception to. In every number there is certain to be something that each of our readers will consider compensates him for putting up with what he doesn't like. There are things you would change, if you could, about the people you like best. But you accept them as they are, and they you. That is the secret of comfortable living. If you don't seem to take the interest we think you should in something we have worked

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hard over, we will growl and go on trying to please you; and if we print things you don't like, you will call us a few pet names and go on reading. That is the family feeling we are striving for. That is the real home flavor. The following letter, while admirable, lacks the one touch to make it wholly admirable. The writer should have slipped in one little criticism. Sister would have, you bet. And Sister would probably have added a P. S. with another criticism she had forgotten.

FROM AMERICA'S BACKBONE

January 6th, 1909.

Publishers EVERYBODY'S:

It occurred to me that it might be of interest to you to hear of one Colorado ranch home to which EVERYBODY'S comes each month. And also, the thought has come to me often, that you must sometimes wonder what ultimately becomes of the magazine and what its circulation is after it becomes the subscriber's.

First let me thank you for the December, 1908, number of EVERYBODY'S which you sent to replace our regular number that was lost in the mail.

You must know, to begin with, that to us—away off here on the backbone of the continent—a magazine is never old if we have never seen it before. No matter if it was issued one, two, or ten years ago, and no matter if the cover is gone and half or all the advertising, and the corners are dog-eared and rolling—if we haven't read it, it is *new!*

Routt County is not exactly a paradise, though the advertisers and "boosters" would have you think so. The summers are ideal—June in northern Routt County is simply perfect; the hills and valleys are clothed in the newest, cleanest green, flowers bloom, and birds sing. The sun rides in splendor through the bluest, mellowest sky, and the pure mountain air—Colorado air—gives health and vigor. Cattle and horses graze amid plenty. Long, peaceful days follow each other like rich jeweled beads on Nature's rosary.

But alas! It is not June always. I look from my window now over stretches of whiteness. Snow, snow over field and hill—one, two, nearly three feet of it! Out in the fields the cattle moo and call for the hay the men are loading from the stacks for them. The birds are gone to a warmer clime, save now and then a chickadee and sometimes a magpie and a blue-jay. The willows and cottonwoods are bare and gray, the flowers are dead and buried, even the sage brush slumbers beneath a snowy mound. The big jack rabbits—white now as the snow itself—gather in vast numbers to eat hay from the stacks. The lean gray coyote howls from the ridges as he vainly searches for some animal less fleet of foot than he.

The buildings—houses, barns, and sheds—are log—low, warm, and strong. And each one carries such a load of snow, one wonders why they don't go down. The children play out with sled and shovel, bundled like young Esquimaux, but you read, on cheeks and in eyes, the glow and sparkle of bounding health.

It is winter—four, five, maybe six months of it—not so bad till toward the last. And then, when spring ought to come, and don't, we wonder why we are fools enough to waste our lives in such a climate! We declare we would sell at half price; but the buyer doesn't come, and by-and-by June has slipped around and all the wealth of the South could not buy us out.

Out on the county road there is a box nailed on top of a post, and each day, summer and winter, a little canvas sack comes and goes—connecting us with the outside world. We may be away up here on one of the earth's ribs, far from the centers of industry and business. Our births, our lives, and our deaths are of little consequence to the busy world, and yet each day the letter, paper, and magazine find us. And where the daily mail goes, one is not so far away.

I value the cover of EVERYBODY'S nearly as much as the contents. Some one has suggested that you adopt a uniform design instead of changing its dress each month. "Everybody" is a vast and diverse throng—what one design could suit us all? No, go on as you are! In my mind I can see the squirrel on the stone wall, the red bird and the pussy willows, the pond lily, the "Santa Claus' Uncle," the trick and the hat, the grin of the September school urchin, and the girl behind the red parasol! Think of having to replace these with one same picture each month. It would not, could not be *Every*body's—it would be *Some*body's then.

I am making a triple border of the covers across one wall of my bedroom—now smile if any one wants to, but it is odd, original, and really looks very pretty! I doubt not the man who so criticised the girl behind the red parasol will think I need my artistic sense educated.

After we read and reread our numbers, they are lent around, and at last they are tied up and given to some one who will in turn read, reread, and lend them. "The Romance of the Reaper" went to an old man behind the mountain who cradled the grain in his youth. "The Spoilers" went to a busy mother, and so on, and on—with the thought that when a good thing comes to us—"Pass it on, pass it on, 'twas not meant for you alone."

Sincerely,

L. V. K.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS,
Routt County, Colorado.

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